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ART. I.—THE EPISTLE TO THE HEBREWS: ITS DOCTRINE OF THE LAST THINGS.

THE Epistle to the Hebrews was written by some person who was originally a Jew, afterwards a zealous Christian. He was unquestionably a man of remarkable talent and eloquence, and of lofty religious views and feelings. He lived in the time of the immediate followers of our Lord, and was apparently acquainted with them. The individual authorship it is now impossible to determine with certainty. Among the most learned, most unprejudiced, and ablest critics, a majority have ascribed it to Apollos, an Alexandrian Jew, a compeer of Paul, and a fellow-citizen of Philo. This opinion is certainly more probable than any other. Indeed, so numerous are the resemblances of thoughts and words in the writings of Philo to those in this Epistle, that even the wild conjecture has been hazarded, that Philo himself at last became a Christian, and wrote to his Hebrew countrymen the essay which has since commonly passed for Paul's. No one can examine the hundreds of illustrations of the Epistle gathered from Philo by Carpzov, in his learned but ill-reasoned work, without being struck and impressed. The supposition which has repeatedly been accepted and urged, that this composition was first writ-

ten in Hebrew, and afterwards translated into Greek by another person, is absurd, when we examine the masterly skill and eloquence, critical niceties, and felicities in the use of language displayed in it. We could easily fill a paragraph with the names of those eminent in the Church, — such as Tertullian, Hippolytus, Erasmus, Luther, Le Clerc, and Neander, — who have concluded that, whoever the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews was, he was not Paul. The list of these names would reach from the Egyptian Origen, whose candor and erudition were without parallel in his age, to the German Bleek, whose masterly and exhaustive work is a monument of united talent and toil, leaving little to be desired. It is not within our present aim to argue this point; therefore we will simply refer the reader to the thorough and unanswerable discussion and settlement of it by Mr. Andrews Norton, in this journal, in the volumes for 1827 – 29.

The general object of the composition is, by showing the superiority of the Christian system to the Hebrew, to arm the converts from Judaism, to whom it is addressed, against the temptations to desert the fulfilling faith of Christ, and to return to the emblematic faith of their fathers. This aim gives a pervading cast and color to the entire treatment — to the reasoning, and especially to the chosen imagery — of the Epistle. Omitting for the most part, at present, whatever is not essentially interwoven with the subject of death, the resurrection, and future existence, and with the mission of Christ in relation to those subjects, we advance to the consideration of the views which the Epistle presents, or implies, concerning those points. It is to be premised, that here, as in the case of Paul, we are forced to construct from fragments and hints the theological fabric that stood in the mind of the writer. The suggestion also is quite obvious, that, since the letter is addressed solely to the Hebrews, and describes Christianity as the completion of Judaism, an acquaintance with the characteristic Hebrew opinions and hopes at that time may be indispensable for a full comprehension of its contents.

The view of the intrinsic nature and rank of Christ on which the Epistle rests, seems very plainly to be that great Logos-doctrine which floated in the philosophy of the Apostolic age, and is so fully developed in the Gospel of

John; — “The Logos of God, alive, energetic, irresistibly piercing, to whose eyes all things are bare and open” (ii. 12, 13); “first-begotten of God” (i. 6); “faithful to Him that made him” (iii. 2); inferior to God, superior to all beside; “by whom God made the worlds” (i. 2); whose seat is at the right hand of God, the angels looking up to him, and “the world to come put in subjection to him” (ii. 5). The author, thus assuming the immensely superhuman rank and the preëxistence of Christ, teaches that by the good-will of God he descended to the world in the form of a man, to save them that were without faith and in fear, — them that were lost through sin. God “bringeth in the first-begotten into the world.” (i. 6.) “When he cometh into the world he saith, Sacrifice and offering thou wouldest not, but a body hast thou prepared for me.” (x. 5.) “Jesus was made a little while inferior to the angels.” (ii. 9.) “Forasmuch, then, as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise partook of the same” (ii. 14); that is, in order to pass through an experience like that of those whom he wished to deliver, he assumed their nature (ii. 17, 18). “He taketh not hold of angels, but he taketh hold of the seed of Abraham” (ii. 16); in other words, he aimed not to assist angels, but men. These passages, taken in connection with the whole scope and drift of the document in which they are found, declare that Jesus was a spirit in heaven, but came to the earth, taking upon him a mortal frame of flesh and blood.

Why he did this, is the question that naturally arises next. We do not see how it is possible for any person to read the Epistle through intelligently, in the light of an adequate knowledge of contemporary Hebrew opinions, and not perceive that the author’s answer to that inquiry is, that Christ assumed the guise and fate of humanity in order to die, and died in order to rise from the dead, and rose from the dead in order to ascend to heaven, and ascended to heaven in order to reveal the grace of God opening the way for the celestial exaltation and blessedness of the souls of faithful men. We will commence the proof and illustration of these statements by bringing together some of the principal passages in the Epistle which involve the objects of the mission of Christ, and then stating the thought that chiefly underlies and explains them.

"We see Jesus — who was made a little while inferior to the angels, in order that by the kindness of God he might taste death for every man — through the suffering of death crowned with glory and honor." (ii. 9.) With the best critics, we have altered the arrangement of the clauses in the foregoing verse to make the sense clearer. The exact meaning is, that the exaltation of Christ to heaven after his death, authenticated his mission, showed that his death had a divine meaning for men; that is, showed that they also should rise to heaven. "When he had by himself made a purification of our sins, he sat down at the right hand of the Majesty on high." (i. 3.) "For this cause he is the Mediator of the new covenant, that, his death having occurred (for the redemption of the transgressions under the first covenant), they which are called might enter upon possession of the promised eternal inheritance." (ix. 15.) The force of this last passage, with its context, turns on the double sense of the Greek word for *covenant*, which likewise means *a will*. Several statements in the Epistle show the author's belief that the subjects of the old dispensation had the *promise* of immortal life in heaven, but had never realized the thing itself.* Now he maintains the purpose of the new dispensation to be the actual revelation and bestowment of the reality which anciently was only promised and typically foreshadowed; and in the passage before us he figures Christ — the author of the Christian covenant — as the maker of a will by which believers are appointed heirs of a heavenly immortality. He then, following the analogy of testamentary legacies and legatees, describes those heirs as "entering on possession of that eternal inheritance" (ix. 15) "by the death of the Testator" (ix. 16). He was led to employ precisely this language by two obvious reasons: first, for the sake of that *paronomasia* of which he was evidently fond; secondly, by the fact that it really was the death of Christ, with the succeeding resurrection and ascension, which demonstrated both the reality of the thing promised in the will, and the authority of the Testator to bestow it.

* xi. 13, 16, *et al.* See chap. x. 36, where *to receive the promise* most plainly means to obtain the thing promised, as it does several times in the Epistle.

All the expressions thus far cited, and kindred ones scattered through the work, convey a clear and consistent meaning, with sharp outlines and coherent details, if we suppose their author entertained the following general theory; and otherwise, we hesitate not to say, they cannot be satisfactorily explained. A dreadful fear of death, introduced by sin, was tyrannizing over men. (ii. 14, 15.) In consequence of conscious alienation from God through transgressions, they shuddered at death. The writer does not say what there was in death that made it so feared; but we know that the prevailing Hebrew conception was, that death led the naked soul into the silent, dark, and dreary region of the under-world, — a doleful fate, from which they shrank with sadness at the best, guilt converting that natural melancholy into dread foreboding. In the absence of any evidence or presumption whatever to the contrary, we are authorized, nay, rather forced, to conclude that such a conception is implied in the passages we are considering. Now the mission of Jesus was to deliver men from that fear and bondage, by assuring them that God would forgive sin and annul its consequence. Instead of banishing their disembodied spirits into the sepulchral *Sheol*, he would take them to himself into the glory above the firmament. This aim Christ accomplished by literally exemplifying the truths it implies; that is, by personally assuming the lot of man, dying, rising from among the spirits of the dead, and ascending beyond the veil into heaven. By his death and victorious ascent "he purged our sins," "redeemed transgressions," "overthrew him that has the power of death," in the sense that he thereby, as the writer thought, swept away the supposed train of evils caused by sin, namely, all the concomitants of a banishment after death into the cheerless subterranean empire. If what has thus far been said seems doubtful, let the reader suspend judgment awhile; for strong, as we think irresistible, confirmations will be afforded.

It will be well now to notice more fully, in the author's scheme, the idea that Christ did locally ascend into the heavens, "into the presence of God," "where he ever liveth," and that by this ascent he for the first time opened the way for others to ascend to him where he is, avoiding the doom of *Hades*. "We have a great High-

priest, who has passed through the heavens, Jesus, the Son of God." (iv. 14.) "Christ is not entered into the most holy place, made with hands, the figure of the true, but into heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us." (ix. 24.) Indeed, that Jesus, in a material and local sense, rose to heaven, is a conception fundamental to the Epistle, and prominent on all its face. It is much more necessary for us to show that the author believed that the men who had previously died had *not* risen thither, but that it was the Saviour's mission to open the way for their ascension.

It is extremely significant, in the outset, that Jesus is called "the first leader and the bringer to the end of our faith" (xii. 2); for the words in this clause which the common version renders "author" and "finisher"* mean, from their literal force and the latent figure they contain, "a guide who runs through the course to the goal so as to win and receive the prize, bringing us after him to the same consummation." Still more striking is the passage we shall next adduce. Having enumerated a long list of the choicest worthies of the Old Testament, the writer adds, "These all, having obtained testimony through faith, did not realize the promise,† God having provided a better thing *for us*, that *they* without *us* should not be perfected" (xi. 39, 40), — should not be brought to the end, — the end of human destiny, that is, — exaltation to heaven. Undoubtedly the author here means to say, that the faithful servants of God under the Mosaic dispensation were reserved in the under-world until the ascension of the Messiah. Augustine so explains the text in hand, declaring that Christ was the first that ever rose from the under-world.‡ The same exposition is given by Origen,§ and indeed by nearly every one of the Fathers who has undertaken to give a critical interpretation of the passage. This doctrine itself was held by Catholic Christendom for a thousand years; is now held by the Roman, Greek, and English Churches; but is, for the most part, rejected, or forgotten, by the dissenting sects, from two causes.

* *Vide* Robinson's Lexicon, first edition, under τελειόω and τελειωτής; also see Philo, cited there.

† *Vide* x. 36.

‡ Epist. CLXIV. sect. ix., ed. Benedictinæ.

§ De Principiis, Lib. II. cap. 11.

It has so generally sunk out of sight among us, first, from ignorance, — ignorance of the ancient learning and opinions on which it rested, and of which it was the *necessary* completion; secondly, from rationalistic speculations, which, leading men to discredit the truth of the doctrine, led them arbitrarily to deny its existence in the Scripture, making them perversely force the texts that state it, and wilfully blink the texts that hint it. Whether this be a proper and sound method of proceeding in critical investigations, any one may judge. To us it seems equally unmanly and immoral. We know of but one justifiable course; and that is, with patience and with earnestness, and with all possible aids, to labor to discern the real and full meaning of the words, according to the understanding and intention of the author. We do so elsewhere, regardless of consequences. No other method, in the case of the Scriptures, is exempt from guilt before God.

The meaning (namely, *to bring to the end*) which we have above attributed to the word τελειόω (translated in the common version *to make perfect*), is the first meaning and the etymological force of the word. That we do not refine upon it over-nicely in the present instance, the following examples from various parts of the Epistle unimpeachably witness. "For it was proper that God, in bringing many sons unto glory, should make him who was the first leader of their salvation perfect [reach the end] through sufferings" (ii. 10); that is, should raise him to heaven after he had passed through death, that he, having himself arrived at the glorious heavenly goal of human destiny, might bring others to it. "Christ, being made perfect" (brought through all the intermediate steps to the end), "became the cause of eternal salvation to all them that obey him; called of God an high-priest." (v. 9, 10.) The context, and the after assertion of the writer that the priesthood of Jesus is exercised in heaven, show that the word "perfected," as employed here, signifies exalted to the right hand of God. "Perfection" (bringing unto the end) "was not by the Levitical priesthood." (vii. 11) "The law perfected nothing, but it was the additional introduction of a better hope by which we draw near unto God." (vii. 19.) "The law maketh men high-priests which have infirmity, which are not suffered

to continue, by reason of death; but the word of the oath after the law maketh the Son perfect for evermore" (vii. 28, 23), — bringeth him to the end, namely, an everlasting priesthood in the heavens. That Christian* believers are not under the first covenant, whereby, through sin, men, commencing with the blood of Abel, the first death, were doomed to the lower world, but are under the second covenant, whereby, through the gracious purpose of God, taking effect in the blood of Christ, the first resurrection, they are already by faith, in imagination, translated to heaven, — this is plainly what the author teaches in the following words: "Ye are not come to the palpable mount that burneth with fire, and to blackness and tempest, where so terrible was the sight that Moses exceedingly trembled, but ye are come to Mount Sion, to the *heavenly* Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of *angels*, and to *God*, and to the *spirits of the perfected just*, and to *Jesus*, the mediator of the new covenant, and to the lustral blood which speaks better things than that of Abel." (xii. 18–24.) The connection here demonstrates that the souls of the righteous are called "perfected," as having arrived at the goal of their destiny in heaven. Again, the author, when speaking of the sure and steadfast hope of eternal life, distinguishes Jesus as a *πρόδρομος*, one who runs before as a scout or leader, "the Forerunner, who for us has entered within the veil" (vi. 19, 20); that is, has passed beyond the firmament into the presence of God. The Jews called the outward or lowermost heaven the veil.* But the most conclusive consideration upon the opinion we are arguing for — and it must be entirely convincing — is to be drawn from the first half of the ninth chapter. To appreciate it, it is requisite to remember that the Rabbins, with whose notions our author was familiar, and some of which he adopts in his reasoning, were accustomed to compare the Jewish temple and city with the temple and city of Jehovah above the sky, considering the former as miniature types of the latter. This mode of thought was originally learned by philosophical Rabbins from the Platonic doctrine of ideas, without doubt, and was entertained figuratively, spiritually; but in the unreflecting,

* Vide Schoettgenii *Horæ Hebraicæ et Talmudicæ* on 2 Cor. xii. 2.

popular mind, the Hebraic views to which it gave rise were soon grossly materialized and located. They also derived the same conception from God's command to Moses when he was about to build the Tabernacle, "See thou make all things according to the pattern showed to thee in the mount." (viii. 5.) They refined upon these words with many conceits. They compared the three divisions of the temple to the three heavens; the outer Court of the Gentiles corresponded with the first heaven, the Court of the Israelites with the second heaven, and the Holy of Holies represented the third heaven, or very abode of God. (ix. 2, 3.) Josephus writes, "The temple has three compartments; the first two for men, the third for God, because heaven is inaccessible to men."* Now our author says, referring to this triple symbolic arrangement of the temple, "The priests went always into the first tabernacle, accomplishing the service, but into the second went the high-priest alone, once every year, not without blood; this, which was a figure for the time then present, signifying that the way into the holiest of all† was not yet laid open: but Christ being come, an high-priest of the future good things, by his own blood he entered in once into the holy place, having obtained eternal deliverance." (ix. 6-12.) The points of the comparison here instituted are these: On the great annual day of atonement, after the death of the victim, the Hebrew high-priest went into the adytum of the earthly temple, but none could follow; Jesus, after his own death, the Christian high-priest, went into the adytum of the heavenly temple, and enabled the faithful to enter there after him. Imagery like the foregoing, which implies a *Sanctum Sanctorum* above, the glorious prototype of that below, is frequent in the Talmud.‡ To remove all uncertainty from the exposition thus presented, if any doubt linger, it is only necessary to cite one more passage from the Epistle. "We have, therefore, brethren, by the blood of Jesus, leading into the holiest, a free road, a new and blessed road which he hath inaugurated

* Antiq., Lib. 3, cap. 6, sect. 4; Ibid., cap. 7, sect. 7.

† Philo declares, "The whole universe is one temple of God, in which the holiest of all is heaven." — *De Monarchia*, p. 222, ed. Mangey.

‡ Vide Schoettgenii Dissertatio de Hierosolyma Cœlesti, Cap. 2, sect. 9.

for us through the veil, that is to say, through his flesh." (x. 19, 20.) As there was no entrance for the priest into the holiest of the temple save by the removal of the veil, so Christ could not enter heaven except by the removal of his body. The blood of Jesus here, as in most cases in the New Testament, means the death of Jesus, involving his ascension. Chrysostom, commenting on these verses, says, in explanation of the word ἐγκαθίζω, "Christ laid out the road and was the first to go over it. The first way was of death, leading (*ad inferos*) to the under-world; the other is of life," leading to heaven. The interpretation we have given of these passages reconciles and blends that part of the known contemporary opinions which applies to them, and explains and justifies the natural force of the imagery and words employed. Its accuracy seems to us unquestionable by any candid person who is competently acquainted with the subject. The substance of it is, that Jesus came from God to the earth as a man, laid down his life that he might rise from the dead into heaven again, into the real *Sanctum Sanctorum* of the universe, thereby proving that faithful believers also shall rise thither, being thus delivered, after the pattern of his evident deliverance, from the imprisonment of the realm of death below.

We now proceed to quote and unfold five distinct passages, not yet brought forward, from the Epistle, each of which separately proves that we are not mistaken in attributing to the writer of it the above-stated general theory. In the first verse which we shall adduce, it is perfectly certain that the word "death" *includes* the entrance of the soul into the subterranean kingdom of ghosts. It is written of Christ, that "in the days of his flesh, when he had earnestly prayed to Him that was able to do it, *to save him from death*, he was heard" (v. 7), and was advanced to be a high-priest in the heavens, — "was made higher than the heavens" (vii. 26). Now, obviously, God did not rescue Christ from dying, but he raised him, ἐκ νεκρῶν, from the world of the dead. So Chrysostom declares, referring to this very text: "Not to be retained in the region of the dead, but to be delivered from it, is virtually not to die."* Moreover, the

* Homil. Epist. ad Heb. in hoc loc.

phrase above translated "to save him from death" may be translated, with equal propriety, "to bring him back safe from death." The Greek verb σώζειν, *to save*, is often so used to denote the safe restoration of a warrior from an incursion into an enemy's domain. The same use made here by our author of the term "death" we have also found made by Philo Judæus. "The wise," Philo says, "inherit the Olympic and heavenly region to dwell in, always studying to go above; the bad inherit the innermost parts of the under-world, always laboring to die." * The antithesis between going above and dying, and the mention of the under-world in connection with the latter, prove that *to die* here means, or at least includes, going below after death.

The Septuagint version of the Old Testament twice translates Sheol by the word *death*.† The English version once — perhaps more than once — renders it in like manner.‡ And the nail of the interpretation we are urging is clenched fast by this sentence from Origen: "The under-world, in which souls are detained by death, is called death." §

Again, we read, that Christ took human nature upon him "in order that by means of [his own] death he might render him that has the power of death, that is, the Devil, idle; and deliver those who through fear of Death were all their lifetime subject to bondage." (ii. 14, 15.) It is apparent at once that the mere *death* of Christ, so far from ending the sway of Death, would be giving the grim monarch a new victory, incomparably the most important he had ever achieved. Therefore the only way to make adequate sense of the passage is to join with the Saviour's death what followed it, namely, his resurrection and ascension. It was the Hebrew belief that sin, introduced by the fraud of the Devil, was the cause of death, and the doomer of the disembodied spirits of men to the lower caverns of darkness and rest. They personified Death as a gloomy king, tyrannizing over mankind; and, unless in severe affliction, they dreaded the hour when

* Quod a Deo Mitt. Somn., p. 643, ed. Mangey.

† 2 Sam. xxii. 6; Prov. xxiii. 14.

‡ Ps. ix. 13.

§ Comm. in Epist. ad Rom., Lib. VI. cap. 6, sect. 6: "*Inferni locus in quo animæ detinebantur a morte mors appellatur.*"

they must lie down under his sceptre and sink into his voiceless kingdom of shadows. Christ broke the power of Satan, closed his busy reign, rescued the captive souls, and relieved the timorous hearts of the faithful by rising triumphantly from the long-bound dominion of the grave, and ascending in a new path of light, *pioneering* the saints to immortal glory.

In another part of the Epistle, the writer, having previously explained that, as the high-priest after the death of the expiatory goat entered the typical holy place in the temple, so Christ after his own death entered the true holy place in the heavens (ix. 7, 12, 24), goes on — to guard against the analogy being forced any further — to deny the necessity of Christ's service being repeated, as the priest's was annually repeated (ix. 25), saying, "For then he must have died many times since the foundation of the world; but on the contrary [it suffices that] once, at the close of the ages, through the sacrifice of himself he hath appeared [in heaven] for the abrogation of sin."* (ix. 26.) The rendering and explanation we give of this language are those adopted by the most distinguished commentators, and must be justified by any one who examines the proper punctuation of the clauses, and studies the context. The simple idea is, that, by the sacrifice of his body through death, Christ rose and showed himself in the presence of God. The author adds, that this was done "unto the annulling of sin." It is with reference to these last words principally that we have cited the passage. What do they mean? In what sense can the passing of Christ's soul into heaven after death be said to have done away with sin? In the first place, the open manifestation of Christ's disenthralled and risen soul in the supernal presence of God did not in any sense abrogate sin itself, literally considered, because all kinds of sin that ever were upon the earth among men before, have been ever since, and are now. In the second place, that miraculous event did not annul and remove human guilt, the consciousness of sin and responsibility for it, because in fact men feel the sting and load of guilt now as badly as ever; and the very Epistle before us, as well as the whole New Testament,

* *Vide* Griesbach *in loc.*, and Rosenmüller.

addresses Christians as being exposed to constant and varied danger of incurring guilt and woe. But in the third place, the ascension of Jesus did show very plainly to the Apostles and first Christians, that what they supposed to be the great outward penalty of sin was annulled; that it was no longer a necessity for the spirit to descend to the lower world after death; that that fatal doom, entailed on the generations of humanity by sin, was now abrogated for all who were worthy. Such, we have not the shadow of a doubt, is the true meaning of the declaration under review.

This exposition is powerfully confirmed by the two succeeding verses, which we will next pass to examine. "As it is appointed for men to die once, but after this the judgment; so Christ, having been offered once to bear the sins of many, shall appear a second time, without sin, for salvation unto those expecting him." (ix. 27, 28.) Man dies once, and then passes into that state of separate existence in the under-world which is the legal judgment for sin. Christ, taking upon himself, with the nature of man, the burden of man's lot and doom, died once, and then rose from the dead by the gracious power of the Father, bearing away the outward penalty of sin. He will come again into the world, uninvolved, the next time, with any of the accompaniments or consequences of sin, to save them that look for him, and victoriously lead them into heaven with him. In this instance, as all through the writings of the Apostles, sin, death, and the under-world are three segments of a circle, each necessarily implying the others: the same remark is to be made of the contrasted terms, righteousness, grace, immortal life above the sky; * the former being traced from the sinful and fallen Adam, the latter from the righteous and risen Christ.

The author says, "If the blood of bulls and goats sanctifies unto the purification of the flesh, how much more shall the blood of Christ, who having † an eternal spirit offered himself faultless to God, cleanse your con-

* See Neander's *Planting and Training of the Church*, Ryland's translation, p. 298.

† *Διά* is often used in the sense of *with*, or possessing. See Wahl's *New Testament Lexicon*.

sciousness!" (ix. 13, 14.) The argument fully expressed is, if the blood of perishable brutes cleanses the body, the blood of the immortal Christ cleanses the soul. The implied inference is, that, as the former fitted the outward man for the ritual privileges of the temple, so the latter fitted the inward man for the spiritual privileges of heaven. This appears clearly from what follows in the next chapter, where the writer says, in effect, that "it is not possible for the blood of bulls and of goats to take away sins, however often it is offered, but that Christ, when he had offered one sacrifice for sins, for ever sat down at the right hand of God." (x. 4, 11, 12.) The reason given for the efficacy of Christ's offering is that he sat down at the right hand of God. When the chosen animals were sacrificed for sins, they utterly perished, and there was an end. But when Christ was offered, his soul survived and rose into heaven, an evident sign that the penalty of sin, whereby men were doomed to the underworld after death, was abolished. This perfectly explains the language, and nothing else can perfectly explain it.

That Christ would speedily reappear from heaven in triumph, to judge his foes and save his disciples, was a fundamental article in the primitive Church scheme of the last things. There are unmistakable evidences of such a belief in our author. "For yet a little while and the coming one will come, and will not delay." (x. 37.) "Provoke one another unto love and good works, . . . so much the more as ye see the day drawing near." (x. 24, 25.) There is another reference to this approaching advent, which, though obscure, affords important testimony. Jesus, when he had ascended, "sat down at the right hand of God, henceforward waiting till his enemies be made his footstool." (x. 12, 13.) That is to say, he is tarrying in heaven for the appointed time to arrive when he shall come into the world again, to consummate the full and final purposes of his mission. We may leave this division of the subject established beyond all question, by citing a text which explicitly states the idea in so many words. "Unto them that look for him he shall appear the second time." (ix. 28.) That expectation of the speedy second coming of the Messiah which haunted the early Christians, therefore, unquestionably occupied the mind of the composer of the Epistle to the Hebrews.

If the writer of this epistolary essay had a firm and detailed opinion as to the exact fate to be allotted to wicked and persistent unbelievers, his allusions to that opinion are too few and vague for us to determine precisely what it was. We will briefly quote the substance of what he says upon the subject, and add a word in regard to the inferences it does, or does not, warrant. "If under the Mosaic dispensation every transgression received a just recompense, how shall we escape if we neglect so great a salvation, first proclaimed by the Lord?" (ii. 2, 3; x. 28, 29.) "As the Israelites that were led out of Egypt by Moses, on account of their unbelief and provocations, were not permitted to enter the promised land, but perished in the wilderness (iii. 8-19); so let us fear, lest, a promise being left us of entering into his rest, any of you should seem to come short of it." (iv. 1, 7, 11.) Christ "became the cause of eternal salvation to all them that obey him." (v. 9.) "He hath brought unto the end for ever them that are sanctified." (x. 14.) It will be observed that these last specifications are partial, and that nothing is said of the fate of those not included under them. "It is impossible for those who were once enlightened,..... if they shall fall away, to renew them again unto repentance. But, beloved, we are persuaded better things of you, even things that accompany salvation." (vi. 4-9.) "We are not of them who draw back unto the destruction, but of them who believe unto the preservation, of the soul." (x. 39.) "If we sin wilfully after we have received the knowledge of the truth, there is no longer left a sacrifice for sins; but a certain fearful looking for of judgment, and of fiery indignation to devour the adversaries." (x. 26, 27.) "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." (x. 31.) "If they escaped not who refused him that spoke on earth [Moses], much more we shall not escape, if we turn away from him that speaks from heaven [Christ]." (xii. 25.) In view of the foregoing passages, which represent the entire teaching of the Epistle in relation to the ultimate destination of sinners, we must assert as follows. First, the author gives no hint of the doctrine of literal *torments* in a local hell. Secondly, he is still further from favoring, nay, he unequivocally denies, the doctrine of unconditional, universal salvation.

Thirdly, he either expected that the reprobate would be absolutely destroyed at the second coming of Christ, — which does not seem to be declared; or that they would be exiled for ever from the kingdom of glory into the sad and slumberous under-world, — which is not clearly implied; or that they would be punished according to their evil, and then, restored to Divine favor, be exalted into heaven with the original elect, — which is not written in the record; or, lastly, that they would be disposed of in some way unknown to him, — which he does not avow. He makes no allusion to such a terrific conception as is expressed by the Calvinistic use of the word *hell*; he emphatically predicates conditionality of salvation, he threatens sinners in general terms with severe judgment. Further than this he has neglected to state his faith. If it reached any further, he has preferred to leave the statement of it in vague and impressive gloom.

Let us stop a moment and epitomize the steps we have taken. Jesus, the Son of God, was a spirit in heaven. He came upon the earth in the guise of humanity to undergo its whole experience, and to be its redeemer. He died, passed through the vanquished kingdom of the grave, and rose into heaven again, to exemplify to men that through the grace of God a way was opened to escape the under-world, the great external penalty of sin, and reach a better country, even a heavenly. From his seat at God's right hand, he should ere long descend to complete God's designs in his mission, — judge his enemies and lead his accepted followers to heaven. The all-important thought running through the length and breadth of the treatise is the ascension of Christ from the midst of the dead (*ἐκ νεκρῶν*) into the celestial presence, as the pledge of our ascent. "Among the things of which we are speaking, this is the capital consideration (*κεφάλαιον*)," — the most essential point, — "that we have such a high-priest, who hath sat down at the right hand of the throne of the Majesty in the heavens." (viii. 1.) Neander says, though apparently without perceiving the extent of its ulterior significance: "The conception of the resurrection in relation to the whole Christian system lies at the basis of this Epistle."

A brief sketch and exposition of the doctrine and scope of the Epistle in general will cast light and confirmation

upon the interpretation we have given of its eschatology in particular. The one comprehensive design of the writer, it is perfectly clear, is to prove to the Christian converts from the Hebrews the superiority of Christianity to Judaism; and so to arm them against apostasy from the new covenant to the ancient one. He begins by showing that Christ, the bringer of the Gospel, is greater than the angels, by whom the Law was given (i. 4-14; ii. 2; Acts vii. 53; Gal. iii. 20); and consequently that his word is to be revered still more than theirs (ii. 1-3). Next he argues that Jesus, the Christian Mediator, as the *Son* of God, is crowned with more authority and worthy of more glory than Moses, the Jewish mediator, as the *servant* of God (iii. 3, 6); and that, as Moses led his people towards the rest of Canaan (iv. 8, 9), so Christ leads his people towards the far better rest of heaven (xi. 16). And then he advances to demonstrate the superiority of Christ to the Levitical priesthood. This he establishes by pointing out the facts, that the Levitical priest had a transient honor (vii. 23), being after the law of a carnal commandment (vii. 16), his offerings referring to the flesh (ix. 13), while Christ has an unchangeable priesthood (vii. 24), being after the power of an endless life (vii. 16), his offering referring to the soul (ix. 14); that the Levitical priest once a year went into the symbolic holy place in the temple, unable to admit others (ix. 7, 9), but Jesus rose into the real holy place itself above (ix. 12), opening a way for all faithful disciples to follow (x. 19, 20); and that the Hebrew temple and ceremonies were but the small type and shadow of the grand archetypal temple in heaven, where Christ is the immortal High-priest (viii. 2, 5, 6), fulfilling (viii. 3) in the presence of God the completed (x. 14) reality of what Judaism merely *miniatured*, an emblematic pattern that could make nothing perfect (x. 1). "By him therefore let us continually offer to God the sacrifice of praise." The author intersperses, and closes with, exhortations to steadfast faith, pure morals, and fervent piety.

There is one point in this Epistle which deserves, and to which we now propose in conclusion to give, a separate treatment. It is the subject of the Atonement. The correspondence between the sacrifices in the Hebrew

ritual and the sufferings and death of Christ would, from the nature of the case, irresistibly suggest the sacrificial terms and metaphors which our author uses in a large part of his argument. Moreover, his precise aim in writing compelled him to make these resemblances as prominent, as significant, and as effective as possible. Griesbach says well, in his learned and able essay: "When it was impossible for the Jews, lately brought to the Christian faith, to tear away the attractive associations of their ancestral religion, which were twined among the very roots of their minds, and they were consequently in danger of falling away from Christ, the most ingenious author of this Epistle met the case by a masterly expedient. He instituted a careful comparison, showing the superiority of Christianity to Judaism even in regard to the very point where the latter seemed so much more glorious, namely, in priesthoods, temples, altars, victims, lustrations, and kindred things." * That these comparisons are sometimes used by the writer analogically, figuratively, imaginatively, for the sake of practical illustration and impression, not literally as logical expressions and proofs of a dogmatic theory of atonement, is made sufficiently plain by the following quotations. "The bodies of those beasts whose blood is brought into the holy place by the high-priest for sin, are burned without the camp. Wherefore Jesus also, that he might sanctify the people through his own blood, suffered without the gate. Let us go forth therefore unto him, without the camp, bearing his reproach." (xiii. 11-13.) Every one will at once perceive that these sentences are not critically exact statements of theological truths, but are imaginative expressions of practical lessons, spiritual exhortations. Again, we read, "It was necessary that the *patterns* of the heavenly things should be purified with sacrificed animals, but the heavenly things *themselves* with better sacrifices than these." (ix. 23.) Certainly it is only by an exercise of the imagination, for spiritual impression, not for philosophical argument, that heaven can be said to be defiled by the sins of men on earth, so as to need cleansing by the lustral blood of Christ. The writer also appeals to his readers in these terms: "To do

* Griesbachii Opuscula. De Imaginibus Judaicis in Epist. ad Hebræos.

good and to communicate forget not; for with such sacrifices God is well pleased." (xiii. 16.) The purely practical aim and rhetorical method with which the sacrificial language is employed here are evident enough. We believe it is used in the same way wherever it occurs in the Epistle.

The considerations which have convinced us, and which we think ought to convince every unprejudiced mind, that the Calvinistic scheme of a substitutional expiation for sin, a placation of Divine wrath by the offering of Divine blood, was not in the mind of the author, and does not inform his expressions when they are rightly understood, may be briefly presented. First, the notion that the suffering of Christ in itself ransomed lost souls, bought the withheld grace and pardon of God for us, is admittedly foreign and repulsive to the instinctive moral sense and to natural reason, but is supposed to rest on the authority of revelation. Secondly, that doctrine is nowhere specifically stated in the Epistle, but is assumed, or inferred, to explain language which to a superficial look seems to imply it, perhaps even seems to be inexplicable without it;* but in reality such a view is inconsistent with that language when it is accurately studied. For example, notice the following passage: "When Christ cometh into the world" (x. 5), he is represented as saying, "I come to do thy will, O God." (x. 9.) "By the which will," the writer continues, "we are sanctified through the offering of the body of Jesus." (x. 10.) That is, the death of Christ, involving his resurrection and ascension into heaven, fulfils and exemplifies the gracious purpose of God, not purchases for us an otherwise impossible benignity. The above-cited explicit declaration is irreconcilable with the thought that Christ came into the world to die that he might appease the flaming justice and anger of God, and by vicarious agony buy the remission of human sins; it conveys the idea,

* That these texts were not originally understood as implying any vicarious efficacy in Christ's painful death, but as attributing a typical power to his triumphant resurrection, his glorious return from the world of the dead into heaven, appears very plainly in the following instance. Theodoret, one of the earliest explanatory writers on the New Testament, says, while expressly speaking of Christ's death, the sufferings through which he was perfected, "His resurrection certified a resurrection for us all." — *Vid. ejus Comm. in Epist. ad Heb.*, cap. 2, v. 10.

on the contrary, that God sent Christ to prove and illustrate to men the free fulness of his forgiving love. Thirdly, the idea, which we think was the idea of the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews, that Christ, by his death, resurrection, and ascent, demonstrated to the faith of men God's merciful removal of the supposed outward penalty of sin, namely, the banishment of souls after death to the under-world, and led the way, as their forerunner, into heaven, — this idea, which is not shocking to the moral sense, nor plainly absurd to the moral reason, as the Augustinian dogma is, not only yields a more sharply defined, consistent, and satisfactory explanation of all the related language of the Epistle, but is also — which cannot be said of the other doctrine — in harmony with the contemporary opinions of the Hebrews, and would be the natural and almost inevitable development from them and complement of them in the mind of a Pharisee, who, convinced of the death and ascension of the sinless Jesus, the appointed Messiah, had become a Christian.

The last assertion, which is the only one that needs further proof, we shall now sustain by a few words. In the first place, every one familiar with the eschatology of the Hebrews knows that at the time of Christ the belief prevailed that the sin of Adam was the cause of death among men. In the second place, it is equally well known that they believed the destination of souls upon leaving the body to be the under-world. Therefore — it undeniably follows by all the necessities of logic — they believed that sin was the cause of the descent of disembodied spirits to the dreary lower realm. In the third place, it is notorious and undoubted that the Jews of that age expected that, when the Messiah should appear, the dead of their nation, or at least a portion of them, would be raised from the under-world, be reclothed with bodies, and reign with him for a period on earth, and then ascend to heaven. Now what could be more natural than that a person holding this creed who should be brought to believe that Jesus was the true Messiah, and after his death had risen from among the dead into heaven, should immediately conclude that this was a pledge or illustration of the abrogation of the gloomy penalty of sin, the deliverance of souls from the subter-

anean prison, and their admission to the presence of God beyond the sky? We deem this an impregnable position. Every relevant text that we consider in its light additionally fortifies it by the striking manner in which such a conception fits, fills, and explains the words. To illustrate the various points, and to prove the correctness of the foregoing exposition of the doctrine of the Epistle to the Hebrews, we might have cited a multitude of texts from other portions of the New Testament; but at present, for several reasons, we have preferred to confine ourselves to matter strictly connected with this single document. To justify our interpretations, and to sustain particular features of the doctrine which they express, almost any amount of evidence may be summoned from the writings both of the most authoritative and of the simplest Fathers of the Church, beginning with Justin Martyr,* philosopher of Neapolis, at the close of the Apostolic age, and ending with John Hobart,† Bishop of New York, in the early part of the nineteenth century. We have refrained from adducing the throng of such authorities here, because they would be more appropriately brought forward when tracing the progress and perversions of the Apostolic doctrine of the last things, in the succeeding ages of the Church.

The intelligent reader will observe that the essential point of difference distinguishing our exposition of the fundamental doctrine of the composition in review, on the one hand, from the consistent Calvinistic interpretation of it, and, on the other hand, from the common Unitarian explanation of it, is this. Calvinism says that Christ, by his death, his vicarious pains, appeased the wrath of God, satisfied the claims of justice, and purchased the salvation of souls from an agonizing and endless hell. Unitarianism says that Christ, by his teachings, spirit, life, and miracles, revealed the character of the Father, set an example for man, gave certainty to great truths, and exerted moral influences to regenerate men, redeem them from sin, and fit them for the blessed kingdom of immortality. We understand the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews really to say, — in subtraction

* Dial. cum Tryph., Cap. V. et Cap. LXXX.

† State of the Departed.

from what the Calvinist, in addition to what the Unitarian, says, — that Christ, by his resurrection from the tyrannous realm of death, and ascent into the unbarred heaven, demonstrated the fact that God, in his sovereign grace, in his free and wondrous love, would forgive mankind their sins, remove the ancient penalty of transgression, no more dooming their disembodied spirits to the noiseless and everlasting gloom of the under-world, but admitting them to his own presence, above the firmamental floor, where the beams of his chambers are laid, and he reigneth for ever, covered with light as with a garment.

W. R. A.

ART. II. — PRESENT CONDITION OF PALESTINE.*

DR. ROBINSON'S great work is too well established in the respect and confidence of the Christian public, on both sides of the water, to need any commendation at this late day. Although its learned author passed over but a limited part of the Land of Promise, and was deterred by prejudice from receiving any help from the resident Friars, although he started with indefensible principles regarding the determinations of the legendary localities, and embarrassed his work with a tedious, inelegant, and infelicitous narrative, his *Researches* stand confessedly at the head of this class of writings. While his mistakes are so slight as hardly to merit notice, his thoroughness, originality, unequalled erudition, and ex-

* 1. *Biblical Researches in Palestine, Mt. Sinai, and Arabia Petræa, a Journal of Travels in the Year 1838*, by E. ROBINSON and E. SMITH. Boston: Crocker & Brewster. 1841. 3 vols. 8vo. pp. 571, 679, 475 and 246.

2. *Narrative of the United States Expedition to the River Jordan and the Dead Sea*, by W. F. LYNCH, U. S. N. Philadelphia. 1849. 8vo. pp. 508.

3. *A Descriptive Geography and Brief Historical Sketch of Palestine*, by RABBI JOSEPH SCHWARTZ; for Sixteen Years a Resident in the Holy Land. Translated by ISAAC LEESER. Philadelphia: A. Hart. 5610 — 1850. 8vo. pp. 518.

4. *Scripture Lands*, by JOHN KITTO, D. D., F. S. A. Illustrated by a Complete Biblical Atlas, comprising 24 Maps. (Bohn's Illustrated Library.) London. 1850.

5. *The Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature*. Edited by JOHN KITTO, D. D., F. S. A. Tenth Edition. New York: Mark H. Newman & Co. 1851. 2 vols. pp. 884, 994.

treme painstaking, deserve all praise. Visiting the same spots with his volumes in hand, we were really surprised to find so general and minute a correspondence of the description with the existing reality. Some discoveries were made in the course of his journey, some disputes settled for ever, and little was left for future gleaners in the field, except through the region investigated by the American expedition.

Lieutenant Lynch's work is equally creditable to the country and himself. Nothing but a national expedition, no individual enterprise we mean, was likely to accomplish any thing further than the sacrifice of other valuable lives. His excellent appointments, his intrepidity, perseverance, skill, and energy, with such superior assistants as he possessed, have cleared away an impenetrable mist from the most interesting, but least known, waters in the world. All that we care to hear of the Galilee Lake, the Jordan, and the Dead Sea is set before us in his accurate yet agreeable narrative, with such fulness and science, that the intelligence he communicated is already flowing amidst the Christian public in various popular publications, and is mentioned everywhere with gratitude, as an unfading wreath of fame for the Republic of the West.

Rabbi Schwartz's book betrays an unaccountable ignorance of all recent explorations in Palestine, and of some most notorious features of the country itself. The Galilee waters are still covered with vessels, according to his account, the Jordan is bordered with Paradise groves, instead of an impenetrable jungle, and the land is still crowned with not a little of its glory under Solomon. Probably his inquiries had been limited to Jerusalem, and the nearest seaport on the Mediterranean, and there discolored by Jewish partiality, and rendered nearly worthless by ignorance of the rest of the world; though he cannot be blamed for not giving heed to any Christian traditions, nor alluding at all to the points of interest to any other faith than his own.

The works of Kitto deserve the popularity they enjoy. With a few such errors as that of stating, in his "*Scripture Lands*," that the Sea of Galilee is nearly thirty-three thousand feet below the Mediterranean,* they are

* Page 113, Bohn's Library Edition.

the most readable, instructive, and profitable books of their class; more true, as a general thing, are they to the impressions which the country makes upon a visitor now than any other narratives, more condensed certainly in statement, and more comprehensive in detail. It is evident that American travellers have furnished the richest dishes of the table which he spreads before all that speak the English tongue. And our zealous missionaries in Syria, the welcome given by our reading public to every word on an apparently inexhaustible theme, besides the new investigations expected from Dr. Robinson's present journey, promise us additional satisfaction in the future.

And yet Palestine is not likely to be included in the usual route of foreign travel. The birthplace of our faith, its shore the infant-school of the race, its interior moistened with some of the best blood of England, the theatre of romantic exploit of Jew, Roman, Saracen, and Crusader, the hallowed ground to two powerful religions and hardly less revered by a third, it will not be visited by the crowds that hasten over Switzerland, or the frequent companies that sail so deliciously through the heart of Egypt.

It is not the danger: danger of life there is none now, from Dan to Beersheba; and, except in a winter visit to Palmyra or Petra, where the Bedouins gather along the track and levy "black mail," sometimes by stipulation, sometimes to the last shred of clothing and the last copper of money, the European dress is protection from robbery. For five dollars each, a little more than twice the sum exacted of every traveller by our European consuls, the Sheik of Jericho contracts to see you safe back from a visit to the Dead Sea and the Jordan, and attends you in person nearly all the way. For ten times that amount, even in the worst season, you are perfectly secure in visiting Petra, and this sum would probably include some service through guides and some hospitality in the different encampments. Thank Heaven, the old law still holds good, — once welcomed with even a cup of their delicious Mocha, you are henceforth a friend and a brother; the whole tribe is your protector; its almost invisible providence spreads around your path; wherever its goats graze or its horsemen race, you are at home; and whoever touches a hair of your head does it at his

peril. Theirs is really almost the only foreign hospitality for which no compensation is expected or permitted. The stranger who claims a night's shelter is furnished with the chief's tent, his cattle as well as himself and servants are fed, all the wood which the tribe have will be consumed for his comfort; he is not only wished a pleasant journey, but real regret is shown at his departure. If this hospitality is not enough to detain the traveller an hour after he can leave, it is all they can do, with the safeguard which it pledges; it is all they themselves prize, for the American Indian does not suffer more in the confinement of our cities than these ancient wanderers * of the desert in the lap of our modern luxury.

The real impediment is the miserable uncomfortable-ness of the journey, set off by its exceedingly meagre results. The entire trip must be made on horseback; there is no wheel-vehicle even in Damascus, and no carriage-road even through Jerusalem. For weeks you must be exposed in the saddle to the sultry Syrian sun upon the plains, and the sweeping storm of rain and hail upon the mountains. It is not possible to halt; the ordinary Turkish khan is a mere shed of stone, through whose mud roof the rain often beats, whose floor is commonly clay, and seldom very clean, whose chief light is from the open door, whose fireside comfort is a little furze smoking in one corner, with just heat enough to warm the vermin into activity. And, for the first time in your life, probably, you are where no money can procure satisfying food; the cheap abundance of Egypt, the ever-varied table of Italy, is succeeded by a bread dry as paper, olive-oil, and some wild honey.

Such is not the convent fare. There, besides a hearty welcome, a good bed and nourishing, though simple, food are provided, for which every pilgrim is expected to make a parting present; which we have never known to be asked, however, except at the almost uninhabitable Greek convent of Baalbec. As the friars have sometimes to be your cooks, as well as waiters and physicians, as your wants must take them away from the service of the Church to "serve tables," as they are even more

* *Bedouin*, or properly *Bedawee*, means *wanderer*.

kind at the second visit than at the first, and have been the means of preserving many exposed lives, it seems ungrateful to censure them for not being a higher order of men, or to ridicule their childlike credulity. Remembering how their substantial building always loomed up as a rainbow after the darkened heavens, how for one evening fatigue was forgotten and pain was soothed, unfounded reports of their self-indulgence shall not deter us from telling what we know to their credit. Being in company with Catholics, all parts of the Syrian convents were thrown open; a free intercourse was maintained with the brethren, their cells were lounged in, their larders inspected, their libraries examined, their more private altars visited, and, without having a prejudice either way beforehand, their evident self-denial, occasional suffering, actual poverty, and apparent cheerfulness made a lasting impression. There are twenty Latin convents at present in Syria, under the government of the "Terra Santa" corporation; whose head, stationed at Jerusalem, and always a Spaniard, bears the title of Guardian of Mount Zion and Custos of the Holy Sepulchre. Their occupants, Franciscan "Minorites," — not monks, as Professor Robinson terms them, but friars, — are stationed where their Superior pleases, without regard to their wishes or health; as many at Jerusalem as at any point, while Tiberias, Baalbec, &c. are kept by a single brother, and he sometimes of the Greek Church. All are fed alike, abundantly, though plainly. Clothing is provided once in two years, — a single woollen under-garment and a hooded cloak of dull brown, with the knotted cord of St. Francis for discipline. All their apartments are stone, and generally unwarmed, even by charcoal, through the chilly dampness of the rainy season. They fare worse than our penitentiary people, yet seem always cheerful; are cheered by no promise of proselytes, yet never appear discouraged; are really poverty-stricken, yet keep the same open door as when Europe poured in its superfluous gold; suffer frequently by debility and get worn out by disease, yet do not desert their post in the season of sweeping pestilence, but drop down in the midst of their duties, courageous as any heroes, rejoicing sometimes like the old martyrs. In the last visit of the plague at Damascus, these brethren shut themselves up

in their convent, so that their whole body should not perish at once, and sent forth one of their number each morning to soothe the sick and bless the dying. During the twenty-one days in which this pestilence was at its height, it is said that twenty-one of these devoted men went forth one by one, voluntary victims, never beholding the faces of their brothers again; until the destruction was arrested at last and the public health restored.

But one thing is peculiar to the Holy Land. Travellers see neither more nor less than what they are prepared to see, the reflection indeed of their own hearts and thoughts. Nine out of ten of our countrymen would pronounce "all barren from Dan to Beersheba," would hurry through the journey as speedily as possible, would rejoice most heartily when the French steamer was bearing them back from the fading Syrian shore. Not so the Latin or Greek Catholic; he roams over the land with a full and flowing heart, bearing with him that ready faith which stumbles at no difficulty, criticizes no legend, suspects no imposture, discovers no incredibility in any assigned locality. In itself this condition is rather enviable; in places where there is nothing to interest the Protestant, where he yawns heavily in the friar's face, his Catholic servant feasts to his full: he throws himself at once upon his knees, kisses the earthquake fissure in St. Sepulchre or the star in the Chapel of the Nativity, is humbled in awe, or rapt in adoration, or melted in love. Such child-like believers are the mass of pilgrims to-day. This list is headed by the Empress Helena, who erected the principal churches now covering various holy places,* whose sepulchre Professor Robinson thinks he has discovered in what is commonly shown as the "Tombs of the Kings," and down the same lengthening line are recent names of such celebrities as Chateaubriand and Lamartine. And for them the holy brethren have admirably arranged the spots where this fervor is to be manifested, so as to keep the soul in a constant glow, and make the body insensible to much hardship, and victorious over its own infirmity.

Neither the Jew who looks scowlingly over the land which belongs to himself alone, and by a Divine gift, nor

* A. D. 326.

the Mussulman who despises Catholic Christianity as an inferior faith, has at all such means of enjoyment; and the Protestant Christian is seemingly the least favored of all. In proportion as his mind is alive with the stirring associations of sacred history, his heart beats quick as he wanders over the Galilee hills, crosses the memorable mule-path to Bethany, catches at eventide the saddened murmur of the Lake of Tiberias, or watches the morning sun striving in vain to gild the leaden dulness of the Dead Sea. The moment, however, that he leaves these spots, marked out by unchanging characters of nature, and asks aid of local tradition, his ear is stunned and his heart perplexed. The incredible, not to say impossible, mingles so plentifully with the convent story and the Arab legend, that he cannot believe all, and he dreads to reject all. On the way from Beyroot, the great seaport of Syria, to Jerusalem, he is first confronted with a crowd of monkish inventions at Nazareth. The beetling crag overhanging the village strikes every eye as the spot where the Saviour was hurried up by the synagogue mob to be cast down headlong; but the friars will not have it so, and they insist upon it that you must believe that the frenzied rabble on their day of rest dragged their intended victim quite a distance into the country, while the same object could be accomplished right at hand and in a moment of time. This is not human nature; and material nature seems to utter her audible protest from the precipitous background of the village. So the Ascension cannot have been where the present chapel stands, because the sacred narrative implies that it was after they had crossed this hill-top on their way to Bethany that "he was carried up into heaven."

Another drawback, and a very serious one, is, that you cannot always ascertain where you are in Palestine. When the modern names, as those of Acre and Jaffa, bear a resemblance to the Scripture ones, this is an acceptable guide, and of great weight, especially with Professor Robinson, in determining a locality. But of most places this is not the case. It is hard to recognize Bethany under the Arabic word Erozereer, or Sychar in Nâbloos, and yet the natives know no other name; though there can be no question about either of these towns. The first

guide in any investigation of the sacred places is the face of nature. This has changed no more than was to be expected from the marauding habits of the Arab and the oppressive despotism of the Turk. Barrenness has succeeded to fertility wherever it was possible, and silence to the happy hum of prosperity. The nightmare of despair presses down the heart of the land. The vine, so long nourished by its own blood, could not but perish. No country ever was more dreary. For hours upon hours you will hear not a sound, see not even the waving of a wing. Not merely is this true where you expect it, at the Dead Sea, and where you do not expect it, at the Lake of Galilee, but Jerusalem herself sits as the throned queen of desolation. Much of the time not a person or thing is to be observed in motion outside of the walls, not a cry of pleasure or a wail of sadness is to be heard. It is as if the dead, who skirt its hill-sides, sat there alone awaiting in the awe of expectation that judgment-trump which is to sound first in the valley of Jehoshaphat. All Ottoman cities are distinguished from the Christian by their grave-like quiet, because the Turk never moves when he can keep still, never talks when he can be silent, never permits the ringing of a bell, never encourages the interruption of his dream of life by stirring sounds. The Jew, who makes half the population of his Holy City, moves with the stealthy tread of a cat, as if the permission to visit Jerusalem had just been conceded, after years of refusal, and might speedily be withdrawn. And though the bazaars of the city are much better furnished than of old, though population is increasing and new buildings are erecting, yet we are rather glad that Jerusalem is not and cannot be a manufacturing or commercial city.

There are many other saddening features of the scene besides the general stillness. There is a monotonous succession of ruins, as the prophets predicted. The most numerous settlements are wholly or in part fallen buildings, of no grandeur of design or grace of detail. The Jews were not distinguished in architecture. Celebrated as are the tombs of "the prophets" and "the kings," of Absalom and Jehoshaphat, they are nothing to the tombs at Thebes, either in size, beauty, or solemnity. The poorest grotto in Egypt is, we had almost said,

better than the best in Palestine. But those temples of Karnak and Philæ, which man and nature seem to have struggled in vain to overthrow, those monster statues and sphinxes, the palace of Abydos and the pyramid of Cheops, find not the faintest reflection in Syria. Whatever the temple of Solomon might have been, it was, as the Saviour foretold, utterly swept away; and, except at the almost unknown Gerasa, the Roman remains are confined to a few ruined aqueducts, not in their best style, and a small bridge here and there. So that, through a land generally a desert, whose roads are a mere bridle-path from one village on some hill-side to another on the next summit, you have neither the relief of groves of trees nor that of gardens of flowers, neither the monuments of man's piety nor the expressions of his taste, neither the company of the industrious cultivator nor that of his humble and patient friends in the brute creation. Instead of it you hear the cry of the partridge or catch sight of the startled jackal. You see the low, dark tents of the Bedouin, or pass the tedious caravan of wry-necked, vermin-covered camels, at intervals of days. There are occasional olive-orchards; and this saddest of trees might be taken to be in mourning for the fallen daughter of Zion, so decrepit, neglected, gnarled, and perishing does it commonly appear. Damascus, indeed, with its walnut-groves, its fruit-trees so fragrant, and its gardens so rich in Oriental beauty, is an exception. But the palm and the cypress, which so grace an Eastern landscape, have mostly disappeared; and though in the valley of Samaria orange-trees abound and almond-trees almost surround Bethlehem, the dismal olive constitutes the common orchard, and its oil is the chief product of the country, — its light, its food, its culinary convenience, its prime necessity.

Palestine surprises one unfamiliar with its features by its hilliness. Two ranges of mountains run through it from north to south, some of them exceedingly difficult of ascent, and frightful from their frequent precipices, but passed by the strangely-shod Syrian horse in perfect safety. These lofty and bold heights leave a grand impression. Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon tower sometimes eleven thousand feet above the sea, and wear their snow-caps in spots nearly all the year. Hermon is now termed

the Sheik's Mountain, and rises above the rest of the Lebanon range, reminding some travellers of Mont Blanc, but not seen so advantageously upon its own elevated plain. Tabor is a model of beauty; a truncated cone, with some ruins of Crusaders' fortifications and shrines of various ages, well wooded and seemingly fertile, dividing the waters of the East from those that empty into the Mediterranean, it never fails to fill the traveller's eye. It is a thousand feet above the level of the country,* of limestone, the prevailing formation, and a mile in circuit upon its basin-shaped summit.

The water-courses of the country, the wells and lakes, have never materially changed, and never will. A little distance from the ancient Sychar, now a most flourishing city for Syria, the traveller rests himself at "Jacob's well," looks through a fertile valley where Joseph's tomb is shown, sounds this most ancient spring, and finds it "very deep," and is satisfied to know that, time out of mind, no other name but Jacob's well has ever been given to it by Moslem, Christian, or Jew.† Again, as you enter Nazareth from the east, a fountain is shown, bearing the name of Mary; and as those gentle and devout-looking village women draw their water at the spot, you are reminded of her whose spirit seems to have lingered among her sex around her own home, who no doubt exchanged many a friendly salutation as she obtained her supply of the beverage, — perhaps wondered over the singular character of her child, and repeated his mysterious sayings. The "Pools of Solomon" are still visited, near Bethlehem; and the excellent water furnished by them travels through fifteen miles of aqueduct to Mount Moriah, supplying the fountain of Siloam, as it is believed, by some irregular, fitful, secret flow, reminding one by its sudden bubbling up of the "troubling of the water" not far distant in the now deserted Pool of Bethesda. In a country where so much suffering is experienced from want of water, where even the winter traveller is tormented by thirst, it is easy to understand the glowing eulogy of the

* The Mount of Olives and Jerusalem are seven hundred feet higher than this.

† Kitto's *Cyclopædia*, under the article "Water," states that fifteen feet of water are found here, and the "Scripture Lands" makes a similar error; but it is now quite dry. Robinson, Vol. III. pp. 108, 109.

Hebrew upon his inexhaustible fountains. It seems a very short-sighted prejudice to speak scornfully of Siloam because it is not always clear and deep. So near to the city and so free to all, so cool and so inexhaustible, it deserved to be visited annually with chant and psalm, as "a well of salvation."

Notwithstanding the hymn,—

"Thou sweet-gliding Kedron, by thy silver stream," —

the Kedron has ceased to flow, even in the rainy season; the resident missionaries in Jerusalem have not seen any brook there; the common descriptions take for granted what has not been true for centuries. Following down its horrid ravine by the wild gorge of Mar Saba, we found the precipitous channel to be dry the whole way. The Kishon, however, and most of the other streams, make amends for this solitary failure by crossing the traveller's path with a deep flood, which in the rainy season has drowned many a muleteer, though in the fiery drought of summer it shrinks into a shallow bed. Rising near Mount Tabor, it empties into "the great sea" at the foot of Mount Carmel.*

The main water-beds of Palestine — the lakes Merom and Tiberias, the river Jordan, and the Dead Sea — have been so recently and thoroughly explored by enterprising Americans, the results of the United States expedition especially are so satisfactory and so honorable, that the established facts ought to supplant the pious fictions so long shrouding the scene.

The Jordan takes its rise nearly twenty miles above Cæsarea Philippi,† the spot usually assumed as its fountain-head, and visited by Miss Martineau and others as such. The true source lies, says the Rev. Mr. Thompson, an American missionary, "nearly northwest from Hasbeiya, and boils upon the bottom of a shallow pool some eight or ten rods in circumference. It at once forms a considerable stream. It meanders for the first three miles through a narrow, but highly cultivated valley, then sinks rapidly down a gorge of dark basalt for

* In the fourth chapter of the Book of Judges the host of Syria is said to have been swept away by this river.

† Kitto's *Scripture Lands*, p. 108.

about six miles, when it reaches the level of the great volcanic plain, extending to the marsh above the Huleh [Lake Merom]. Thus far the direction is nearly south; but it now bears a little westward, and in eight or ten miles enters the lake, not far from its northwest corner."

In summer, Merom makes one of the largest marshes anywhere known. The Arabs pasture their wretched herds on the northern part, but the southern remains through the dry season an impassable swamp. In winter the water is excellent, wild-fowl float upon it, water-plants fringe its edges, and numerous flocks of goats and sheep gather around. Nearly ten miles below this reedy marsh is the beautiful sheet of water now known generally and appropriately as the Lake of Tiberias (Arabic pronunciation *Tabarëa*), from the only town remaining upon its borders. Its size has been exaggerated; it is hardly twelve miles long by half as many broad, is still subject to squalls, and has a depth at times of one hundred and sixty feet; but its loveliness as seen by moonlight in the winter season is not overdrawn. At a distance the battlemented Tiberias seems keeping watch over the sleeping beauty, snowy Hermon pierces the clear sky to the north, the mountains around are gemmed with flowers, and the unruffled waters glitter like silver as they course wave after wave down towards the solemn Sea of Death. Besides the associations which throng the scene of the Saviour's principal teachings, which hush the voice and oppress the heart, a grave-like silence broods all around. No plash of the oar is any more heard, no net of fishes any more drawn. Except Tiberias, one of the four holy cities of the Jews (of which the Talmud says, "Were Jehovah worshipped here no more, creation would come to an end"), and a few families at the ancient Magdala, mistaken by hasty travellers for Capernaum, Providence seems to have crowned with these mountain turrets the tomb of a once crowded life. Chorazin, Bethsaida, Capernaum, Gennesaret, have wholly gone. Abundance of delicious fish is yet found in the lake. There is no question of the natural fertility of these flowery hill-sides; only the history is written out in this sad desolation of the crushing sceptre of Turkey succeeding to the comparative mildness of Roman rule. Tiberias is the only inhabited place worth naming, and

even that, but for religious prejudice, would be abandoned. Not only is the proverb still true, that the "king of the fleas holds his court there," but it requires the enchantment of distance to make its sight endurable. In January, 1837, an earthquake levelled much of the walls, piled up the streets with ruins, killed many persons, and gave the inhabitants a warning which they refuse to take. As the town has no business, and many Jews reach it entirely penniless, to linger out, in this heated volcanic basin, years of debility, disease, want, and defeated hope, it is not strange that travellers are glad to escape from the most wretched, filthy, woebegone, unhealthy place in the whole land. Throughout their ancient home the Jews appear more heart-sick and miserable every way than in any other country; partly because they are actually destitute; partly because they have had to suffer such enormous oppression in years past; partly because of the saddening memories of what their fathers lost through the wantonness of prosperity, ingrained into them by the fasting and devotion which, particularly in Tiberias, divide their days.

The Dead Sea is thirteen hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean, and nearly a thousand below the Lake of Tiberias. As but sixty miles interpose between the two inland sheets of water, and no falls were to be heard upon the river, some error was supposed to exist in the calculation. The United States party settled this matter quite satisfactorily. The distance by an air-line is only sixty miles, but the perpetual windings of the Jordan make two hundred; and though the river has no Niagara, its course is a succession of rapids, which the wooden boat purchased by Lieutenant Lynch at Tiberias (their last boat) could not endure. It is in fact a headlong torrent, leaping as if down the sides of a mountain at the rate of twelve knots an hour, changing its winter depth of a dozen feet into less than three in the hottest weather. Though bathers bind themselves together by ropes, many are washed away and drowned every year. Naked and lofty mountains border the valley through which it flows, but the immediate banks, where swellings annually occur, though not enough for a real "overflow," are lined with canes, willows, tamarisks, and oleanders, in an impenetrable jungle. At its

best state, the river is not perceived till one stands almost over its sunken waters, and back of the screen of a Mississippi-like growth come wide plains, abundantly productive if watered as at Jericho, but an absolute desert if cooled by no living stream.

The Dead Sea is an expansion of the Jordan, the mountains receding from the shore, and rising on either side to the height of fifteen hundred and two thousand feet. Professor Robinson ascertained that the assumption of there having been no lake on this spot until the destruction of Sodom was quite unfounded. Traces of volcanic action abound; a sulphury taint is perceptible in the air; the water, though necessarily less pungent when we visited it, in winter, than in summer, is more unpleasant than any known medicinal springs; the effect upon the skin is of a prickly, burning oil; the waters themselves have no smell, but a book dropped in by the American expedition would not dry; and its metal boats were kept brightly polished by the molten waves. All travellers find it difficult to bathe in such buoyant waters, and quadrupeds roll over on their sides and become terrified by their strange position. No actual death is to be found in or around the waters; but the close and suffocating atmosphere tends to fever, a sensation of feebleness creeps over one, any wound festers, after a little while the body appears dropsical, and the sufferings from thirst are peculiar. While one eighth of the fertilizing Nile is ascertained to be animalcula, no trace of animal matter can be found in the Dead Sea, and the shores are sometimes so hot in April as to blister the feet. Of course they are barrenness itself.

The most interesting fact, however, is one which Humboldt declares to be without a parallel in the known world. One portion of this sea is sunk nearly thirteen hundred feet below the rest, and so constitutes the lowest piece of water in creation; and through its middle a ravine has been detected running from north to south in continuation of the Jordan, — a proof that this was once the river's channel, but that it has been submerged by some monstrous earthquake and spread out into this deep bed, whose actual state has been lying concealed for ages. The sea is of more regular figure than has been represented, and covers about forty miles by nine.

The most difficult question regarding the Holy Land is its capacity to sustain within such narrow limits the three millions of Jews who possessed it in the days of its prosperity. And at first sight, its verdureless mountains, its stony fields, its frequent deserts, its craggy heights, its waterless wastes, tempt one to cry, "Impossible." But, before one takes sides with the sceptic in this matter, let him do justice, if he can, to the simplicity of Syrian life, and the contentedness of its present population, and probably of its older occupants, with an amazingly slender diet. The Orientals have long been satisfied with less than the crumbs of an Englishman's table. A few easily raised vegetables are all which the native craves; unleavened bread and wild honey are his banquet; the Bedouin never feasts, and often fasts. No hot country demands or permits so much animal food as a cold climate, and it is animal food which requires such wide space to support life. Even the horse and camel pass the year without a taste of grass or hay. All the other customs of the people — and these customs are, without a doubt, the heritage of the past — equally economize room. A single suit of clothing, unchanged during the night, — an explanation of the Mosaic injunction about the return of the pledged garment at evening, — is all which the common people expect; and this appears to be worn day and night, until it has to be abandoned. One or two small rooms, furnished with a mat, two earthen jars, one for grain and the other for water, and an oil-cup for a lamp, corresponding to the ancient Grecian in shape, are the necessary equipage for housekeeping. Is it not plain enough, that a life of such abstinence might be crowded compactly, as it is at this hour in China, and cannot be at all estimated by the proportion of *our* population to the square acre? And that the vast numbers reported in the historical books of the Old Testament are not wholly fabulous is demonstrated by the present ruins of Gerasa.* This almost unvisited place was, be it borne in mind, nothing but an agricultural station, an obscure inland town, yet its principal theatre was larger than that of Bacchus at Athens; and, besides this accommodation for eight thousand persons,

* Buckingham's Travels in Palestine, Chap. XXI.

there was still another theatre, a circus, and a naumachia, in the very heart of the *Peræa*. These remains, which were discovered by Burekhardt, and which are in remarkable preservation, considering where they are found, prove that a dense population has existed in luxurious circumstances where there is at present a wilderness.

Another fact is equally certain. No one can do justice now to the natural gifts of the Land of Promise. If for centuries New England were given over to continual spoliation, if the green crops were swept away by the wild men of the desert and the ripe ones were seized by a blindly despotic government, the traveller would find it hard to believe that agricultural towns each of more than ten thousand inhabitants had ever existed among us. Perpetual misrule, uninterrupted oppression, have changed the village to a graveyard, the garden to a field of stone, the city to some low huts where humanity struggles faintly against fearful odds. The besom of war has swept over all these once fertile plains. Upon Esdraelon "the Assyrians and the Persians, the Jews and the Gentiles, Crusaders and Saracens, Egyptians, Turks, Arabs, and Franks, have poured out their blood. Bonaparte achieved a signal victory on this famous field, and retired again in disgrace from Syria over this battleground of nations."* And looking a little closer, you see many a tower, marking the spot of an ancient garden, in the midst of forlorn desolation, — many a terrace along the barren hill-side where once were ripened such delicious grapes as refresh the traveller upon Mount Lebanon, and wine was produced in abundance by a similar labor to that which makes the present wealth of the valley of the Rhine. The severe rains recurring every winter, and sweeping with unequalled force over such hilly grounds, have carried away much excellent soil, and left many a valley a mere stone-heap, — as towards Jerusalem from the north, — and many a mountain like Gerizim as barren as it was once blest in almost perpetual production. If the land as originally promised was "flowing with milk and honey," it was also promised, even of old, that, if the people proved apostate, the curse of barrenness should fall upon the laughing valley, the verdant hill-side, the

* Dr. E. D. Clarke.

luxuriant plain, and the vine-clad mountain. So that Judea as it is, being foreshadowed in our sacred books, cannot be turned into an argument against Judea as it was.

We will now notice as briefly as possible the other points most interesting to the Christian. It has been well said, that, though "the Arab lurk for plunder among the ruined cities of Judea and the Turk may rule on Mount Zion, they cannot rob Bethlehem of its cradle." And this half-ruined village, with its grotto of the Nativity, has its interest still. Its people are poor: their rich fields are robbed by the Arabs while they are ripening for the harvest, and by the Turks when the crops are gathered in. Their chief subsistence is by the sale of beads of olive-wood and crosses of mother-of-pearl to pilgrims and travellers. The position of the place has much of its ancient beauty. From its hill slope extend orchards and gardens, then the tomb, according to unvaried tradition, of Rachel, and the Greek convent of Elias, and in the distance the dome-crowned city of Jerusalem.

The place of the Saviour's birth is shown underneath a convent-church, erected by St. Helena; the silver star, that once denoted the point above which the "star in the East" rested its course, has been stolen away, the Latin friars say by the Greeks; the Greeks probably refer the robbery to their Latin *friends*. Dr. Robinson's principal objection to this spot, that the pretended stable is a cavern,* is very surprising, when many subterranean places are so employed in Palestine still; and nothing can be more natural, under so sultry a climate, than this application of many of those grottos which abound through the limestone formations of the land. Dr. Robinson was wrong in not visiting the ground, and mistaken in placing the convent at a distance from the village. A change has come over the public mind regarding these local traditions. The early pilgrims carried with them the credulity of children; later visitors came to doubt, and went away to sneer. A better feeling is now observed, a wise discrimination is made: where every thing favors and nothing opposes the tradition, as at

* Vol. II. p. 79.

Bethlehem, it is accepted in its simplest form.* The yet-remaining name Beitlahem, the well-known distance from Jerusalem, uncontradicted tradition, mark this as "the city of David." And the position of the convent, its great age, the unanimous opinion of Syrian natives, select that particular spot as the scene of the most auspicious event in the history of the world. Jerome's study, where he translated the Scriptures, and his final resting-place, besides the tombs of many other Christian saints, are shown, no doubt, correctly enough. Different sects have fought for the possession of this hallowed ground, and the privilege of saying mass at a particular altar on a fête-day has even been disputed within a few years by drawn swords.†

Nazareth is more prosperous, better built, quite flourishing, and altogether the most agreeable resting-place of the European traveller; and yet the local legends are not at all satisfactory. The principal Latin church, remarkable for the most impressive matin and vesper service to be witnessed in Syria, is still more celebrated for covering the spot whence the Virgin's house was believed to have been transported through the air to Loretto. The grottos underneath seem larger apartments than so humble a family would have occupied, and Joseph's work-shop is shown at quite another part of the village. One sees, too, that the friars must have been tempted to fix the abode of the Holy Family underneath their ancient church, in order to gratify Catholic pilgrims by a convenient altar more tenderly associated with the Blessed Master. Had this cavern been indeed the early home of the Saviour, the Evangelists could hardly have failed to allude to the fact in illustration of his humility. It is far more likely that the family occupied one of these many similar cottages of stone. The town in general has not materially changed for centuries; perhaps four of the five thousand inhabitants are Christians, descendants, no doubt, of the Syrian converts of the Crusaders, wearing a

* It is but fair to state that Kitto's "Cyclopædia" takes precisely the opposite view (Art. *Bethlehem*); while his "Scripture Lands" does not pretend to give an opinion. Lieutenant Lynch evidently agrees with us, and gives his testimony to the use of the Syrian caverns for cattle at the present time (*Narrative, &c.*, p. 424).

† Buckingham's Travels, Chap. XII.

general aspect of comfort and independence, possessing fertile fields and some small manufactures.

Capernaum, the Saviour's city, has entirely vanished, like Pella and Gadara, Chorazin and Bethsaida, Dalmanutha and Gennesaret; but Tiberias confidently shows its Chapel of St. Peter upon the spot of the miraculous draught of fishes. It is a single arched room of great age, though the celebrated travellers Irby and Mangles detected an inverted Arabic inscription upon part of the arch, proving that the stones were taken from some other building, and that the antiquity of their present form is not what has been claimed.

Bethany, the next place of interest, is a small, poor farming village, occupied by perhaps thirty families, the best of whom would hardly be said "to live" by our agricultural population. The largest house, a winter ago, could furnish the traveller no bed but the earth floor, and no food save an egg or two. The original name appeared to be quite forgotten; Erzereer, or, as Dr. Robinson writes it, "el-Aziriyel," is the only one known in the vicinity. Of course, the house of the "Sisters" and of the "Leper" and the tomb of Lazarus are shown to all who ask for them; as it would be difficult to find an incident in sacred history for which monastics have not marked out a site, and repeated their affirmation for so many centuries as now to report it without hesitation, and believe it without a doubt. American Christians who come to the country, as Dr. Wainwright says in his recent elegant work, to believe rather than doubt, to kindle the heart rather than quicken critical acumen, are glad to receive the legend upon tolerable evidence; but here there is really none. The tomb of Lazarus could not have been in the village, as this is; neither does its construction bear the signs of so great age.

Jerusalem is more overdone with these legends than any other city, and it is a sad day, exhausting as well as bewildering, when the Latin guide marches the traveller over all the principal points, to "the stone where Lazarus" sat, — "the house of Dives," — the arched window which presented Barabbas to the people side by side with Jesus, — "the house of Veronica," — the corner where the Saviour said, "Weep not for me, weep for yourselves," — the place "where Simon took the cross"

and "where the Master fainted." But passing over in appropriate silence legends which could have had no means of outward authentication, and others which are utterly improbable, there is still a great deal left to touch the heart and quicken devotion.

Near the entrance to the grand gate of the ancient Court of the Gentiles is part of the Pool of Bethesda, an excavation partially lined with cement, so as to have been unquestionably a reservoir, even now seventy-five feet deep, three hundred and sixty long, and one hundred broad. Dr. Robinson was able to trace the work, under some arches that have been built to sustain streets, a great distance farther; and probably half of the ancient "house of mercy" is hidden from us by modern buildings. Dr. Robinson cannot be right* in rejecting this designation, and placing here the deep ditch of the fortress Antonia, not merely because there is no contradiction in the hearsay attached to this work, but because the work itself is not of a military character, was peculiarly designed to hold water, and, while no other spot can be found for Bethesda, no authority has yet been produced for the existence of this vast fosse.

The Temple of Solomon has of course entirely disappeared. But the Mosque of Omar, hardly second in sanctity to that of Mecca, lifts up its exquisite marble walls on the same proud height. Underneath its dome a rock rises up, supposed to be part of the original foundation of the Jewish temple; on one angle remain the arches erected by Herod; possibly some of the ancient treasures repose in the unexplored caverns beneath; the area is substantially the same as the ancient one; but no Jew or Christian can even mount its outermost step; and the intrusion of a Frank into the great court would be avenged by his blood. Had England suffered the country to remain under the mild sway of Egypt, which abolished the Kafaar-toll exacted at every village, sanctioned the building of Jewish synagogues, authorized Europeans to bear fire-arms, and gave to strangers the protection of their own resident consuls, the most interesting inclosure in the world would be open to view, the country at large might have been progressing, instead of

* Vol. I. p. 433.

receding, agriculture must certainly have increased, and the roads to Petra and Palmyra would have been thrown freely open. But English interference has commonly been an injury to the people amongst whom it is intruded, an arrest of civilization and an injury to other members of the commonwealth of nations. The few years of Ibrahim Pacha's sway gave the monks their first breathing-time, brought the Bedouin to terms, secured the safety of the principal roads, and lent Jerusalem an impulse not yet exhausted. His name is repeated now by the Arab watch-fire, and in the dreary silence of the cloister, with a gratitude approaching veneration.

The Holy Sepulchre and Calvary are a heaven upon earth to the Catholic pilgrim. One of these traditions may be rejected and the other yet be retained. There is no necessity for fixing the scene of an infamous punishment hard upon the new tomb of a man of wealth, certainly not for gathering this murderous crowd within a garden, carefully kept as it must have been, in the midst of the best buildings of the city. But it does not appear improbable that, if no other locality were treasured in Christian hearts, this of the Redeemer's burial-place might have been; as the grotto was not likely to be disturbed, and the city itself never was entirely destroyed. Protestant opinion is inclining to accept this part of the legend, and to recognize somewhere in these subterranean caverns the sepulchre of the Saviour. Upon approaching the church, quite a busy bazaar is found around the door, reminding one, by the noisy chaffering for crosses, chaplets, shells, and relics, of the money-changers' tables which the Saviour overturned in the Court of the Gentiles. Within the entrance recline the Turkish guard, stationed to prevent Christians from venting their mutual animosity in bloodshed. Immediately in front is a plain slab of Jerusalem marble, a little above the floor of the church, professedly the stone on which the Saviour was anointed. In the centre of the main building and directly beneath its great dome are the "angel-chapels," containing the sepulchre. The first of them, a beautiful room about eight feet square, has nothing but "the stone on which the angel sat when he announced the resurrection." The inner apartment, ever brilliantly lighted, has a low sarcophagus in the shape of an altar, and space

for six persons to kneel. And those are not to be envied who can stand unmoved on a spot where the most fervent devotion has gushed forth in an uninterrupted stream for fourteen centuries, and where possibly the Redeemer of the world found his last resting-place on earth.

One sight within the Zion Gate of this prospering yet solemn city deserves mention,—the huts of the lepers. This hereditary but not contagious disease still nestles in the bosom of the land, has time out of mind occupied this same spot under all changes of masters, is known in three forms as it was to Moses, is helped to be incurable by ancient religious prejudice, and presents the most pitiable beggary the world has ever seen. At the gate of the ancient Sychar, and outside of the southern entrance of Jerusalem, are to be found every day a crowd of men and women, uplifting their shrivelled white hands and shrunken but imploring faces, to obtain alms of the passer-by. There the leper still keeps at the gate (2 Kings vii. 3), “still dwells alone without the camp,” marrying only with wretches like himself, and perishing by piecemeal at the age of forty years. Only at these points, and at Damascus, where “the house of Naaman” is set apart for their hospital, does the disease make its appearance in public; and there it is evidently shunned as “unclean,” abandoned to despair, and cast out from the sympathy of humanity.

One other melancholy sight can never be forgotten. In a narrow street, close against the outer wall of the Court of the Gentiles, is to be seen every Friday noon a double line of Jews bewailing their national ruin, repeating the penitential psalms, and crying, “O God, how long!” Old men and maidens, fathers and children, seem to be pouring out their souls in an agony of sorrow, at times sobbing aloud, and even beating their heads against the cold, gray stones. It is the day on which Titus took the city. They have observed it from the earliest time when they could venture within its holy walls, and have long regarded these stones as part of the ancient inclosure of their House of God.

It is refreshing to find such tenacity to a God-given faith, such strong hope surviving the ages of persecution. Without a temple, a country, or a home, the nationality

of the Jew is unimpaired, his expectation of a peculiar Redeemer is unshaken. When the anger of Jehovah is appeased by his heroically-borne suffering, he looks to recover his ancient glory under a Divine Prince, sitting on the throne of David, judging the tribes of Israel. So that the smallest Jewish contract at Jerusalem has always this clause: "or until the coming of Messias." *

But their recovery of the soil of their fathers is not at all improbable. Even now, did Europe look on in silence, nothing could bar it against them. The only stronghold, Acre, is ruined; the citadel of Damascus is but a name; the comely battlements of Jerusalem are hardly protection against Arabs; no fleet girdles the coast; no power has much interest in a profitless possession, already costing so much blood. Abdul Medjid has to look to England even for the security of his own Constantinople, and, had he strength by land or sea, could not spare it from trembling Turkey. But the Jews are said to be as numerous now as in their day of glory, and wherever they reside, whatever their occupation, though the heart faint with long-deferred hope, that heart beats the same as of old; no luxury of a higher civilization, no success belonging to their business acumen, no ease under the relaxation of sectarian bigotry, no favor bestowed on their often proscribed worship, can wean them from the Land of Promise, the graves of their fathers, the altar of Jehovah's accepted worship, the expected scene of Divine manifestations yet to come.

Upon the borders of the land and within it are said to be a million and a half of Jews, waiting with keenest anxiety for the hour of restitution, — a million and more familiar with the resources of the land, its mountain fastnesses, its pathless wildernesses, its ancient strongholds against Assyrian or Roman, — a million and more, if not trained soldiers, yet trained to suffer and endure, — if kindled with the sense of wrong, yet patient as the brooding storm, — if slow to strike, yet quick to die for the hope of Israel. A mere whisper of permission from any strong government like England would invite in such numbers as would change the desert into the garden again, and the heap of ruins into the busy city, — would arouse a

* This was assured me by the English consul at Jerusalem, Mr. Finn.

slumbering quarter of the world, send fresh life through the stagnant veins of the East, and reclaim a prodigal son from the swine's husks to the family of civilization, the household of humanity. Restored to their only home, their one altar, their bleeding yet idolized land, Christendom might see with wonder the nobility of that race from whom its own Saviour came! Christianity might find better access to a race whom it befriended instead of tormenting! The word of prophecy would reveal to us a new significance in the declaration, that "the Lord will gather Israel from the people, and assemble them out of the countries where they have been scattered, and will comfort the waste places of Zion, and make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord."

F. W. H.

ART. III. — THE ORIGIN AND FATE OF MORMONISM.*

THIS volume affords the best account that has fallen under our notice of the greatest religious imposture of this age on this continent. Nor is it so strange as might at first sight appear, that such a book should have been produced in England rather than in the United States. Great Britain has contributed her full relative proportion to the victims and abettors of that stark imposture, Mormonism. The number of its professed adherents who have emigrated hither from that island is computed at fourteen thousand. When we consider, too, the strength of faith and the fanaticism of zeal necessary to inspire the motive for emigration in such a cause, and also, that foreign disciples are generally more fervent and earnest than those of native growth, we may not unreasonably conclude that Joe Smith was indebted to his imported converts as much, at least, as to those of our own soil, for the temporary success of his folly. His missionaries found ready credence across the water, and even the

* *The Mormons, or Latter-Day Saints: with Memoirs of the Life and Death of Joseph Smith, the "American Mahomet."* Illustrated with Forty Engravings. London: Office of the National Illustrated Library. 1852. 12mo. pp. 326.

printed reports of his doings in the newspapers drew hither hundreds of dupes. It is certain that Mormonism has always attracted more attention abroad than it has received in our immediate community. In our neighborhood it has been regarded either as too shallow a cheat, or too monstrous a delusion, to deserve a deliberate treatment. The beautifully illustrated volume before us is a compilation made by one who never came hither to visit the scenes, or to study the actual living fruits, of Mormon folly. We should regard the volume as, on the whole, well suited to convey just impressions, and as aiming successfully to give a fair view of its subject. Though we have not been indebted to it for any of the facts which we are about to lay before our readers, we readily adopt it as an introduction to what we have to say. As we have never presented this subject at any length in our pages, we have no apology to offer for inviting attention now to a brief rehearsal of the origin and the present fortunes of by no means the least memorable of the frauds which have been practised in the name of religion. Nor are we dealing with a defunct superstition.

Joseph Smith, the author of the Mormon imposture, is first heard of at Palmyra, New York. There he came to manhood some thirty years ago. His father was a farmer, but was much given to incantations, divinations, mysteries, enchantments, wild imaginations, money-digging by night, delusions, deceits, and lies. Joseph seems to have been a favored child. He inherited his father's whole character, and greatly augmented the store of the above precious gifts; adding thereto a permanent and extensive real property of laziness. His practice seems to have been in the most extravagant and silly lies, for the purpose of trying to what extent his subjects might be duped.

We will first introduce Smith senior to our readers. In the testimony under oath of Mr. Peter Ingersoll, taken in 1833, it is stated that the deponent

"was a neighbor of Smith from 1822 to 1830. The general employment of the family was digging for money. Smith senior once asked me to go with him to see whether a mineral rod would work in my hand, saying he was confident it would. As my oxen were eating, and being myself at leisure, I went with him. When we arrived near the place where he thought there

was money, he cut a small witch-hazel, and gave me direction how to hold it. He then went off some rods, telling me to say to the rod, 'Work to the money,' which I did, in an audible voice. He rebuked me for speaking it loud, saying it must be spoken in a whisper. While the old man was standing off some rods, throwing himself into various shapes, I told him the rod did not work. He seemed much surprised, and said he thought he saw it move. It was now time for me to return to my labor. On my return I picked up a small stone, and was carelessly tossing it from one hand to the other. Said he (looking very earnestly), 'What are you going to do with that stone?' 'Throw it at the birds,' I replied. 'No,' said the old man, 'it is of great worth.' I gave it to him. 'Now,' says he, 'if you only knew the value there is back of my house!' and pointing to a place near. 'There,' said he, 'is one chest of gold and another of silver.' He then put the stone which I had given him into his hat, and, stooping forward, he bowed and made sundry manœuvres, quite similar to those of a stool pigeon. At length he took down his hat, and, being very much exhausted, said in a faint voice, 'If you knew what I had seen, you would believe.' His son, Alvin, went through the same performance, which was equally disgusting.

"Another time the said Joseph senior told me that the best time for digging money was in the heat of summer, when the heat of the sun caused the chests of money to rise near the top of the ground. 'You notice,' said he, 'the large stones on the top of the ground; — we call them rocks, and they truly appear so, but they are, in fact, most of them, chests of money raised by the heat of the sun.'"

The good character and veracity of this deponent are established by the testimony of several witnesses, and the like account of Smith's family is given by Rev. John A. Clark and others. Mr. Clark says: —

"Joe Smith, who has since been the Mormon Prophet, belonged to a very shiftless family near Palmyra. They lived a sort of vagrant life, and were principally known as money-diggers. Joe, from a boy, appeared dull and destitute of genius, but his father claimed for him a sort of second-sight, a power to look into the depths of the earth, and discover where its precious treasures were hid. In their excursions for money-digging Joe was usually the guide, putting into his hat a peculiar stone, through which he looked, to decide where they should begin to dig."

Mr. E. D. Howe, in his book called "Mormonism Unveiled," quoted by Bennett, says: "If the eleven wit-

nesses" (who testified to the finding of the Golden Bible) "are considered, from what has already been said, unimpeached, we will offer the depositions of some of the most respectable citizens of our country, who solemnly declare upon their oaths, that no credit can be given to any one member of the Smith family." Such is the general tenor of the testimony in relation to the family.

These estimable traits of the head of the family were crowned with the graces of idleness and drunkenness. They were all centred in the person of Joseph Smith, Jr., and developed in him with greater fulness. They became in him, not a dead faith without works, but practical virtues, which he studied to make profitable by applying them to persons of simple and credulous minds, in such a way as to work for his advantage.

Such details as are above given of the character of Smith senior, and his acts and language, cannot be very interesting to readers; but as it is only by acts and language that a man's character can be authentically presented, while any general statements in regard to him, given as deductions merely, are liable to the imputation of being prejudiced, the same mode of showing the character of the younger Smith will be pursued, by extracts from the depositions of eye and ear witnesses.

William Stafford "first became acquainted with Joseph Sen. and his family in 1820. They lived in Palmyra, about one mile and a half from my residence. A great part of their time was devoted to digging for money: especially in the night-time; when they said the money could be most easily obtained. I have heard them tell marvellous tales of the discoveries they had made in their money-digging. They would say, for instance, that in such a place, on such a hill, on a certain man's farm, there were deposited kegs, barrels, and hogsheads of coined silver and gold, bars of gold, golden images, brass kettles filled with gold and silver, gold candlesticks, &c. They would say, also, that nearly all the hills in this part of New York were thrown up by human hands, and in them were large caves which Joseph Jr. could see, by placing a stone of singular appearance in his hat in such a manner as to exclude all light; — at which time they pretended he could see all things within and under the earth; that he could see within the caves large gold bars and silver plates; that he could also discover the spirits, in whose charge these treasures were, clothed in ancient dress. At certain times these treasures could be obtained very easily; at others, the obtaining of them was

very difficult. The facility of obtaining them depended in a great measure on the state of the moon. New moon and Good Friday, I believe, were regarded as the most favorable times for obtaining these treasures.

"Joseph Smith Sen. came to me one night, and told me that Joseph Jr. had been looking in his glass, and had seen, not many rods from his house, two or three kegs of gold and silver, some feet under the surface of the earth; and that none others but the elder Joseph and myself could get them. I consented to go, and early in the evening repaired to the place of deposit. Joseph Sen. first made a circle twelve or fourteen feet in diameter. This circle, said he, contains the treasure. He then stuck in the ground a row of witch-hazel sticks, around the circle, for the purpose of keeping off the evil spirits. Within this circle he made another, of about eight or ten feet in diameter. He walked around three times on the periphery of the last circle, muttering to himself something, which I could not understand. He next stuck a steel rod in the centre of the circles, and then enjoined profound silence upon us, lest we should arouse the evil spirit who had the charge of these treasures. After we had dug a trench about five feet in depth around the rod, the old man, by signs and motions, asked leave of absence, and went to the house to inquire of young Joseph the cause of our disappointment. He soon returned, and said that Joseph had remained all this time in the house, looking in the stone and watching the motions of the evil spirit; that he saw the spirit come up to the ring, and as soon as it beheld the cone which we had formed around the rod, it caused the money to sink. We then went into the house, and the old man observed that we made a mistake in the commencement of the operation. If it had not been for that, said he, we should have got the money.

"At another time they devised a scheme by which they might satiate their hunger with the mutton of one of my sheep. They had seen in my flock of sheep a large, fat, black wether. Old Joseph and one of the boys came to me one day, and said that Joseph Jr. had discovered some very remarkable and valuable treasures, which could be procured only in one way. That way was as follows:—that a *black* sheep should be taken on to the ground where the treasures were concealed; that, after cutting its throat, it should be led around a circle while bleeding. This being done, the wrath of the evil spirit would be appeased; the treasures could then be obtained, and my share of them was to be fourfold. To gratify my curiosity, I let them have a large, fat sheep. They afterwards informed me that the sheep was killed pursuant to commandment; but as there was some mistake in the process, it did not have the desired effect. This, I

believe, is the only time they ever made money-digging a profitable business. They, however, had around them constantly a worthless gang, whose employment it was to dig money nights, and who daytimes had more to do with mutton than money.

"When they found that the people of this vicinity would no longer put faith in their schemes for digging money, they then pretended to find a Gold Bible, of which they said the Book of Mormon was only an introduction."

Such is the testimony of Messrs. Ingersoll and Stafford, under oath. Many other deponents testify to the same effect, with the additional relation of the drunkenness of both Joseph senior and junior. Barton Stafford says, that

"Joseph Smith senior was a noted drunkard, and most of the family followed his example, and Joseph Jr. especially, who was very much addicted to intemperance. In short, not one of the family had the least claims to respectability. Even since he professed to be inspired of the Lord to translate the Book of Mormon, he one day, while at work in my father's field, got quite drunk on a composition of cider, molasses, and water. Finding his legs to refuse their office, he leaned upon the fence, and hung for some time: at length, recovering again, he fell to scuffling with one of the workmen, who tore his shirt nearly off from him. His wife, who was at our house on a visit, appeared very much grieved at his conduct, and to protect his back from the rays of the sun, and conceal his nakedness, threw her shawl over his shoulders, and in that plight escorted the prophet home."

Fifty citizens of Palmyra certify that "Joseph Smith Sen. and his son Joseph were, in particular, considered entirely destitute of moral character, and addicted to vicious habits." And eleven citizens of Manchester certify that the family of Joseph Smith Sen. "were not only a lazy, indolent set of men, but also intemperate, and that their word was not to be depended on, and that we are truly glad to dispense with their society."

These extracts from the depositions given in New York, some eighteen or twenty years since, in the beginning of the Mormon imposture, exhibit a vivid picture of the character of Joe Smith. Some of the touches are done with a rough brush, but they are evidently after life, and not the creations of fancy. We have therefore thought necessary to copy them to this extent;—that

our readers may be made acquainted with the character of Smith better than by any attempt on our part to delineate him anew. Such an attempt, though it might present an accurate general likeness, would be apt to fail in some of the important features. The most prominent traits of his character were a disposition to deal in the marvellous, to see what was invisible, — spirits, hidden treasure, and the like, — to pretend to extraordinary powers, to delude and impose upon the neighbors, swindling, lying, and drunkenness. He seemed to have the natural endowments for making dupes, in a larger measure than the rest of the family, and to have been selected as the Coryphæus of the fascinating circle. He could see better and farther into the earth, by the aid of the miraculous eye-stone, than any of the others; could discern the evil spirits, keeping watch over the hidden treasures; could readily describe the wonders he had seen; and had in perfection that high gift, of so great value in all knavery, the power of which is acknowledged in the saying, "A lie well told is as good as the truth." The facile impudence of his lies seems to have been such as to gain ready credit in shallow minds, and to make them easy dupes to his art. His own account of the finding of the Golden Bible is a good illustration of this accomplishment; — though it is not introduced in this place for that purpose, so much as on account of the probably correct statement which it gives of that great era in the life of Smith and in the Mormon Church, — the discovery of that precious wonder. The story is related in the deposition of Peter Ingersoll, from which extracts have been already given. The deponent says: —

"One day he came and greeted me with a joyful countenance. Upon asking the cause of his unusual happiness, he replied in the following language: — 'As I was passing yesterday across the woods, after a heavy shower of rain, I found in a hollow some beautiful white sand, that had been washed up by the water. I took off my frock, and tied up several quarts of it, and then went home. On my entering the house, I found the family at table, eating dinner. They were all anxious to know the contents of my frock. At that moment I happened to think of what I had heard about a history found in Canada, called the Golden Bible: so I very gravely told them it was the Golden Bible. To my surprise they were credulous enough to believe what I said.

Accordingly, I told them I had received a commandment to let no one see it: for, said I, no one can see it with the naked eye and live. However, I offered to take out the book and show it to them, but they refused to see it, and left the room. . . . *

Notwithstanding he told me he had no such book, and believed there never was any such, yet he told me that he actually went to Willard Chase, to get him to make a chest, in which he might deposit his Golden Bible. But as Chase would not do it, he made a box himself of clapboards, and put it into a pillow-case, and allowed people only to lift it, and feel of it through the case."

That he went to Mr. Chase, as he related, appears from the testimony of Chase.

There were other stories related about the attempts made by Smith to find the Bible, which appear to have occurred at the time of finding the sand. The stories are told by Smith and his father. They differ each from the other, and it is needless to say that they both differ from the above, related by Joe to Ingersoll.

As this pretended discovery of the Golden Bible is the grand event from which Mormonism, with all its beautiful efflorescence, has sprung, the various versions of that occurrence by the prophet cannot well be omitted. In September, 1827, he requested Mr. Willard Chase to make a chest, stating that he expected soon to get his Golden Bible, and he wanted a chest to lock it up. This was no doubt the occasion of which he spake, when he informed Mr. Ingersoll, as related on a previous page, that he had gone to Chase for that purpose: though it seems he did not tell him, as he had told Ingersoll, that he had found it, but only that he expected to find it. A few weeks after, Mr. Chase says, he came to his house and related the following story. That on the 22d of September he arose early in the morning, and, together with his wife, repaired to the hill which contained the book. He left his wife in the wagon by the road, and went alone to the hill, a distance of thirty or forty rods from the road. He said he then took the book out of the ground and hid it in a tree-top, and returned home.

* The part omitted is Smith's remark on this scene. It is considered unfit for repetition here, on account of its profane vulgarity. It expressed that he had the fools fixed, and would carry out the fun: these words being a part of the omitted phrase.

The old man, Smith Sen., had another tale, highly embellished with the marvellous, according to his usual manner, about the precious discovery. In the summer of the same year, 1827, according to Chase's testimony, he related to him that, some years previous, a spirit had appeared to his son Joseph, in a vision, and informed him that in a certain place there was a record on plates of gold, and that he was the person that must obtain them; and this he must do in the following manner. On the 22d of September he must repair to the place, dressed in black clothes, and riding a black horse with a switch tail, and demand the book in a certain name; and after obtaining it he must go directly away, and neither lay it down nor look behind him. They accordingly fitted out Joseph with a suit of black clothes (no doubt the especial object of the vision) and borrowed a black horse. He repaired to the place of deposit, and demanded the book, which was in a stone box, unsealed, and so near the top of the ground that he could see one end of it, and, raising it up, took out the book of gold; but fearing some one might discover where he got it, he laid it down to place back the top stone, as he found it; and turning round, to his surprise there was no book in sight. [Joseph should have been more obedient to the directions of the spirit.] He again opened the box, and in it saw the book, and attempted to take it out, but was hindered. He saw in the box something like a toad, which soon assumed the appearance of a man, and struck him on the side of his head. Not being discouraged at trifles, he again stooped down and strove to take the book, when the spirit struck him again, and knocked him three or four rods, and hurt him prodigiously. [Hard-fisted for a spirit.] He was commanded by the spirit to come again in a year. He did so, and again received the like command. He went again the third time, and saw the book and a pair of spectacles, with which he afterward translated the Book of Mormon. At this interesting point of the romance the particularity of the old man's story gives out, and it is not distinctly stated whether he obtained the book or not; but as it seems that he has since had the spectacles as well as the book, we are to suppose that both were obtained together at this third attempt, toad and hard-fist notwithstanding.

Smith thus became possessed of a sacerdotal capital, marvellous in its nature, marvellous in the pretended mode of acquiring it, and, combined with his marvellous courage in obtaining it, most marvellously adapted to work upon the credulity of the simple and superstitious. He accordingly, when he found there were fools to believe him, which was quite beyond his expectation, commenced a career of lying on a more extended scale than he had hitherto practised. He held communications with God, who revealed to him what he should do: which was always the thing that he would himself have proposed, and was specially effective for his individual advantage. He began his translation of the Golden Bible, or Book of Mormon. The origin of the book is a matter of undoubted proof, and will be explained in a few words. The mode in which Smith became possessed of it is also pretty well substantiated.

Solomon Spalding, who was a graduate of Dartmouth College, and had been a regularly ordained clergyman, after a short term of years passed in preaching, relinquished the ministry, and removed first to Cherry Valley, New York, and subsequently, in 1809, to Conneaut, in Ohio, and engaged in mercantile business. While in this place he occupied his hours of leisure from business in writing a fabulous account of the origin of the former inhabitants of this country; — on which work he labored for several years. As he intended that the origin of his work should appear fictitious, as well as the narrative, he determined to introduce it to the public as a volume found in a cave, and, to give it the appearance of antiquity, he wrote in the style which is used in the common translation of the Scriptures. He completed the volume about 1812 or 1813, at about which period it was announced in the papers of the day, as a discovery, then recently made, of the Book of Mormon; containing a history of the lost tribes. From some cause the publication of the volume was delayed, and some fifteen years after, Smith, who got possession of the book by a fortunate accident, pretended to have found the Book of Mormon on plates of gold, in the manner above related, and to be engaged in translating it from the unknown tongue in which it was written. It appears that he retained the book in the form in which it had been pre-

pared by Mr. Spalding, altering the text only or chiefly by the interpolation of certain matters which purport to be revelations from God to Smith, in which he is represented as a prophet, clothed with all sacerdotal power, and implicit faith and obedience in and to him are enjoined upon the saints. With this capital and his unequalled impudence he imposed himself on a credulous few as a prophet of God. In the State of New York there is a class of persons not educated to the knowledge of law, and who do not appear in the courts as counsel or attorney, but, having attained some acquaintance with the statute law, and the forms of judicial proceeding, with a voluble style of speaking, make a business of managing causes, if it be correct so to say, before justices of the peace. They are called, not by way of contempt, but of designation, *pettifoggers*. If we have correct information, Sidney Rigdon was of this profession. With him and Martin Harris, a neighbor of some property, Smith associated himself in the beginning, and thus secured to his aid talents, such as they were, (certainly superior to his own,) and pecuniary means. These were all-important to his success;—and having persuaded them that money was to be made out of Mormonism, the principal object of himself and Harris at least, if not of Rigdon, they went heartily into the job of publishing the Book of Mormon, and of building up the Church. With these men and Cowdry, who appears to have acted as scribe in writing the interpolations in the Book of Mormon, or, in Smith's language, translating it, and who was the first cabinet minister or vizier to the prophet, and the addition of two or three of his brothers and old associates, he constituted a Church to the number of six, and commenced his career as a prophet, at Fayette, in the western part of New York, in 1830. His first efforts in the line of prophesying met with some success;—and after he had increased his Church by the addition of a number of proselytes, he concluded to remove to Kirtland, Ohio. He accordingly promulgated a revelation to that effect;—and the members of the Church removed to that place, which became honored as the ecclesiastical seat and the residence of the prophet, as it continued to be till 1838, though many of the brethren had removed some years earlier to

Missouri. The acts of Smith in this place may be taken as fair exponents of his general purposes. In 1831, soon after their removal to Kirtland, a revelation was promulgated that they should consecrate all their property to God (of necessity to be handled and managed by his prophet). A mercantile house was established by Smith and others, probably aided by the funds that had been thus consecrated. He had no other means. Some of the leading men were sent to Missouri, and settled themselves at Independence; a branch of the Kirtland trading-house being also established there. Smith had now met with success quite beyond his most sanguine expectations. Numbers were added to the Church, and in 1833 he promulgated a revelation to his followers to build a temple. For this purpose all were directed to borrow as much money as possible. This plan of raising money by loans, however, was not so successful as he desired; — and four years later the Bank of Kirtland was put in operation, on authority of and by charter from Smith, without incorporation by the State, and proved a happy expedient to replenish the prophet's treasury, at a time when the ecclesiastical properties and revenues from other sources were about at zero, and to swindle those who were persuaded to take its worthless promises. The institution exploded in a few months, and Smith and most of the saints removed to Far West, in the State of Missouri.

So great had been the increase of the society during the residence at Kirtland, that the settlements at Far West and Independence now included some thousand male members, or thereabout, beside those remaining at Kirtland and at other places.

The origin of the Book of Mormon as given above is authenticated by the depositions of eight witnesses, to whom the book had been at different times read. Mr. Spalding died in 1816. His widow confirmed the testimony of the other witnesses in relation to the existence of the work, and said that it had been left at the office of Patterson and Lambdin, printers in Pittsburg, where her husband had resided two years between the completion of the book and his death. Dr. Bennett, who was at one time in the most important offices at Nauvoo, and in the fullest confidence of the other highest func-

tionaries of the Mormons, says that he was informed by them, that the book was taken from that office by a distinguished Mormon divine, understood to be Rigdon, and remodelled by adding the religious (?) portion, placed in Smith's possession, and by him published to the world. An incident is related concerning the manuscript while it was in the hands of the printer, by J. N. T. Tucker. Mr. Tucker was, at the time of its publication, a printer in the office of Patterson and Lambdin, and he relates the story as follows:—

“We had heard much said by Martin Harris, the man who paid for the printing, and the only one in the concern worth any property, about the wonderful wisdom of the translators of the mysterious plates, and resolved to test their wisdom. Accordingly, after putting one sheet in type, we laid it aside, and told Harris it was lost, and there would be a serious defect in the book in consequence, unless another sheet like the original could be produced. The announcement threw the old gentleman into quite an excitement. But after a few moments' reflection, he said he would try to obtain another. After two or three weeks another sheet was produced, but no more like the original than any other sheet of paper would have been, written over by a common school-boy, after having read as they did the manuscripts preceding and succeeding the lost sheet.”

It would seem from the above story, that the TRANSLATOR had not a very clear idea of what had been revealed. Another incident which happened many years later in Missouri is of similar import. It is related by General J. C. Bennett on the authority of George Robinson, as follows:—

“One day Joe the prophet was gravely dictating to him a revelation which he had just received from the Lord. Robinson, according to custom, wrote down the very words the Lord spoke to Joe, and in the exact order in which the latter heard them. He had written for some considerable time, when Smith's inspiration began to flag, and, to gain breath, he requested Robinson to read over what he had written. He did so until he came to a particular passage, when Smith interrupted him, and desired to have that read again. Robinson complied, and Smith, shaking his head, knitting his brows, and looking very much perplexed, said, ‘That will never do, you must alter that, George.’”

The Mormon Bible, as their writings are called, consists of several volumes. The Book of Mormon was

printed at the outset of Smith's career as a prophet. An account of the origin of this book has been given. Probably the interpolations which were made by Smith in Spalding's work were not very voluminous; as it cannot be supposed that Smith had formed any definite plans at this time. His designs were at first shadowy and limited. They were developed and became distinct by success. When he first reported in his father's family the story of his having found the Golden Bible, he appears to have had no purpose but to amuse himself at the expense of their credulity. Finding his tale was given to ears of faith, his design extended to raising a little money. Here again success attended him;—and he found the purse of his neighbor, Martin Harris, at his disposal. But Harris's object was money-making, as well as Smith's, and it became necessary to enlarge the plan and extend the sphere of action, in order that both the inventor and the capitalist should make the largest profit from the business. The services of Rigdon were accordingly enlisted. The Book of Mormon was printed, additions made revealing the will of God;—in which Smith was declared to be his prophet with all power, and entitled to all obedience. In a revelation made about the same time, April 6, 1830, the same day that the Church of six members was gathered at Fayette, Smith is styled "Seer, Translator, Prophet, Apostle of Jesus Christ, and *Elder* of the Church." He is declared also to be "inspired of the Holy Ghost to lay the foundation of the Church, and build it up in the most holy faith." Further it is said, "*The Church shall give heed to all his words and commandments, which he shall give unto you, for his word shall ye receive, as if from mine own mouth, in all patience and faith.*" He is to preside over the whole Church, and be like unto Moses, to be a Seer, Revelator, Translator, Prophet, having all the gifts which God bestows upon the Head of the Church. In a subsequent revelation, given February, 1831, his divinity confers on him the exclusive right to receive and give forth commandments from the Lord, and also power to appoint his successor; and the Church are commanded to uphold him, to appoint him, to provide him food and raiment, and whatsoever things he needeth, to accomplish his work, with threats for disobedience. In a revelation,

September, 1831, all Smith's dignities and titles are conferred on him for life. And at about the same time it is declared by revelation, that Smith had no strength to work; therefore the Church is commanded to support him.

In 1833, the Book of Commandments was published, constituting the second book of the Mormon writings: or more truly it may be said to be the first; its predecessor having been written by other hands, with a different design, and having been published, with a few interpolations, before the establishment of the six confederates as a Church, and before the designs of the prophet had assumed any regularity of shape. The Book of Commandments, like the Book of Mormon, contained very imperfect developments of the will of the prophet. Smith's was a growing will. He was a man of progress, and it became necessary to have frequent revelations and new volumes to keep even pace with the new demands of his will. In 1835, a new edition of the Book of Commandments was published. In the first edition of this work, God had commanded Smith to pretend to no other gift than to translate, according to Professor Turner in his "Mormonism in all Ages," and expressly declares "that he will grant him no other gift." The second edition adds, "until my purpose is fulfilled in this. For I will grant you no other gift until it is finished." Oddly enough, the prophet seems to have overlooked some of his great commissions and powers, or we must suppose that he had resigned them, or that God had revoked them. For it will be remembered that in 1830, at the period of establishing the Church at Fayette, God had constituted him "Seer, Prophet, Apostle of Jesus Christ, and Elder of the Church, and Revelator," in addition to the office of Translator; — and in a revelation of the next year, February, 1831, it is explained that his *divinity* confers on him the power of receiving and giving forth commandments, and also of appointing his successor. In September, 1831, all his dignities and titles are conferred on him for life. A defect of memory seems to be universal with liars. Smith had manifested the same weakness at other times; and probably the limitation of his power in the Book of Commandments was owing to forgetfulness. He evidently also forgot

another office, which he frequently exercised, that of Alterator, by which revelations were from time to time altered by him. At about the time of the second edition of the Book of Commandments, or in 1835, the Book of Doctrines and Covenants received the approbation of the Mormon General Assembly. This was about the time when the prophet's organ of acquisitiveness was receiving a remarkable development. He had become possessor of a large treasure in virtue of his office of President of the Church, the members of which had been commanded to give all their substance to the Lord. He was about building the temple at Kirtland, and had by revelation commanded the saints to borrow all the moneys possible. In this last volume another method of acquisition was revealed, which out of the Mormon Church is commonly called theft: — "Behold it is said in my laws it is forbidden to get in debt to thine enemies" (or those out of the Church); "but, behold, it is not said, at any time, *that the Lord should not take when he pleases, and pay as seemeth him good.* Wherefore, as ye are agents, and ye are on the Lord's errand, and whatsoever ye do according to the will of the Lord is the Lord's business, and he hath sent you to provide for his saints," &c. (*Doc. and Cov.*, p. 147.)

The revelation before mentioned, enjoining the members to borrow all the moneys they could, and this last, which was a happier afterthought, for taking in the name of the Lord, were two of the means for raising the Church revenue, which was mostly appropriated in two modes; — the first and most important use was to furnish sustenance to the President of the Church, the second to build the Temple. A third means to aid him in obtaining the necessary funds was the establishment of the Bank of Kirtland, and the trading-house before mentioned. The bank was established, without charter, except that derived from the will of the prophet, in 1837. Both bank and shop, however, broke in the year 1838, and the vicinage of Kirtland not being a profitable vineyard for gathering, in the spiritual manner directed in the last revelation, and the takings in the Lord's name not being sufficient, the prophet and a large number of the Church removed in this year, 1838, to Far West in Missouri. To the period of this migration, the eight

years of prophesying had been a period of unanticipated success. As a business it had proved decidedly superior to gold-digging in the hills of Palmyra, and had supplied the worldly wants of the prophet, which were not measured by a very narrow scale, and acquired for him no little ecclesiastical fame and success. He was, consequently, every day looking to larger things, extending his vision over a broader field, and, *pari passu*, revealing new powers, immunities, and privileges conferred upon himself by the Lord;—which seemed to be, indeed, the special object of all the revelations. The sojourn in Missouri was of short duration. The saints continued there about a year; but, having committed some robberies and violence, paying a more willing obedience to the command to “take in the Lord’s name” than the Missourians considered for their advantage, they were driven out by an armed mob, and compelled for safety to fly the State. They migrated to Illinois in the spring of 1839, and settled at Nauvoo, so named by them, where they were speedily joined by great numbers, mostly from England, and in three years numbered, it is said, ten thousand, of those gathered at that place.

At the settlement of Nauvoo a large tract of land was purchased, comprising some hundreds of acres. This, of course, was purchased by Smith, who, in addition to his other offices, was treasurer of the society. The thousand or two who came from Missouri were entitled to lots. The eight or ten thousand who came afterward, mostly from England, were also entitled to lots, but subject to the condition on which all were placed, that they should impart of their substance to the Lord. “If thou lovest me, thou shalt keep my commandments, and thou shalt consecrate all thy properties unto me, with a covenant and a deed which cannot be broken.” This revelation was made at Kirtland in the first or second year of the Church, and published in the Book of Commandments, and subsequently in the Book of Doctrines and Covenants, adopted by the body in 1835. “It is wisdom in me that my servant Martin Harris should be an example unto the Church in laying his moneys before the bishop of the Church. And also this is a law unto *every man* that cometh unto this land to receive an inheritance: and he shall do with his moneys according as the law di-

rects." A very large amount was paid into the treasury, the whole of which was under Smith's control, and mostly devoted to his expenses, by virtue of the revelation before mentioned, that he had not strength to work, and must be supported. The revelations to this effect were more frequent than any others, and of course a faithful Mormon must consider it as the most sacred of his duties. "Provide for him" (Smith) "food and raiment, and whatsoever he needeth." (*Doc. and Cov.*, p. 126.) "Let the bishop appoint a storehouse unto this Church, and let all things, both in money and in meat, which is more than is needful for the wants of this people, be kept in the hands of the bishop" (Smith). "And let him also reserve unto himself for the wants of his family, as he shall be employed in doing this business." (*Book of Cov.*) "It is meet that my servant, Joseph Smith, Jr., should have a house built, in which to live and translate." (*Doc. and Cov.*, p. 189.) "And now I say unto you, as pertaining to my boarding-house, which I command you to build for the boarding of strangers, *let it be built unto my name, and let my name be named upon it*, and let my servant Joseph and his house have places therein from generation to generation." This last revelation was after the removal to Nauvoo; and it was added, "Let the name of that house be called the Nauvoo House." The house was built, and, according to common reputation in that part of the country, the prophet and revelator kept as good a tavern therein as the average of public houses in those parts. It proved a profitable business, and was, therefore, a valuable accessory to prophesying, as that and all of Smith's offices and employments had a special eye to the main chance.

Perhaps some readers are disposed to inquire, What are the religious tenets of the Mormons? That is a question much more easily asked than satisfactorily answered. Neither Smith, the founder of the Church, if it is not sacrilege to call this community a church, nor any one of the five who composed, with him, its members, at the original gathering at Fayette, had an idea of any definite religious faith, or a capacity to explain it, if any had been formed, with the exception, probably, of Rigdon. It was not by any means a leading object with them to hold any faith or make any profession. Smith was a

veiled prophet. He was careful to conceal the sight of his Golden Bible, under penalty of immediate death to those who should look upon it. It may be supposed that the peculiar doctrines and articles of faith held by the prophet were affected with the same fatal effulgence as the Golden Bible. For we believe it is a fact, that to the present time both are nearly alike unknown to mortal sight and sense. What few propositions are stated for the belief and guidance of the Church are contained in the revelations delivered from time to time by Smith, as suited his purposes for the moment. He had no fixed design or established platform of faith. The revelations were mostly directory, and had special relation to the *fisc*. The Church were directed to give their moneys to the Lord; to take, in the Lord's name, from the Gentiles, — which the prophet, in his significant and refined phrase, termed "milking the Gentiles"; and to support Smith. These and kindred injunctions constituted, in great part, the burden of the revelations. Other revelations go to affirm the inspiration of the books, and the holy character of Smith, to whom in all things they were to be obedient, as the revelator of the will of God. Inspiration and miraculous powers were also conferred upon the saints. Thus the following revelation: —

"And as I said unto mine apostles, even so I say unto you, for ye are mine apostles; therefore, as I said unto mine apostles, I say unto you again, that every soul who believeth on your word, and is baptized with water for the remission of sins, shall receive the Holy Ghost, and these signs shall follow them that believe. In my name they shall cast out devils, heal the sick, open the eyes of the blind, unstop the ears of the deaf; and if any man shall administer poison unto them, it shall not hurt them." — *Doc. and Cov.*, p. 92.

There was a series of revelations, also, in relation to the future political power of the Mormon Church. In this class are the following: —

"Verily I say unto you, that in time ye shall have no king nor ruler. For I will be your king, and watch over you; and you shall be a free people, and ye shall have no laws but my laws, when I come." — *Doc. and Cov.*, p. 119.

"Assemble yourselves together, to rejoice upon the land of Missouri, which is the land of your inheritance, which is now in the hands of your enemies." — *Ibid.* p. 194.

"Therefore get ye straightway into my land; break down the walls of mine enemies, throw down their tower, and scatter their watchmen, avenge me of mine enemies, that by and by I may come and possess the land." — *Ibid.* p. 238.

Smith's work was not only wholly without plan, design, and shape, like chaos before the creation, but it was full of darkness also; it was utter confusion. Thus when his great powers were promulgated to the Church of six, at Fayette, on the day of forming that Church, April 6, 1830, he is styled, among other official titles, "Apostle of Jesus Christ, &c., through the will of God the Father, and the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ"; implying clearly a belief in Christ, and, of course, in his revelations of the will of God.

Yet the following revelation, published some years subsequently, must be understood as repudiating Christ and his doctrines, and setting up the Book of Mormon instead: —

"And this condemnation resteth on the children of Zion, even all; and they shall remain under this condemnation until they repent, and remember the new covenant, even the Book of Mormon." And "Behold, I say unto you, that all old covenants have been done away in this thing, and this is a new and an everlasting covenant." — *Book of Covenants*, pp. 91, 178.

Yet notwithstanding this announcement that all old covenants were done away, the preachers continued to draw their texts from the Old and New Testaments, and to make their discourses in supposed conformity thereto, like other sects. There is a similar inconsistency and confusion on other points.

The body of Mormon doctrine and faith, of divinity and morality, is summed up in this; — what may be delivered from time to time, by revelation.

The Book of Covenants, which contains the basis of their faith, includes only a small part of the revelations given to Smith. There is a large volume of unpublished revelations, which it would be indiscreet to expose until the proper time. The few points of faith which can be distinctly named are, first, as to the nature of faith itself, which is largely discussed in the first part of the Book of Covenants, and affirmed to rest on human testimony. Next, as to the nature of God. They believe

in the Trinity. And in the last chapter on faith, it is laid down, that men know their acceptance with God only through the medium of the sacrifice of all earthly things. In this last point there is a most perfect and exact consistency and harmony throughout. All the revelations concur in directing them to give their moneys to the Lord. It is the great point of faith, without which there is no acceptance.

A large portion of the converts of the Mormon Church have been drawn from England, and principally from the poorer of the laboring class. Those who have been acquainted with the English laborer know that the mental condition of this class is one of the most woful darkness. They seem to surpass in stolid ignorance the poorest specimens of their kindred from the Emerald Isle. Others of the English converts are, however, of good education, as well as many of the American members of the Church. In the matter of property, the article of faith last named, that they know of their acceptance with God only through the medium of the sacrifice of all earthly things, sufficiently explains their condition. It was Smith's purpose, not only to "milk the Gentiles," but the saints also. Those, therefore, who had any means, on coming into the fold usually surrendered it to the shepherd. And what property might be afterward acquired would be likely to have the same destination. They avoided the payment of a tithe of their income to swell the church revenues, when they emigrated from England to the holy city. But those of them who had money or other property were obliged to sacrifice the whole to the Lord.

While in Missouri, during the twelvemonth sojourn in that State, the members of the society, under Smith's inducements of revelations and menaces, were organized as a band for general pillage of the Gentiles. They were called by the name of Danites, and consisted, according to the testimony of one of their number under oath, of eight or ten hundred men. The deposition states that they were building block-houses, and their purpose was, if the produce raised was not sufficient for their support, to take it from the other citizens. The band took an oath to support Smith against the State authorities, and to cowhide any person who should say a word against

him. They had a small band also, called the Destroying Angel, whose duty was said by Bennett to be to assassinate those who came under the displeasure of the Church or the chief. This band, as stated in the above deposition, made a visit to the Indians, to induce them to join Smith against the people of Missouri. This deposition was given in September, 1838; and in the following month the counties of Caldwell and Davies were overrun by their forces, the inhabitants mostly driven out into the neighboring counties, their houses, farms, and stores pillaged, and some buildings burned. Several of Smith's church-members were also compelled to leave the society and the county, in consequence of their dissent from these proceedings. Among them were Cowdry and the two Whitmers, who had been three of the original certifiers to the genuineness of the Book of Mormon, and the first a professed scribe and translator, an early and eager participant in Smith's imposture, who went two or three hundred miles to see him, and was the means of inducing the removal of the Church from Fayette to his own place of residence, Kirtland. It is stated in the testimony of another of the dissenters, who had been President of the Twelve Apostles and President of the Church at Far West, that a company was sent out to bring in fat hogs, cattle, and honey, and at the same time another, composed of eighty men, under command of a captain, marched to Gallatin, and by their own report had run off twenty or thirty men, and burnt Gallatin. They also robbed the postmaster, and pillaged the neighborhood. The same deponent says: "The plan of said Smith the Prophet is to take this State" (Missouri), "and he professes to his people to intend taking the United States, and ultimately the whole world." This deposition was confirmed by Orson Hyde, one of the twelve apostles, who left the Church from a conviction of their immorality and impiety. He says: "The most of the statements in the foregoing disclosure I know to be true. The remainder I believe to be true." Hyde is not a very good witness. He has since gone back to the Mormons. But the statements in the deposition have other confirmation. The last, relating to their possessing and ruling the country, is plainly foretold in the revelations, and, extravagant as it may appear, the de-

sign to fulfil this prophecy is testified to by other witnesses.

In consequence of this course of rapine and pillage, the citizens assembled in great numbers, and drove the robbers from the State. They went to Illinois and formed the settlement at Nauvoo, as before stated.

The era of the migration from Missouri to Illinois may be marked as a period of great progress in the prophet's affairs. For it seems to be at about this time that he began more systematically to carry out his designs of setting up a political power, in addition to his pontificate; and also greatly to enlarge the bounds of privilege pertaining to the priestly office, especially in the holy institution of spiritual polygamy. From this period till his death, a little more than three years, was the most prosperous day of the short and sunny span of Smith's life. Commanding by a nod some two thousand votes, and, if occasion called, as many bayonets for open war and bowie-knives for secret service, the politician courted his influence, and the city and the field felt and feared his power. Having promulgated the revelation he had received from God, commanding polygamy as a Christian duty, it became the prophet to set a good example in obeying the command, and Mahomet himself could not boast more holiness, if it should be measured by the number of his favorites, than Smith.

His progress from the beginning of his manhood to this time reminds one of a banker who starts in the world by selling a half-penny-worth of apples and cakes at a stall on a gala-day, and ends by loaning monarchs a hundred millions to uphold their thrones. Smith began with nothing more than the small wares of a common liar: and he gradually extended his dealings, as his capital increased and his credit enlarged, till he had made himself the prophet whose word, blasphemous and filthy as it was, was gospel truth and law to ten thousand trusting souls, and the political master and sovereign by whom the worldly and social affairs of his people were dispensed and governed, and the people themselves ruled, by an absolute and supreme dominion. He had neither foreseen nor designed the great things that were to come out of his brazen artificery of lies. Taken up for the sport or the gain of the moment, for freak or fancy,

they became of unexpected value and importance by the credulity of those who received them;—and the money-digger found such a ready and profitable market for the sale of his marvels, that he was instigated to go into the trade more at large, until by constant increase he found himself the possessor of the souls, bodies, and fortunes of his ten thousand dupes,—of supreme ecclesiastical power, great political influence, and large wealth.

The Book of Covenants had put an end to the authority of the Bible, and set up instead the revelations made through Smith. "Behold, I say unto you, that all old covenants have been done away in this thing, and this is a new and an everlasting covenant." (*Book of Cov.*, p. 178.) And having thus set aside the Gospel, it was the next design to set aside all law also, except what came from Smith. "Verily I say unto you, that in time ye" (the Mormons) "shall have no king nor ruler. For I will be your king, and watch over you; and you shall be a free people, and ye shall have no laws but my laws, when I come." (*Doc. and Cov.*, p. 119.) There are other passages looking to a complete temporal as well as spiritual dominion of the Mormon President. Thus we have shown the blossoming of this Mormon plant. The period of the Church after the migration to Illinois was high summer: the fruit was coming fast to maturity, and the prophet himself, while doing a good business in the "Nauvoo House," and creating a great political influence, and holding the aspiring demagogues in the hollow of his left hand, as he held his Mormons in his right, employed his more politic thoughts and serious moments in establishing a military power, of which himself was the head, as of all the other matters;—and in promulgating new revelations for the increase of the priestly privilege, especially in the multiplication of wives;—and in the aggrandizement of the Church, by the building of the great temple.

Soon after the settlement at Nauvoo, Smith obtained from the State authorities the commission of Lieutenant-General of the Nauvoo Legion, and organized a military force of two or three thousand men, which he had put under a very good state of discipline, and was evidently preparing to fulfil that prophecy according to which he

was to rule the earth. The command "to take in the name of the Lord," was obeyed here with more reserve and caution than in Missouri, it is true. The lesson given them in that State had taught them to be more private in this part of their religious duty. Still it was performed to such an extent as to be very onerous upon the stores and crops of the neighboring Gentiles, and aroused a spirit of hostility among the dwellers round about the holy city. Some of those who were injured, having become possessed of information tending to criminate Smith in the attempted assassination of Governor Boggs of Missouri, communicated it to the civil authorities of that State, and a requisition was made on those of Illinois to deliver him up as a fugitive from justice, to be tried for that offence. Smith concealed himself, but being found by an excited mob who went to seek him, consisting of citizens of the county of Hancock, he, with his brother Hiram, was instantly killed. For a time after this event quiet prevailed, but the fire was only smothered, not quenched. After a year or two, new troubles arose. There was a set battle between the Mormon forces and the militia of the State, and the former were driven out. Some went to the western border of Iowa, and formed a settlement on the Missouri River. A large body went to Salt Lake, in the valley between the Nevada and Rocky Mountains. Others soon after followed, and accessions from time to time have been made to them.

The United States government having constituted this district a Territory, with a political organization, officers were appointed in accordance thereto. Most unfortunately, the President appointed Brigham Young, an English Mormon but a few years resident in this country, and whose merits are chiefly an inheritance of the dignities and spiritual offices of Smith, whose mantle he wears, as the supreme executive of the Territory. Several other of the most important offices were given to the Mormons. The policy of thus investing with the highest offices men who had been concerned in the worst crimes cannot be questionable. Its result could not be good. Two of the Judges, and the Secretary, not being of the Mormon Church, have been virtually displaced by Young and his confederates, and compelled to return.

They report that Young assumed all the government, violently seized on the moneys, declared that no law should be administered but through him, and that no authority should prevail in the Territory but that of the Church. This is only carrying out the command of the revelations given by Smith, and formerly attempted in Missouri and Illinois;—and, being in accordance with the religious duty of the faithful, is no more than was to have been expected.

They report also some instances of violent dealing similar to that practised in Missouri on those who were obnoxious to them; and a very faithful obedience to the revelation enjoining polygamy.

Perhaps few readers have had the patience to read so long a story on so disagreeable a subject. But this discussion of the Mormon history ought not to terminate without allusion to a miracle, which is related by Mr. Tucker, the same who gave the incident connected with the printing of the Book of Mormon. It is thus told in the volume published by Dr. Bennett.

“Towards the close of a fine summer’s day, a farmer, in one of the States, found a respectable-looking man at his gate, who requested permission to pass the night under his roof. The hospitable farmer readily complied: the stranger was invited into the house, and a warm and substantial supper set before him.

“After he had eaten, the farmer, who appeared to be a jovial, warm-hearted, humorous, and withal shrewd old man, passed several hours in pleasant conversation with his guest, who seemed to be very ill at ease, both in body and mind, yet, as if desirous of pleasing his entertainer, replied courteously and agreeably to whatever was said to him. Finally, he pleaded fatigue and illness as an excuse for retiring to rest, and was conducted by the farmer to an upper chamber, where he went to bed.

“About the middle of the night, the farmer and his family were awakened by the most dreadful groans, which, they soon ascertained, proceeded from the chamber of the traveller. On going to investigate the matter, they found that the stranger was dreadfully ill, suffering the most acute pains, and uttering the most doleful cries, apparently without any consciousness of what was passing around him. Every thing that kindness and experience could suggest was done to relieve the sick man; but all efforts were in vain, and, to the consternation of the farmer and his family, their guest expired in the course of a few hours.

“In the midst of their trouble and anxiety, at an early hour in

the morning, two travellers came to the gate, and requested entertainment. The farmer told them that he would willingly offer them hospitality, but that just now his household was in the greatest confusion, on account of the death of the stranger, the particulars of which he proceeded to relate to them. They appeared to be much surprised and grieved at the poor man's calamity, and politely requested permission to see the corpse. This, of course, the farmer readily granted, and conducted them to the chamber in which lay the dead body. They looked at it for a few minutes in silence, and then the oldest of the pair gravely told the farmer that they were elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, and were empowered by God to perform miracles, even to the extent of raising the dead; and that they felt quite assured they could bring to life the dead man before them.

"The farmer was, of course, considerably astonished by the quality and powers of the persons who addressed him, and rather incredulously asked if they were quite sure that they could perform all they professed to.

"O, certainly! not a doubt of it. The Lord has commissioned us expressly to work miracles, in order to prove the truth of the prophet, Joseph Smith, and the inspiration of the books and doctrines revealed to him. Send for all your neighbors, that in the presence of a multitude we may bring the dead man to life, and that the Lord and his Church may be glorified to all men!"

"The farmer, after a little consideration, agreed to let the miracle-workers proceed, and, as they desired, sent his children to his neighbors, who, attracted by the expectation of a miracle, flocked to the house in considerable numbers.

"The Mormon elders commenced their task by kneeling and praying before the body with uplifted hands and eyes, and with most stentorian lungs. Before they had proceeded far with their prayer, a sudden idea struck the farmer, who quietly quitted the house for a few minutes, and then returned, and waited patiently by the bedside until the prayer was finished, and the elders ready to perform their miracle. Before they began, he respectfully said to them, that, with their permission, he wished to ask them a few questions upon the subject of their miracle. They replied that they had no objection. The farmer then asked, 'You are quite certain that you can bring this man to life again?' 'We are.' 'How do you know that you can?' 'We have just received a revelation from the Lord, informing us that we can.' 'Are you quite sure that the revelation was from the Lord?' 'Yes, we cannot be mistaken about it.' 'Does your power to raise this man to life again depend upon the particular nature of his disease, or could you now bring any dead man to life?'

'It makes no difference to us, we could bring any corpse to life.'
'Well, if this man had been killed, and one of his arms cut off, could you bring him to life, and also restore to him his arm?'
'Certainly, there is no limit to the power given us by the Lord. It would make no difference, even if both his arms and his legs were cut off.' 'Could you restore him if his head had been cut off?' 'Certainly we could.' 'Well,' said the farmer, with a quiet smile upon his features, 'I do not doubt the truth of what such holy men assert, but I am desirous that my neighbors here should be fully converted, by having the miracle performed in the completest manner possible. So by your leave, if it makes no difference whatever, I will proceed to cut off the head of this corpse.' Accordingly, he produced a huge and well-sharpened broadaxe from beneath his coat, which he swung above his head, and was apparently about to bring it down upon the neck of the corpse, when lo, and behold! to the amazement of all present, the dead man started up in great agitation, and swore he would not have his head cut off for any consideration whatever.

"The company immediately seized the Mormons, and soon made them confess that the pretended dead man was also a Mormon elder, and that they had sent him to the farmer's house, with directions to die there at a particular hour, when they would drop in, as if by accident, and perform a miracle that would astonish every body. The farmer, after giving the impostors a severe chastisement, let them depart, to practise their humbuggery in some other quarter."

It is certainly to be hoped, that some wisdom and some warning will be gathered by the world from the exposure of the successive frauds which have been practised upon popular credulity, so that they may be fewer in number and at longer intervals of recurrence in years to come.

W. J. A. B.

ART. IV.—LORD JEFFREY.*

THE interest of this work centres in the fact, that its subject was the prime agent of a literary revolution. The incidents of his life are the reverse of extraordinary; his professional career has been surpassed, in many instances, by his fellow-advocates; his habits were systematic and moral; and his outward experience was the usual alternation of business, society, journeys, and rural seclusion, which constitutes the routine of a prosperous and intelligent citizen. A native of Edinburgh, where he was chiefly educated, he passed a few uncomfortable months at Oxford; returned home and finished his preparatory studies, under excellent teachers; after much hesitation, adopted the law as a pursuit; in due time was admitted to the bar, rose to the office of Lord Advocate, took an active part in politics, was twice happily married, the second time to an American lady, to wed whom he crossed the Atlantic, in the winter season and during the last war between the United States and Great Britain;—he visited London frequently, and there enjoyed the best intellectual society; made excursions to different parts of England, Wales, Ireland, and Scotland; engaged zealously in the debates and genial intercourse of one of the most brilliant clubs ever instituted; and died in his seventy-seventh year, deeply lamented by a large and gifted circle of Edinburgh society, as well as by a tenderly attached family and a host of noble friends. In this career, so eminently respectable and fortunate, there is obviously little to impress the public. No dramatic scenes, curious adventures, tragic combats with fate, or touching mysteries of inward life;—all is plain, sensible, prudent, and successful. With the exception of a rhetorical triumph, a good descriptive hint of scenery or character, and those interludes of sorrow incident to the lot of man, when the angel of death bears off the loved and honored, a singularly even tenor marks the experience of Jeffrey, as described in his correspondence.

* *Life of Lord Jeffrey. With a Selection from his Correspondence.* By LORD COCKBURN. In two volumes. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo, & Co. 1852. 12mo. pp. 343, 368.

Neither is there discoverable any surprising endowment or fascinating gift, such as renders the very name of some men a spell to quicken fancy and to draw tears. The order of his mind is within the sphere of the familiar; only in aptness, in constant exercise and skill, was it above the average. With the utilitarian instinct and thorough rationalism of his country, Jeffrey wisely cultivated and judiciously used his powers; above all, he never distrusted them, but, with the patience and the faith of a determined will, kept them at work to the best advantage, and probably reaped as large a harvest, in proportion both to the quality of the soil and the quantity of the seed, as Scotch shrewdness and thrift ever realized. Yet, to continue the similitude, it was more by successive crops, than by grand and lasting fruits, that his labor was rewarded; some flowers of fancy and a goodly stock of palatable fodder grew in his little garden, but no stately evergreens, sacred night-bloom, or glowing passion-flowers, such as make lovely for ever the haunts of original genius. To drop metaphor, Lord Jeffrey owes his reputation, and is indebted for the interest of his biography, to the eclat, influence, and fame of the *Edinburgh Review*. The merit of taking the initiative in a more free and bold style of periodical literature, the advantages of the reform thus induced, and the intellectual pleasure derived from the open and spirited discussion, by adequate writers, of public questions, are benefits justly associated with his name and altogether honorable to his memory. These services, however, are identified, in many minds, with an undue sense of his critical authority and a submission to his dicta occasioned by a graceful effrontery of tone, rather than absolute capacity.

Circumstances greatly favored his literary success. At the epoch of the commencement of his enterprise, the liberal party stood in need of an efficient organ. The existent periodicals were comparatively tame and old-fashioned. It was one of those moments in public affairs, when a bold appeal was certain to meet with an emphatic response; and the party of friends, among whom originated the idea of a new and spirited journal, were not only fitted by the vigor of their age, the warmth of their feelings, and their respective talents, for the un-

dertaking in view, but were urged by their position, sympathy, and hopes. The great secret of the immediate popularity of the work was undoubtedly its independence. The world instinctively rallies around self-reliance, not only in the exigencies of actual life, but in the domain of letters and politics. Accordingly, the freedom of discussion at once indulged, the moral courage and spirited tone of this fraternal band, won not less than it astonished. The example, so unexpectedly given in a region distant from the centre of taste and action in the kingdom, of candid and firm assertion of the right of private judgment, the fearless attitude assumed, and the enlightened spirit displayed, carried with them a novel attraction and the highest promise. The *Edinburgh Review* was the entering wedge in the old tree of conservatism which had long overshadowed the popular mind; it was like the trumpet-note of an intellectual reinforcement, the glimmering dawn of a more expansive cycle in the world of thought. The feverish speculations ushered in by the French Revolution had prepared the way for the reception of new views; the warfare of parties had settled down into a truce favorable to the rational examination of disputed questions. The wrongs of humanity were more candidly acknowledged; a new school of poetry and philosophy had commenced; and in Scotland, where Jeffrey declares there was a remarkable "intellectual activity and conceit of individual wisdom," a medium of opinion and criticism such as this was seasonable and welcome. Yet it is characteristic of his cool, uninspired mind, that he entered upon the experiment with little enthusiasm. He says, in his correspondence, that his "standard of human felicity is set at a very moderate pitch," and that he has persuaded himself that "men are considerably lower than angels"; his expectations were confessedly the reverse of sanguine; and he eagerly sought to establish his professional resources and make literature subsidiary. His allies were finely endowed. The wit of Sydney Smith alone was a new feature in journalism; and the remarkable coterie of writers, of which the *Review* soon became the nucleus, gave it the prestige of more versatile talent than any similar work has ever boasted; so that the editor justly says: "I am a feudal monarch at best, and my throne

is overshadowed by the presumptuous crests of my nobles."

A novelty in Lord Jeffrey's position was the social and even civic importance this species of literature acquired. The idea of a man of letters had been associated with refinement, meditation, and a life abstracted, in a great degree, from the active concerns of the world. There was, however, something quite adventurous, exciting, and eventful in a vocation that so constantly provoked resentment and elicited admiration. Challenged by Moore, carrying Boswell drunk to bed in his boyhood, in correspondence with Byron, dining with Scott, living within constant range of Sydney Smith's artillery of *bon-mots*, the companion of Brougham, Mackenzie, Playfair, Erskine, Campbell, Hamilton, and other celebrated men of the day, his natural fluency derived point and emphasis from colloquial privileges; and doubtless somewhat of the antagonistic character of his writings was derived from the lively debates of the club, and excited by the attrition of such vigorous and individual minds. We are told of his "speculative playfulness," "graceful frankness," and "gay sincerity"; these, and epithets of a similar kind, sufficiently indicate the causes of his success, while they demonstrate the inaptitude of his mind for the most elevated departments of literature. It was through the very qualities that constitute agreeability in society that he pleased as a critic. More serious and intense writing would have repelled the majority. Lord Jeffrey made no grave demands on the thinking faculty; he did not appeal to high imagination, but confined himself to the level of a glib, polished, clever, and often very pleasant style. It was a species of man-of-the-world treatment of books, and therefore very congenial to mediocre philosophers and complacent men of taste.

But to recognize in such a critic the æsthetic principles which should illustrate works of genius, is to wantonly neglect those more earnest thinkers and reverent lovers of the noblest developments of humanity who have, through a kindred spirit, interpreted the mysteries of creative minds. There are passages in Coleridge, Ulrici, Schlegel, Mackintosh, Hazlitt, Wilson, Carlyle, Lamb, and Hunt, which seize upon the vital principle, give the magnetic clew, prolong the key-note of the authors they

have known and loved, compared to which Jeffrey's most brilliant comments are as a pyrotechnic glare to the beams of the sun. The list of two hundred articles contributed by him to the Edinburgh displays such a variety of subjects as it is quite impossible for any one mind either thoroughly to master or sincerely relish. The part which he most ably performs, as a general rule, is what may be called the digest of the book; he gives a *catalogue raisonnée*, in the broadest sense of the term, and this is excellent service. Biographies, travels, works of science, and history are thus introduced to the world under a signal advantage, when there is no motive to carp or exaggerate in the statements. Next to this class of writings, he deals skilfully with what, for the sake of distinction, we may call the rhetorical poets, — those who give clear and bold expression to natural sentiment, without a predominance of the psychological and imaginative. The school of Pope, which appeals to the understanding, the fancy, and to universal feeling, he understands. Hayley, Crabbe, Campbell, Scott, and portions of Byron, he analyzes well, and often praises and blames with reason; to Miss Edgeworth, Irving, and Stewart, he is just. But the sentiment of Barry Cornwall, the suggestive imagery of Coleridge, the high philosophy of Wordsworth, and the luxuriant beauty of Keats, often elude the grasp of his prying intellect.

The lack of spiritual insight was another disqualification of Lord Jeffrey as a critic of the highest poetry. Trained to logical skill, and apt in rhetoric, he never seems to have felt a misgiving in regard to their sufficiency as means of interpretation of every species of mental product. The intuitive creations of genius, born of the soul and not ingenuously elaborated by study, the "imagination all compact" of the genuine bard, were approached by his vivacious mind with an irreverent alacrity. To place himself in sympathetic relation with an individual mind, the only method of reliable criticism, was a procedure he ignored; the play of his own fancy and knowledge, and the oracular announcement of his judgment, were the primary objects; the real significance of the author quite secondary. He reviewed objectively, and arraigned books at his tribunal without that jury of peers which true genius

claims by virtue of essential right. A merely agreeable or indifferent subject thus treated may afford entertainment, exactly as a lively chat on the passing topics of the day amuses a vacant hour; but when the offspring of an earnest mind, and the overflowing of a nature touched to fine issues, are sportively discussed and despatched with gay authority, the impatience of more reverent minds is naturally excited. There was a philosophical elevation in Burke that tempered his severest comments; a noble candor in Montaigne that often reconciles us to his worldliness. Carlyle betrays so deep a sympathy that it robs his sarcasm of bitterness, and Macaulay is so picturesque and glowing that the reader cheerfully allows an occasional want of discrimination to unity of effect. But to that mental superiority which consists in sprightliness of tone and ingenuity of thought we are less charitable; pertness of manner is not conciliating; and off-hand, nonchalant, and superficial decisions, in the case of authors who have excited real enthusiasm and spoken to our inmost consciousness, are not received without serious protest. It is for these reasons that Lord Jeffrey occupies but a temporary place; he did not seize upon those broad and eternal principles which render literary obligations permanent; he was an excellent pioneer, and cleared the way for more complete writers to follow; his independence was conducive to progress in criticism, and his agreeable style made it attractive; but a more profound and earnest feeling is now absolutely required in dealing with the emanations of genius. Too much of the merely clever and amusing manner of Horace Walpole, and too little enthusiasm for truth, characterize his remarks on the really gifted; in the discussion of current literature, the claims of which are those of information and style only, no reviewer can give a better compend, or sum up merits and defects with more brilliancy and tact.

It is natural to expect, in the posthumous biography of influential men, a key to the riddle of their success, a solution of the problem of character, and such a revelation of personal facts as will throw light upon what is anomalous in their career, or explain, in a measure, the process of their development. The lives of Dr. Johnson, of Sir Walter Scott, of Schiller, and, among recent instances, of Keats, Lamb, and Stirling, by the new infor-

mation they convey in regard to the domestic situation, the original temperament, and the private circumstances of each, have greatly modified previous estimates, and awakened fresh sympathy and more liberal judgments. The life of Lord Jeffrey leaves upon the mind a better impression of the man, than obtains among those who knew him only through the pages of the *Edinburgh Review*, while it confirms the idea which those writings suggest of the author. On the one hand, we find a love of nature and a life of the affections which could not have been inferred, at least to their real extent, from the articles on which his literary fame rests; and on the other, we perceive exactly the original habits of mind, course of study, and tendencies of opinion to be anticipated from his intellectual career. Accordingly, the integrity, steady friendships, conjugal and parental devotion, and enjoyment of the picturesque, which are so conspicuous in the man and so worthy of respect and sympathy, should not be allowed to interfere with our consideration of his merits as a writer and critic.

Jeffrey belongs essentially to the class of writers who are best designated as rhetoricians; that is, if closely analyzed, it will be seen that his force lies entirely in sagacity and language. Fluency, vitalized by a certain animation of mind, is his principal means of effect; words he knows well how to marshal in brilliant array; he points a sentence, rounds a paragraph, gives emphasis to an expression, with both grace and spirit. But the value of these elements of style is to be estimated, like the crayons and pigments of the artist, by the qualities they are made to unfold, the ideas they embody, the uses to which they are devoted. Jeffrey possessed them by virtue of an original quickness of intellect and patient industry. The most striking fact of his early culture is the perseverance with which he practised the art of composition, not as an academic exercise, but as a means of personal improvement; he wrote elaborate papers on various subjects; and at the end recorded his opinion of them, usually the reverse of complacent; and this course he pursued for years, as is proved by the quantity and the dates of the manuscripts he left. We require no stronger evidence of the predominance of the technical over the inspired in his authorship, than this deliberate

toil to master the art of expression, as a means of success, and a professional acquisition. It now appears that he carried the experiment into verse, and imitated the manner of all the English poets, evidently hoping to obtain the same facility in poetry as in prose. His good sense, however, soon induced him to abandon the former attempt; but the knowledge of versification and the machinery of this highest department of letters, thus acquired, was the basis of his subsequent criticisms, and accounts for his familiarity with the letter, and ignorance of the inward spirit, of the Muse. It is, indeed, a perfectly Scotch process, to set about a course of study and practice in order to think correctly even on subjects so identified with natural sentiment as to repudiate analysis. The romance of literature, or rather its highest function, — that of appealing to human consciousness and unfolding the mysteries of the passions and the sense of awe and beauty, — is effectually destroyed by so cool and premeditated an application of causality to emotion. There is in it a literal mode of thought utterly destructive of illusion; the vague and inexplicable, the "terror and pity" which lift our nature above itself, and ally it with the infinite, are quite unrecognized; the oracles of humanity are rudely disrobed, the sanctities of art violated for the sake of conventional propriety; and what should be instinctively regarded as holy, precious, and apart from the familiar, is made to wear a commonplace aspect. Jeffrey's mind was vivacious, rather than profound; direct, unimagined, and alert, rather than comprehensive. He seems to have mistaken a zest for external charms for a sympathy with poetical experience. Even his essay on Beauty, in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, is commended by his biographer for its graceful ingenuity, and not for sympathetic insight or profound analysis. His flippancy, however pleasant when expended on casual topics, is often intolerable as applied to men of genius. He sees that Joanna Baillie is a "nice old woman," but faintly realizes the positive grandeur of feeling which, like a solemn atmosphere, exhales from Basil and De Montfort; he designates faults in Southey's poems, and recognizes the looming of his gorgeous fancy, as one might point out an agreeable pattern of chintz; he is very charitably disposed towards

"Tommy Campbell," wonders at the "rapidity and facility" of Burns, and thinks, with his own "present fortune and influence," he could have preserved him a long time; he is of opinion that Wordsworth, upon acquaintance, is "not the least lakish, or even in a degree poetical, but rather a hard and sensible worldly sort of a man"; and that Crabbe, "the wretch, has outrageous faults"; he writes dunning letters to Horner, urging him to "do" Malthus or Sismondi, very much as a sea-captain might write to his mate to scrape a deck, or a farmer order his man to hoe a field of potatoes; he praises Dickens's "Notes" on this country, as shallow a book of travels as ever appeared, but does not relish the character of Micawber, one of the best creations of the author; and he indulges in reminiscences of the New York Park and Bloomingdale, without having taken the trouble, during some months' residence in that city, to go up the Hudson. The most creditable of his literary tastes are his admiration of Sir James Mackintosh, and his sensibility to the pathos of such characters as Little Nell and Tom Pinch. Indeed, the "gentle sobs" he confesses, and the hearty appreciation he felt towards the humane novelist, seem to indicate that, with advancing life, his nature mellowed and his sensibilities deepened. A kindness for men of genius, which led him frequently to offer them judicious advice and pecuniary aid, is one of Jeffrey's most excellent traits; and a social enterprise which made his house the centre of intellectual companionship in Edinburgh, and induced habits of genial intercourse among his contemporaries, men of state, letters, and science, is also to be regarded as a public benefit. Nor less frankly should we acknowledge his unsullied honor, refined hospitality, habits of patient industry, and free and often brilliant conversation. But these benign and useful qualities, while they challenge respect and gratitude, and endear the memory of Jeffrey, do not give authority to his principles of literary judgment, or sanction his claim to be the expositor of the highest literature and the deepest truth.

It is difficult to realize that the amiable character depicted in these volumes is the same individual whose critical severity once caused such a flutter in the dove-cot of authors; whose opinion was expected with al-

most the trepidation of a judicial sentence, and whose praise and rebuke were deemed, by so large and respectable an audience, as final tests of literary rank. His partial biographer assumes, what, indeed, facts seem greatly to confirm, that his award was usually conscientious, and that he had warmly at heart the best interests of literature as he understood them. Of malice or selfish views there is scarcely any evidence; and his personal feelings towards the very writers he most stringently condemned appear to have been kind. There is a striking contrast between the amenities of taste, good fellowship, domesticity, and rural enjoyment, amid which he lived, and the idea of a ferocious critic so generally identified with his name. It is another and a memorable instance of the want of correspondence, in essential traits, between authorship and character. To have inspired confidence, respect, and affection to the extent visible in his memoirs, among the most gifted and the best men of his day, is ample proof of the merit claimed in his behalf by the friend who describes his career, most of whose inferences are borne out by the collection of letters forming the second volume. Yet even admitting the conclusion drawn from these premises, — that “he was the founder of a new system of criticism, and this a higher one than had ever existed,” and that “as an editor and a writer he did as much to improve his country and the world as can almost ever be done by discussion, by a single man,” — there is a progressive as well as a retrospective standard, an essential as well as a comparative test, and a degree not less than an extent of insight to which such a writer is amenable, and by which alone he can be philosophically estimated. It is doubtless a most useful and desirable object of criticism to elucidate the art and discover the moral influence of literature; the censor in both these spheres is a requisite minister to social welfare; but they do not cover the whole ground. Genius may transgress an acknowledged law of taste in obedience to a higher law of truth; and the so-called moral of a work may be, and often is, misinterpreted by conventional rules. Comprehensive sympathies, as well as quick perception, recognition of the original, as well as knowledge of the prescriptive, are needful qualities in the critic. Loyalty to intuitive senti-

ment, as well as to external standards, is demanded ; and a catholic temper, which embraces with frank cordiality the idiosyncrasies that invariably distinguish original minds, is indispensable to their appreciation. It is not what Lord Jeffrey "rather likes," or what "will never do" in his opinion, that disposes of those appeals to the human soul which the truly gifted utter, and to which mankind respond ; and the courteous dogmatism and the jaunty grace with which this famous reviewer sometimes pronounces upon the calibre and the mission of the priests of nature, are, therefore, not only inadmissible, but frequently impertinent. We are occasionally reminded of Charles Lamb's impatience at the literal character of the Scotch mind, and his quaint anecdotes to illustrate it, in Jeffrey's positive rule-and-compass style when discussing the productions of genuine poets. How to enjoy these benefactions is as important a lesson as how to judge them ; and it is no less an evidence of discrimination deeply to feel beauties than readily to pick flaws.

H. T. T.

ART. V.—EUROPEAN TRAVEL.*

MR. CLARKE'S book has had the "run" which his friends anticipated for it. Its popularity is due to the writer certainly, and not to the subject. Eleven weeks occupied in the ordinary routes, and devoted to the ordinary sights, of European travel, one would say beforehand, could furnish no adequate material for a book, when the number of readers who have been over the ground is likely to be greater than of those who have not. One would say, that a traveller who had only coursed through these accustomed ways could hardly hope to make a readable and salable volume by reporting his observations. The fallacy of such a judgment consists in supposing that the interest of a book of travels depends on the objects seen, and not rather on the

* *Eleven Weeks in Europe, and what may be seen in that Time.* By JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, and Fields. 1852. 16mo. pp. 328.

seer. It is not the pictures and the churches, nor yet the rivers and the mountains, that we care to read about, but the reflection of these in genial and original minds. The most interesting travels are those that have the least to say about the very things which we go abroad to see, — such books as Eothen, and the Sentimental Journey. Even in Herodotus, in our school days, it is not the descriptions, but Herodotus himself, that impresses us most. We like Brydone and Beckford and Thümmel better than Burckhardt or Lander. For the same reason, we like travels at home better than travels abroad. No matter how familiar the scenes, if the mind that surveys them be one that interests us on its own account. Let a clever writer describe a journey between this and Washington, and he will make an interesting book, although every reader may be familiar with every mile of the way.

Mr. Clarke is a cultivated man, a thoughtful man, a man of poetic mind; and so he has made a capital book out of very ordinary materials.

We spoke of this work among the literary notices in our last number; but the growing appetite for European travel has moved us to resume the subject. The rush across the water has been greater this summer than at any former season. And, as usual, a good part of the tourists are clergymen. "Travel in the younger sort," says Lord Bacon, "is a part of education; in the elder, a part of experience." In American clergymen, we may add, it is a part of their vocation. "In journeyings often," according to apostolic example, it is not for want of opportunity to see the world that they are deficient, as is sometimes alleged, in the knowledge of mankind. The opportunity of seeing the world, — the Old World, — is now enjoyed by all classes and both sexes. Accordingly, an intense desire of seeing is awakened in all. Or perhaps the desire is no more intense than before, but has only become more apparent with extended means of gratification. The eye was ever the most *exigeant* of the senses. A great part of our living consists in seeing. The better part of all our enjoyment, as well as our knowledge, our education, our experience, is derived from that source. The eye is the instrument by which we chiefly lay hold of the world. It is but a small part of

that world that we can grasp with our hands, or appropriate with any other sense. But the eye is lord of all things ; it has the entire universe for its heritage, and no rival can disseize it of its boundless estate.

It is the gratification of this imperious and miraculous organ which men seek in travel. An intense desire to see for ourselves what so many have seen, to fix our proper orbs on the things so familiar to our ears, and an obstinate persuasion that with this autopsy a new light and a wondrous satisfaction will be shed abroad in the soul, tempt us to exchange the paradise of our own homes for the manifold discomforts and annoyances of the ship and the road. In vain has a prudent God divided the lands.* Curiosity conquers every bar.

"What went ye out for to see?" There are specialties in travel, as in every thing else. The naturalist has his object, the historian his, the philanthropist his ; but the motive which impels the mass is curiosity. Let the traveller put it to himself in the words of "Melibæus old": "*Et quæ tanta fuit ROMAM tibi causa videndi?*" "What in the name of reason sent thee to *Rome*?" Not "*Libertas*" certainly, but that inordinate greed of vision which is not content to know by report what others know by sight, — curiosity and fashion. Add to these opportunity, and the splendid facilities of modern navigation, by which the two continents have almost joined hands, and the dividing ocean is no longer "*oceanus dissociabilis*." Twelve days' passage by steam, and eighteen by sail, have made a trip to Europe as much a matter of course to the Bostonian or New-Yorker, as a trip up the Rhine is to the Londoner, between the months of July and October. You meet a friend in the street, and learn incidentally that, during the three or four weeks in which you have not seen him, he has been doing business in London and Paris. Steamships have placed the German Spas as much within the reach of American fashionables as Saratoga was to the great majority of visitors a quarter of a century ago. A lady who had been in the habit of a yearly visit to the above-named resort was met by a watering acquaintance of some former season. "Well, Madam, do you go to Saratoga, as usual, this

* "*Nequicquam Deus prudens,*" etc. — Horat., Lib. I. Ode 3.

summer?" "No, for the last two years I have been to Ems, and like it so well that I think I shall continue to go there, in preference to Saratoga or Newport!"

But, after all, the crossing of the ocean is a serious matter. We may cross and recross it again and again, and still it is not without a shade of carefulness on our spirits, that we commit ourselves anew to its solemn vastness. That great and wide sea! With wonder and awe we recall its idea in our souls, more to us than any material thing, — more even than the star-studded cope above, the image of infinity. It gives us the feeling of a conscious, self-subsisting, voluntary power. So strong and fathomless and unconfined, — insinuating itself into the bosom of all lands, and commercing with every clime! The Germans call it significantly *Weltmeer*, world-sea. For is it not one and the same flood which washes the roots of the Andes and crouches at the feet of the Alps? which reflects the terrors of Vesuvius and "heaven-daring Teneriffe"? Vertical to the North Star and plumb with the Southern Cross, it nourishes the arctic walrus and the tropic dolphin, — it basks in eternal summer where

"Spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,"

and it lashes the wintry shore

"Of cold and pitiless Labrador."

What we call the continents are but islands in its giant embrace. Look on the map of the earth, and see what a small fraction of it is the part inhabited and habitable by man; how insignificant his doings and how limited his life in the midst of this wide, wild waste, of which his planet is in great part composed!

But thanks to something in man that is greater than his planet, he has made the sea obedient to his dominion. With the calm eye of science he has looked upon its terrors, and they are vanquished. He traverses undaunted its eternal wastes, and makes him a home on its awful bosom. No achievement of human genius so impresses us with the power and dignity of man as the passage of the sea. We think of the early navigators in the infancy of science. What courage, what faith, what endurance, was there! We think of the immortal Genoese, and the

highest conception we can frame of the heroic mind is fulfilled in him. The pursuit of an idea across an untried sea of unknown extent, — the realization of that idea with the imperfect means which that age supplied, in the face of opposition and of death, — strikes us as the greatest deed of all time. It stands alone in the world's history, a tale of successful daring beside which the romance of fiction looks pale and cold.

The passage of the sea, in these days of improved navigation, has lost much of its terrors; and yet, as we have said, it is not without a feeling of awe that we lose our hold of the good, firm earth, and commit ourselves to the unstable waters. A solemn moment is that when the outward-bound stand on the deck and the home ones on the shore, and the distance between them is instantly increasing, while they telegraph to each other their last adieux.

"Who can guess

If ever more shall meet those mutual eyes?"

The sun declines, the land fades with it, till at length sun and land disappear together. Home, with all its treasures, lies behind us. The last that is seen of it is the friendly lamp which our careful country holds far into the sea to light us on our course. The morning comes, the voyager finds himself the denizen of a floating world, a few feet in extent, hovering between two infinities. All beyond the little fragment of intelligent being to which he is committed is a moral blank. The great world of humanity exists for him only as a dream and a hope. Day after day, the unfruitful waste; and when at night he lays his head on his pillow, and hears the rude surge knocking impatiently against the wooden walls of his little cell, and feels himself suspended over fathomless abysses, he is glad to seek refuge from the sense of perilousness which will sometimes strike to his heart, in the thought that there also he is bosomed by the Great Presence, and that the dumb and pitiless element on which he floats is pervaded by the stronger element of Deity. A little reflection convinces him that no one condition is more perilous than another, considered in relation to the great issues of the spirit, and that "danger" is precisely the most unphilosophical word in his vocabulary. The fact is, our life at all times, on sea and land, is suspended

over fathomless deeps. What the ship is to the ocean wave, our bodies are to the invisible spirit-world in which we float so fearless and unconscious. There is only a frail wall of flesh between us and the infinite deep. One day that wall shall be battered down, the mysterious element will break through, all its billows and its waves will go over us; and who can guess how long it will be before we come forth again, "out of the belly of hell," into conscious life? And what is our moral life, but a difficult navigation over dire abysses of moral evil and spiritual death? There is a deep within us more Stygian and forlorn, and peopled with uglier monsters, than the cavernous Atlantic. Who knows the capacity of his nature for evil as well as good? Who knows into what "unfathomed gulfs of guile" he might sink, if grace upheld him not?

Life at sea is commonly condemned as a sad, monotonous, dreary existence. But passengers contrive to amuse themselves. Barring sea-sickness, which, with a little resolution, a person in good health will not suffer long, the time passes pleasantly enough, and the days spent at sea are verily not the most wearisome days of one's pilgriming. Talking of sea-sickness, by the way, we have heard it very confidently asserted that this malady was wholly unknown to the ancients, as far as any evidence has come to us from their writings. The assertion is contradicted, we think, by the word *nausea*, whose etymology shows conclusively that this maritime variety of mortal suffering is by no means a modern distinction.

Here is Mr. Clarke's experience of sea life:—

"Our mode of life at sea soon began to arrange itself after a method, and became quite uniform. We would commonly walk the deck before breakfast, having a fine promenade on the upper deck, which was eighty feet long. We had prayers regularly in the cabin after breakfast and after tea, by the captain's invitation. The forenoon we spent in writing our journals, learning French and German travel-talk, studying out with maps and hand-books our route in England and on the Continent, taking Callisthenic (?) exercises on the deck, and in chit-chat; and the time went rapidly away. I usually went into the mizentop in pleasant weather, and staid there till I had studied one or two lessons in Ollendorf's French Teacher. Our dinner-hour was two. In the afternoon we repeated the occupations of the forenoon, diversified,

perhaps, by a nap. In the evening, having formed an association called the Plymouth Rock Pilgrim Association, we discussed peace questions during two hours, from eight till ten."

He has some sensible remarks on sea language:—

"The same perfect order presides over language at sea. Every thing has its own name, every action a precise phrase by which to express it, which must not be changed for any other. Different things must not only have different names, but names which sound differently, lest one should be mistaken for another. Thus, starboard means right, and larboard left. An officer says, 'Starboard your helm,' when he wants it put to the right. But he never says, 'Larboard your helm,' for in the tumult of a gale one sound might be mistaken for the other. So, when he wants it put to the left, he says, 'Port your helm,' or 'Hard to port.' Sea language is therefore the most definite language in the world; it has no synonymes, and no one can ever use it correctly who has not himself been a sailor and learned it by experience. The blunders of a landsman who tries to use sea-talk are amusing enough. There is a nautical hymn in our hymn-books, beginning, 'Launch your boat, mariner,' which is full of these errors. In the second stanza the mariner is directed to 'Look to the weather-bow,' and the reason assigned is, that 'Breakers are round thee.' The sailor, under these circumstances, would probably think it better to look to the leeward, for there would be very little danger of drifting upon rocks which lay off the weather-bow. He is then directed to 'let fall his plummet' and to 'take a reef in his foresail,' all which may be well enough, though when the ship was among breakers the sailor would probably have something else to do beside casting the lead and taking reefs. But the next direction is quite startling. It is to 'Let the vessel wear.' To 'wear ship' in a heavy gale and among breakers is probably an operation which no one but a nautical poet would think of recommending. Such are the risks of attempting the use of sea language."

We are rather surprised that so philanthropic a man as Mr. Clarke, who goes to Europe to attend a Peace Congress, should not, while rehearsing his sea life, devote a part of a chapter to that meritorious and much-suffering class of our fellow-men, without whom no sea life and no European travel were possible for us. One of the first discoveries which we make on shipboard is, that our floating world, confined as it is, contains within itself a second world entirely distinct from our own; we mean the world of the forecastle. Nowhere is the inequality

of the human condition more strikingly displayed than in a packet-ship, and nowhere are we so forcibly reminded of the price which our privileges cost us. The existence of such a class of men as the sailors before the mast, nurtured and conditioned as we usually find them, is a sad comment on our social economy. Wherever we go, on sea and land, the drudgery of life, the hard work, the painful and dangerous work by which we live, is performed by those who have the smallest share in its profits. Their labor is unnoticed by those who enjoy the product. Who thinks of the poor miner in using the convenient steel? Who, when trimming his evening lamp, remembers with what perils and hardships the familiar luxury that lengthens his days has been obtained? This fair civilization, which contrasts so bravely with the savage state, so beautiful in appearance, so convenient in its uses, so blest in some of its results, rests on a substratum of toil and suffering, of which little is known and little dreamed. We enjoy the blossom, we consume the fruit, unconscious of the bitter root. The commonest article of daily use is too costly, if we add the pains of the producer to its market price. The printed cotton, which costs us a shilling a yard at the shop, has cost more than we can estimate, in body and in soul, to those who have grown and manufactured it, — the slaves of the field and the slaves of the loom. Society, as we know it, is upborne by a host of proletaries, who toil in the deeps beneath our feet, and sow in discomfort and privation what we reap in comfort and ease. Of this class are the seamen. A hard life is theirs, a life of toil and peril, but poorly compensated by the profits of their calling. The voyage which yields a net profit of twenty or fifty thousand dollars to the capitalist, yields but a slender return to those on whose exertions mainly that profit depends. Their meagre gains allow but a slender provision for declining years, if they live to be old, which happens, we believe, more rarely to them than to any other calling. Where their life is not abruptly terminated by the casualties of the sea, — and almost every newspaper we take up contains some notice of a seaman lost overboard in its list of deaths, — where it is not thus shortened, it is prematurely exhausted by hardship and improper living. The sympathy of humanity is claimed

in their behalf. Much has been done in these years to protect their sojourn in port from the moral dangers which so abundantly beset it. It is time that something were done to better their condition afloat, — to relieve the asperities and privations of the fore-castle, to disarm the coarse ferocity of captains and mates, and to give to this oppressed people the treatment due to rational souls. With regard to their pecuniary condition, we do not know that that admits of any radical improvement in the present condition of society. Their wages are regulated by principles which are not within the control of philanthropy. The difficulty lies in the general system, and not in this particular case. They must wait the "good time coming," when all that class of labor shall divide more equally with the capitalist the product of their united action, when the hardest toil shall not be the worst compensated, and when those employments which are most irksome in themselves shall not be rendered additionally severe by the social privation and disesteem which accompany them. We can do nothing for them at present, in this regard, but to bear them in kind remembrance; them, and all who occupy that plane of life, all on whom the burden of society is laid, who are charged with the hardest and worst-requited portion of the world's work, the *helots* of the sea and the shore.

The ocean is past, the traveller hastens to plant his foot on the solid land, rejoiced to greet again the face of mother earth at the distance of three thousand miles. And now he enters on a new world, — new by its very age, which distinguishes it so sharply from his own. Instead of the animated look of recent erections, and the energetic, positive colors to which he has been used at home, he encounters the dull, retired hue which centuries of bleaching have effected in tower and town. The grizzled look of antiquity is on all that he sees. And the charm of those lands is their antiquity, along with the sacred associations which that antiquity involves. We agree with Mr. Clarke regarding the *videnda* of European travel: "As for myself, I had made up my mind that what I wished to see in Europe was, in the first place, the Alps of Switzerland; secondly, fine paintings and picture-galleries; and, in the third place, the fine old Cathedrals." To these we should add, for our own part, one

thing more, and that is the PAST, which constitutes an interest in itself, independently of any artistic value in the monuments which represent it. Our readers will excuse the solecism of which we seem to be guilty when we talk of seeing the Past. We mean, of course, the celebrated localities of history, — the monuments of departed greatness, — the birth-places, abodes, and burial-places of Genius, — all places and objects distinguished by those historical and biographical associations which make the lands of the elder continent venerable in our estimation. There is the battle-field of Time. There the chief acts in the drama of history were enacted, in triumph and in tears. There civilization gained its great conquests over savage nature. Two thousand years of humanity are ploughed into the soil. The dust of our fathers is a part of the ground we tread. Not a mountain lifts its head unsung, not a river but whispers as it flows some tale of the olden time. Every locality is associated with some venerable name, or memorized by some deed of renown.

We enter the awful Abbey, whose groined aisles and sequestered chapels are populous with buried heroes and kings. There successive dynasties, from age to age, were invested with the ensigns of royalty, and there they slumber together in peace, who in life were so widely sundered, — the Saxon and the Norman, York and Lancaster, the Tudor and the Stuart. We descend into the crypts of the Capuchins, where imperial Austria guards her mighty dead. There, in splendid sarcophagi of silver and bronze, conspicuous among which are those of Maria Theresa and the Duke of Reichstadt, repose the lordly line of the Hapsburg. Feudal life is brought near in the relics which survive of that iron time. Here from its rocky perch the gray tower of the Raugraf frowns on the river that winds through the valley. There droops the banner which waved in the van of the Crusaders. The stalwart knight, who made the earth tremble with the force of his onslaught, is figured in the burnished armor which hangs an idle ornament in the hall of some remote descendant. We survey the treasury which contains the memorials of the Western Empire, where a ring of relics, commencing with the coronation-robes of Charlemagne and ending with those of Napo-

leon, spans a cycle of a thousand years. Still ascending the stream of time, we pursue the Past into its very citadel, where Tradition sits throned among the ivied arches of the Flavian Amphitheatre, and the fragment columns of the Campo Vaccino.

With tenderer interest we call up before us the great personalities of old and later time. Reverently we visit the haunts of genius by the Avon, and the Thames, and the Ilm. We pay our homage to the honored dust of Santa Croce. Wherever we go, we trace with pious assiduity the footsteps and the graves of the gifted and the wise, who have stretched an intellectual firmament over this business world, and set their great, beaming thoughts in it, like sun and stars, to light up our little life. It is beautiful, the interest which particular spots derive from association with remarkable men, which draws pilgrims from the ends of the earth to gaze on a heap of stones or an empty cell, — as if we believed that something of their personality still cleaved to such places, as if we expected to be brought nearer to them when standing where they stood. It is a proof of our spiritual nature, that a mere idea can give such value to inanimate things. We believe in something which cannot be seen or touched; we are capable of being strongly moved by it. It is a proof of our spiritual nature, that a great and good man can give a permanent interest to the localities connected with his history, and cause them to be sought out with an interest that increases as that history recedes in the distance of time.

Three of Mr. Clarke's "Eleven Weeks" were spent in Switzerland, where the usual excursions were made and the usual points of interest examined, under favorable circumstances of weather and company. The weather in Switzerland is an important circumstance. Rains abound in those mountainous regions, and a week of sunshine is a special favor. Travellers are sometimes obliged to wait many days before they can accomplish an intended excursion; and, if pressed for time, to abandon it altogether. Our friend was singularly fortunate in this regard; and, indeed, the month of September, which was his month for Switzerland, is usually a favorable season. Natural scenery is more easily appreciated by all classes than works of art, but more difficult to de-

scribe. Mr. Clarke does not often attempt direct description, but he portrays in vivid colors the effect of the landscape on the mind and heart.

"One thing which struck me frequently, while among these mountains, was the remarkable way in which they separate one from all familiar thoughts and things. They put a great gulf between the mind and all its accustomed objects of contemplation; and in this way give a sense of entire repose to the faculties. The soul is wholly at peace, — resting from its usual cares, anxieties, and interests. In the very heart of Europe, I cared no longer for European affairs. There seemed to be nothing near me but nature; I was in her element. . . . So, then, the life of the world, I thought, may roll on as it will; I am taken for once out of its stream; neither my own business nor the world's history affects me now. I am calmed by these mountains, I am cooled by these glaciers. These torrents, pouring free, and rushing in headlong course down the ravines, attract me more than the course of revolutions. In this clear Alpine air, the distant mountains seem close at hand, but the nearest social facts far away. The atmosphere of the hills is a telescope, with which we look at nature through the eye-piece, but at the world through the object-glass. One comes much nearer, the other recedes to an illimitable distance."

And yet, sequestered as we seem, in such regions, from the importunities of life, the importunities of the heart pursue us still. Covetousness changes its object, but not its mind, in passing from the busy world to the still seclusion of the mountain range. It forgets worldly goods and fame, and begins to affect the favored lot of the mountaineer, so secluded and calm, reposing on the bosom of Nature and nourished by her beauty. We fancy that life, with such aspects and conditions, cannot choose but flow smoothly and happily. Mr. Clarke thinks, while looking at Mount Niessen, "that there could scarcely be a greater luxury than to live in the constant presence of such a mountain." We espy, in passing, some picturesque cottage, nestling at the foot of a rock commanding a wide-spread landscape, and looking the very type of calm enjoyment; and we sigh for its repose, and think what happiness, there to "set up our everlasting rest,"

"And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh";

forgetting that contentment is not a real estate, but a

personal one, and disquietude not a local disease, but a constitutional one. That dear poet of the mountains and the lakes, in whom, as in no other of his tribe, their subtlest attractions have found a voice and an interpreter, has not overlooked this illusion, nor failed to rebuke it.

“The lovely cottage in the guardian nook
Hath stirred thee deeply ; with its own dear brook,
Its own small pasture, almost its own sky !
But covet not the abode. O, do not sigh
As many do, repining while they look ;
Nor vainly wish to tear from Nature's book
That blissful leaf with harsh impiety.
Think what the house would be if it were thine,
Even thine, though few thy wants !
Yea, all that now enchants thee, from the day
On which it should be touched, would change and melt away ! ”

On one point, the unprepared traveller in Switzerland experiences a grievous disappointment. We mean the character and manners of the people. If he has formed his notion of the Swiss from literature and history, he soon finds that the Swiss so characterized exist at present in literature and history only. The Swiss whom he meets are quite another generation. With the exception of here and there an ideal maiden, with slashed bodice and skirt succinct, and manners frank and open as the day, who seems to have stepped out of a book to restore the old illusion, the people are as shrewd and sophisticated and mercenary and exacting as any lowlanders in Europe.

“I thought to find the patriots
In whom the stock of freedom roots.
Woe is me for my hope's downfall !
Lord ! is yon squalid peasant all
That this proud nursery could breed
For God's vicegerency and stead ? ”

The antique simplicity of manner, the “usages of pristine mould,” which we associate with the mountaineer, — with the Swiss mountaineer above all, — have been effaced by the constant friction of the fashionable, travelling world, which, since the wars of Napoleon, has flooded this land. The traveller must leave Switzerland proper, and pass eastward of the Cantons, into the Tyrol, if he would see the ideal of the Swiss character realized. There he may still find that combination of mountain scenery with mountain manners, which the Western Alps no longer exhibit.

The chapters devoted to Switzerland are, in our opinion, the best part of Mr. Clarke's book. A good deal of poetic philosophy and a good deal of poetic humor the shining peaks and the voiceful waters have waked up in him. Of the humor, here is a rich specimen : —

"We were glad [in Berne] to see again our old acquaintance, the Aar, which, having long ago left its glacier source in the Peak of Storms, and flowed through many a mountain valley, — having thundered down a dreadful precipice at Handeck, and thought it all fine sport, — having loitered in Lake Brienz, enchanted with its beauty, and then (to make up for lost time) having run hastily through half a dozen streets of Unterseen, not stopping a moment in Lake Thun to admire the pyramid of Niessen, — now goes tranquilly and gravely on, winding about Berne, and carefully picking its way among the stones. One would think it had never known such wild sport at all, and would be afraid of a fall of six feet high. Ah! roguish river, you cannot cheat us with your pretended gravity. Did we not see you at all your mad sport in the Grimsel; did we not walk by your side for many a long mile, when you would not be still for a single rod, but must run and tumble and foam all the way? Were we not by when at last you found a playmate, and both of you leaped together pellmell down that dreadful chasm, tumbling over each other as though you were merely rolling down a sunny bank? We saw all that, most demure of streams; we saw how glad you were to get away from your stern mother, the glacier, and your dark father, the Peak of Storms; a gentleman and lady of the old school they, who maintain grave state from age to age, quite careless of the opinions of Messrs. Agassiz and Dessaure, but much bemoaning the changes of modern times, and the misbehavior of their riotous children, the mountain streams."

To works of art, wherever he goes, to pictures and churches especially, our tourist gives diligent and loving heed. We are glad to reperuse the old wonders through his thoughtful eyes. Italy he did not visit. That was out of the question in a tour of three months. Dresden also, which might have been compassed, unhappily did not come within his scope. But of England's pictorial treasures, and particularly of modern English paintings, — assisted herein by an English friend, a man of wealth and taste, himself a collector and a friend of Turner, — he saw more than most Americans find means or inclination to inspect. He modestly disclaims the connoisseur, but his modesty must not take offence when we say, that

we have far more confidence in his opinion than we have in that of many who, on the strength of a little manual dexterity, assume to be painters, and send squares of figured canvas to the annual exhibitions, confounding the inexperienced, and afflicting sensitive nerves with their boisterous coloring. Our friend has the painter's feeling, if not the painter's hand; and the critic's eye, if not the critic's tongue. He has breathed, in his own family, in the society of his accomplished sister, a pupil of Washington Allston, an atmosphere of art which qualified him for enjoying the works of the old masters, and which qualifies him for giving a good account of his enjoyment. He does not, like some critics, attempt to prove his sagacity by detecting faults, but is willing to accept the general voice in behalf of great works.

"Here are great paintings declared to stand at the summit of art by the judgment of mankind. Let us have faith that this is so. Let us look at them expecting to see something beautiful, and we shall find it. They were not painted for connoisseurs, but for mankind. . . . Have faith. Believe that what the testimony of mankind through many centuries declares to be great is really great, though you cannot at first discover its grandeur or beauty. Humility, modesty, faith, hope, and love are as essential in the study of art as in the study of nature or revelation. That which pleases immediately is not apt to give deep or permanent satisfaction. But that beauty which slowly dawns upon the mind, like that truth which seems at first paradoxical or unnatural, is oftenest that which lifts us out of ourselves into a higher world than we before knew."

He enjoyed, as we hinted, unusual facilities for becoming acquainted with modern English paintings, through the agency of an English friend secured to him on the Continent. Of these, it seems, Turner's, by common agreement, stand immeasurably first. We know nothing of Turner critically, except through Ruskin, whose superlative manner, and whose depreciation of established names, so unedifying in a critic of twenty-three years, have not prepossessed us in favor of his idol. We acknowledge the extraordinary power of this writer in developing principles, we feel the force of his eloquence, and we appreciate his profound sense of the beautiful in nature, but we greatly mistrust his criticisms. They are mostly condemnatory, when he speaks of the old mas-

ters. We cannot understand his extravagant praise of Tintoretto from our own experience, nor is it borne out by the judgment of the two and a half centuries which have passed since his death. In landscape painting, he claims for modern English painters a great superiority over all the works of the elder schools. We are no judges of these matters, and are not ashamed to avow a Bœotian preference for the Flemish landscapists, Ruysdael, Wouvermans, Berghem, &c., — to say nothing of Claude or Salvator Rosa, — over all the English paintings we have yet seen.

Mr. Clarke's impression of the English school is not very favorable.

"I have deferred until now expressing an opinion of the English school of painting; and I would now merely give my own impression, which may be worth nothing at all. I certainly feel inadequate to judge these pictures. They may have great merits which I am unable to understand. I can only say that I wished to enjoy them, and was sorry that I could not. I found them unmeaning and empty. With the exception of Turner, and perhaps Landseer and Leslie, they indicate neither invention nor creative power. They were simply copies of commonplace scenes and transactions. They were essentially prosaic. The subjects are dogs drinking, people coming from the fair, parish choristers, a child in a cradle, children sailing a toy-ship or playing with a kitten, a girl trying on a wedding-gown, and the like. In the large pictures there was usually an utter want of unity in the design. Several transactions going on at once, with nothing to bind them together into a whole. These '*pieces de genre*,' or scenes in every-day life, are the chief. The landscapes have brilliancy and depth of color, but also wanting unity have no soul. This, to me, is the fault of English landscapes, that they are not suggestive, and therefore not picturesque."

But England has other art-treasures than the works of her modern landscape-painters. She has some choice gems of the old masters, she has her share of Murillos and Vandycks; and in sculpture she has the Elgin Marbles, — an exhibition which no gallery in Europe, not even the Vatican or the Capitol, can match for the purest kind of artistic effect.

Works of art we consider to be the only solid advantage which those countries possess over ours. These are the real, inestimable treasures, in virtue of which those

lands are rich with all their pauperism, their social inequalities and oppressions; and for want of which we are poor with all our prosperity, and all our advantages, geographical and political. These are things which we have not, perhaps may never have, in any thing like the perfection and abundance of the Old World. For they are things which money cannot command, and which mere industry cannot produce. The genius which created them is a special gift of God to particular periods and particular men, a spirit which bloweth where it listeth, and cannot be made to blow where it listeth not. The human intellect bears different fruit in different periods and climes. The Phidian and Praxitelean marbles were the fruit which it bore in the golden age of Athens. Gothic minsters were the fruit it bore in the feudal ages, and the masterpieces of pictorial art were the fruit it bore in the twilight dawn of modern history. It is doubtful if the same fruit will ever again be produced in the same perfection. The genius of this age tends to mechanical inventions, quite as wonderful in their way, and unquestionably more important in their influence on the social condition of man. Let us be thankful for these inventions, which have contributed so much to the progress and well-being of society. But let us also confess that they cannot supply the place of those other productions which we designate by the term Art.

To us, in this country, genius is known, for the most part, only through the medium of books, which require culture to make them felt and understood. Works of art have this advantage, that they address themselves immediately to the senses. The poorest citizen in the capitals of Europe may have daily communion with genius in this kind. A noble edifice, for example, like the cathedral at Antwerp, or the Duomo at Milan, is public property. It cannot be hid; there it stands in its grandeur and beauty. All eyes may read its significant lines, all hearts may feel the mysterious power of its harmony and grace. So, too, the poorest citizen of those cities has constant access to the miracles of sculpture and painting. They belong to him, as well as to the state. Those old masters wrought for him, as well as for the princes who employed them. The sunny cheer of Titian, the ethereal grace of Guido, the massive strength

of Buonarotti, the feminine tenderness of Correggio, the profound humanity of Murillo, the divine idealism of Raffaele, are his happy heritage. This gospel, too, was preached, and preaches, to the poor.

These works, we said, are proper to the age which produced them, and will not grow in the soil of this time. That was an age when men felt profoundly the truths of the spirit, and when the popular mind believed and aspired as it does not now believe and aspire. We do not mean that men were better then than now, or even more Christian, but only that they had more inwardness and fervor. Christianity, in our time, has grown more ethical, and the human intellect more practical. Power-looms and steam-engines have taken the place of minsters and madonnas. Be it so; these, too, are good; we would not exchange them for new triumphs of the easel, nor our own date for any other position in time. Every age is good in its order, and produces good. Each has its meaning and mission in the world, and each its peculiar fruit. Temples and statues and paintings are glorious creations; but the spirit which created them is greater than they. That spirit still lives and works, as active now as at any former period. It is not an accident of time, but an indestructible element of human nature. It may not produce the same things now as formerly, nor hereafter as now, but produce it must, for its being is production. Ever new births of the spirit there will be from age to age; for life, and not death, birth, and not extinction, is the order of God. There is no such thing as eternal desolation. That which seems to perish becomes the occasion and condition of new creations; the present is born of the past;

"And ever amid old decay
The greenest mosses spring."

Nothing in the ruins of ancient Rome is more impressive than the rich vegetation with which nature has clothed those venerable piles, redeeming their decays, and giving them a glad resurrection in the fresh green of the vegetable world. What man abandons, she adopts; what man neglects, she improves; where time or violence has made a breach, she hastens to dress the ghastly wound with her clinging greenery, and repairs with fresh

births the ravages of age. The wild-flower nodding from the walls of the Coliseum is consolation for the wreck of that edifice, symbolizing, as it does, the ever-living, new-creating spirit which works in human things.

All life has its root in the grave. A seed-grain blown by the wind is dropped in a crevice of some mouldering tower where vegetation seems impossible, but it vegetates nevertheless. Rain from heaven comes to it in its sterile lodge; the niggard rock relents and yields a little earth. By and by, a tender plant is seen lifting its head above the stones, and it blossoms into beauty, and it towers into strength; it becomes a tree, and protects, in its turn, with outstretched arm, the ruin which sheltered its infancy. The spiritual life, in like manner, plants itself in a body of death. New institutions and new arts arise out of the old, and begin to blossom before the old are extinct.

Here, then, we rest our hope for human culture in general, in all time to come, and our hope for that country in particular which gave birth to the masterpieces of pictorial art. The political regeneration of Italy is a problem which occupies other statesmen than her own, and is worthy to occupy the civilized world. It is one which must interest the lovers of learning and art in all lands. A country which can still produce such men as D'Azeglio and Mazzini surely deserves a better fate than to be a bone of contention for those unclean birds, the eagles of Austria and France. But these are matters which quite transcend our scope. And so we take our leave of Mr. Clarke, grateful for his genial company and discreet guidance through scenes of so much interest, and always ready to attend him in any future journeyings he may have to record.

F. H. H.

ART. VI. — DR. FROTHINGHAM'S SERMONS.*

As we opened this welcome book with pleasant anticipations, a feeling of sadness detained us an instant at the title-page when the eye fell on the author's name for the first time without the familiar pastoral designation with which it has been so long associated. Neither preface nor note tells the world what we all know so well, and what his old parishioners delight to remember, that these Sermons were preached to the First Church in Boston by one who ministered to it faithfully and honorably for more than thirty years.

But those who listened, with charmed ears, to the choice sentences here perpetuated, when they fell from the pulpit in the quiet hour of worship, and who have since wrought their beauty into their own thoughts, and treasured their wisdom in their own characters, will see on every page of this volume some memento of that sacred connection of which there is no formal record, and will feel continually, as they read, throbs of that cherished personal attachment to which there is no explicit reference. And unless we greatly mistake their feelings, the perusal of these Sermons, while it will bring some compensation for the silence of their preacher's voice in the temple, will at the same time revive and heighten their regrets by reminding them of the value of the instructions which they can no longer hear.

The title of the book, in the choice of which the author has displayed a skill peculiar to himself, sufficiently explains its plan, — which strikes us as one of the happiest that could have been devised for the construction of an interesting and useful volume of sermons, — admitting, as it does, of a pleasing succession and variety of subjects, together with a certain inartificial unity. In one respect, however, it may have had an unfavorable effect upon the book; for though it guided and assisted the writer in the difficult task of making a selection, it at the same time greatly restricted him in his choice. Such a restriction would have been almost fatal to a writer less

* *Sermons, in the Order of a Twelvemonth.* By N. L. FROTHINGHAM. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1852. 12mo. pp. 363.

able, equal, and prolific. In order to carry it out, Dr. Frothingham must necessarily pass by many discourses whose intrinsic merits would have recommended them for publication. He could not, as would have been possible on some other plan, cull out of the large piles of his manuscripts only the very choicest specimens. He could not select the sermons most likely to affect powerfully the heart and awaken religious life. Nor was he permitted to search for the most able and thorough discussions which his stores might furnish of the great doctrines of the Gospel. He had chosen, and he must adhere to, a less ambitious purpose, — but not less honorable to a wise mind and Christian heart, and not without the sanction and sympathy of some of the most devout and beautiful writers of the Church, — he had chosen to follow, but with no constrained step, the beautiful circuit of the seasons, and to recognize, with no punctilious conformity, the order of the Christian year. This will account for the omission of many sermons which are remembered as having been peculiarly impressive in the delivery, and which some will be disappointed not to find in this collection.

A more popular and brilliant volume might have been made had the writer allowed himself greater liberty of selection, but not, we think, one more certain to be, on intimate acquaintance, permanently satisfactory and profitable. We say *permanently*, because this book of sermons is one of that small and select library which is destined to endure. Its claim to admission into that honored class is clear. Inferior to some that belong to it in logical power, in emotional earnestness, in metaphysical depth, in theological skill, in evangelical fervor, and in oratorical splendor, it shares with the best some of their highest merits, while in certain points of excellence it is surpassed by none. It shows the hand of a master. It is written to last. It will bear examination, and reward it. There is no careless or unskillful work to be detected, from beginning to end. The conception is often original, the execution always fine. The materials are choice, — selected with nice discrimination from the stores of a richly furnished memory, from the manifold and beautiful contributions of a brilliant imagination, from the well-considered results of a studious observation,

from the wise opinions of a healthy understanding, from the clear decisions of a pure moral judgment, the calm convictions of a rational faith, and the elevated sentiments of a sober and unaffected piety. And these materials are arranged and wrought together with no ordinary skill. There is no parade of learning, but every reader infers a deep and wide background of extensive reading and exact scholarship. So far are these Sermons from every thing like display of erudition, that the constant wonder is how it was possible for a mind, evidently so richly stored, to have kept so much in reserve, — how a writer with such a wealth of lore at his command could have been so unambitious and chary in its use. Such self-restraint in an author is as rare as it is honorable. It shows a severity of taste only equalled by his modesty. But though there is no display of learning, it saturates every sentence and enriches every line, imparting to the whole that choice and refined relish which the most cultivated readers so highly prize. Incidental and delicate classical allusions abound on every page, — sometimes contained in a single memorial word, sometimes in an exquisite turn of phrase, sometimes in a graceful metaphor, and sometimes conveyed by a suggestive touch so fine that the most critical eye can hardly discover the secret of the effect.

The style is as much distinguished as that of any modern writer in the same department of literature, or even more so by the rare and fine quality, or rather combination of qualities, which rhetoricians have named terseness, — an epithet so seldom applied with justice, or at least without qualification. It is clean, bright, neat, and elegant. It is polished, but not to a smooth and uniform surface, like silver that has been rubbed, but like the new coin from the mint, or the medal fresh from the engraver, with its legend sharp and clear. We should be glad to grace our pages with several specimens that would illustrate this virtue of the style, though those who have read the volume cannot have failed to recognize it. It is most conspicuous, we think, in the sermons entitled, "The Flying Roll, or the Bible as a Phenomenon," "Autumn, or the Diminutions of Life," and "The Wonderful Works of God's Goodness." The first-named is, as a whole, one of the most faultless pieces of rhetoric, to say nothing

of it in other respects, that we have seen. It has as perfect a rhythm as is compatible with prose. How difficult would it be found to match from any modern sermons the following paragraph, for correctness and purity of style, easy dignity, elegant neatness, or musical movement! Yet there are so many equal to it in the discourse from which we quote, and the others to which we have referred, that we have hesitated not a little whether or not we should give the preference to this.

"Since faithful Abraham came out from Chaldea and its idolatry, or the Hebrew deliverer brought the tribes out from Egyptian bondage, since David sat on the throne of Jerusalem, or even since the later prophets bewailed the exile of their people, what desolations have succeeded each other over the earth! Vast tribes and strong nations have risen to renown and passed away into silence. Founders of states have not secured so much as the name of what they founded. Dispensers of religion have left neither a priest for their successor nor a shrine for their monument. Oracles of wisdom have grown forgotten as well as dumb. Genius and learning have gone down into the dust, and there is not the finger-track of an inscription upon it for their posterity to read. Whole literatures have disappeared, their tongues having ceased and their characters become illegible, or blotted entirely out. But here is writing, from many hands, and in a long series of instructions, dating as far back as the school-lessons of human improvement. It has defied time. It has repelled decay. It has stood the same through all revolutions, immortal in the midst of ruins, — surviving the nation that composed it, surviving the language in which it was composed. The linen, or the parchment, or whatever frail material it was confided to, held fast its trust, while brazen trophies were melted down and marble columns were pulverized. The temple of the Lord protected its archives; though its huge stones were unable to hold themselves together, and its sacred vessels served at last but for the ornaments of a heathen triumph." — pp. 155, 156.

Our author, like "Old Wisdom," shows a peculiar fondness for symbols and analogies. The latter he uses with unequalled skill. Few would discover them where they so easily appear to him. Few would venture to trace them so minutely, or to follow them out so far; and fewer still but would utterly fail if they were to make the attempt. "The Well of Sychar," a beautiful and instructive sermon, is one of those most strongly marked with this peculiarity. A great deal of its interest is de-

pendent upon this very feature. The ingenuity displayed in managing it *surprises*, as much as the gracefulness with which it is handled *pleases*, the reader; while if the grace were less, the ingenuity would be irksome. Nothing but the finest taste in combination with the rarest artistic power would have enabled the preacher to execute so difficult a task as this sermon laid upon him, to the satisfaction of a cultivated auditor. The style is often epigrammatic, and sometimes antithetical. Many of the sentences take the form which wisdom naturally gives to its most valuable thoughts. They are fine proverbs; like drops of pure gold, precious and easily carried; like fair round pearls, that may be strung and worn about the neck; like gems cut with choice mottoes, that men would set in their seals and signet-rings. Here are a few that we have gathered from the many that are strewn through the book. We take them at random from our collection. "Faith will read to us its mysteries when we have opened to it our hearts." "There is no such revealer as love." "When the spirit touches the letter of religion, the lesson becomes a sentiment." "Send out your piece of silver into the world's free commerce, and the rusty solitary shall become a glittering host." "Laudable actions never stand alone. They go from eye to eye and from heart to heart, creating fresh copies of their immortal worth." "A gold cup will not recommend a bitter potion." "Tapestry and the eider's down have made no treaty with repose." These were separate; but here they come in clusters: "Our thoughts can neither be arrested nor taxed. They need no bridge, and are stopped by no gate. They spread the feast without price. They open the spectacle without ticket. They take possession without leave. There glitters for them the airy wealth that no labor strove after, and no care need watch."

In no particular, perhaps, is Dr. Frothingham's superior skill as a writer more conspicuous than in the grace and variety of his introductions. In these he follows no conventional rules, and has fallen into no beaten track. He is never stiff or formal. He never encumbers his discourse at the threshold. He never makes it uninviting at the entrance by tedious preambles. He never stops you till you have gone over a long and ostentatious pro-

gramme of what he has prepared for your instruction, or takes the edge from your curiosity by reading to you a complete plan of what he intends to prove. He never bumbles in joining text to sermon, even in cases where it is most difficult. If there is a natural connection, he does not make it appear artificial; and if it is wholly artificial, he almost makes it appear natural. No text is too hard or dry for his advantageous use. However far off it may seem, however barren of sentiment, principle, or practical virtue, he has only to wave his wand, and lo! it is near, and beautiful, and quick with truth.

This power is peculiarly valuable to one who has such a well-known partiality to singular texts. There are several of these in the volume before us that were probably never used before, and are not likely to be again, — such, for example, as “Forty stripes save one”; “Aha, I am warm, I have seen the fire”; “Two or three berries in the top of the uppermost bough, four or five in the outmost fruitful branches thereof.” For such an unusual selection, which in some preachers would be chargeable to affectation, and in others to eccentricity, no one at all acquainted with our author, or who attentively reads his book, would suspect any other than a serious and sensible reason. But the true reason he has himself assigned in the exordium of one of the discourses. “Your attention has doubtless been caught,” he says, “and your curiosity has perhaps been awakened, by the singularity of the punishment here described” (“forty stripes save one”). “The text is singular, and on that account inviting. I have seldom met with a passage of Scripture that surprised or perplexed one at the first reading, which did not reward a closer inspection, — which did not disclose some principle that might be laid up with advantage in the mind.” If he had avowed no other motive than merely to catch attention and awaken curiosity, — desirable as such a result may be in order to gain a hearing for sacred lessons, whose weight and serious importance are not always a passport to the interest of men, — some might have questioned the propriety of employing such means for such an end. But when he declares that his main object is to disclose, for the advantage of men, the deep and precious meaning that lies covered and useless under obscure and singular texts, every one must approve the

purpose, especially when he sees how successfully and admirably it is accomplished. Indeed, the difference is broad, and very conspicuous at first sight, between such a serious and reverential use of strange texts as distinguishes our author, and all those modes of dealing with the language of Holy Writ which a correct taste disapproves or a devout heart condemns, — whether it be the conceited, which is so ridiculous, or the flippant, which is so offensive, or the waggish, which is so disgusting.

Dr. Frothingham excels in descriptive eloquence. We could wish that the volume before us contained more examples of his power in this respect, those that are found in it are so delightful. Whenever he paints a picture, it is a gem. We stop to admire it, and turn back to it again. Whenever he gives scenery to his subject, we are charmed. A few simple master-strokes bring vividly before us the landscape of the sacred story he is telling, or give life-like shape and expression to the historical person he would describe, or clothe with the distinctness of reality the creations of his imagination. Look at this picture.

“It was early morning upon the Sea of Galilee. Two fishing-boats were drawn up upon the beach. They had been out all night on the waters, and returned empty. The fishermen had left them; and, exchanging one unsuccessful labor for another, that only reminded them of their want of success, they were busy in looking to their nets, that required the same attention as if they had been cast gainfully. These men, so humbly and wearily employed, were two pairs of brothers, who were destined to enjoy a rank above that of princes, a privilege beyond that of any others of the children of men; who were to write their names foremost in the most wonderful page of the world's history, and to exert an influence upon all after times. There was Simon, who had not yet earned the title that he was for ever to be known by; and John, the beloved disciple, as his still better title was to be; and James, their inseparable companion in the glory that was to follow, as he was now the partner of their lowly trade and its poor earnings.

“The solitude of that shore was suddenly broken by the coming of a great multitude. They were surrounding and even pressing upon the Teacher from God, who at so early an hour was abroad upon his mighty errand. He advanced directly towards those simple men; he who was to change them utterly in calling and heart, and turn the sphere of their activity from that

dull lake to the wide circle of the nations. He addressed himself first to Simon, singling him out from the rest and speaking to him only. He entered into his skiff, bidding him follow and put out a little from the land. He then sat down on the slender planks of the vessel, and there, from that unsteady pulpit, he proclaimed his immortal word." — pp. 186, 187.

We make no apology to our readers for presenting them with one other example of our author's power of description, which appears to us magnificent. If any have met with it in the volume, they will not have become weary of regarding it, and if any see it here for the first time, it will not be for the last. We transcribe from Sermon XXX.

"In the Psalm from which the text is taken, the sacred poet describes under four distinct figures the loving-kindness, of which he would impress the memory upon the minds of his people. They may be regarded as so many pictures of the heavenly interposition in behalf of needy men. He first brings before us the form of a perplexed traveller, whose way, which he has lost, lies through a wilderness. No sign of human habitation is near. No hospitable light streams towards him from ever so far. No sound of man's contriving, or of those animals that mark the neighborhood of man, can be caught by his most eager listening. He is hungry, and what shall feed him in that wild place? He is thirsty, and there is no stream at hand. His heart is growing as faint as his limbs are; when he bethinks himself to call upon that Guide, whose presence is in the solitude, and whose step is in the pathless waste; and immediately his course is directed, his strength is renewed, his spirit revives, his journey is prosperously ended, the dreary prospect of sands and thickets is exchanged for the friendly roofs of a city of refuge.

"The scene is now altered from the long tract of unknown ground, and the too boundless expanse of the sky, to the confinement of a dungeon. Instead of a man lost amidst too great a liberty, not knowing which way to turn, and foot-sore with his wanderings already, we have before us a chained prisoner, who can scarcely shift his painful position from side to side. He does not even stand in the erect posture of his race, nor is he able to fix his eyes upon the heavens that are the shining canopy of the world; but he sits in darkness and a deathly shadow, 'bound' — as the beautiful phrase of the Scripture runs — 'in affliction and iron.' He would envy any fatigue of strained limbs, the ability to be astray, the chance to be covered up by the free winds with the movable columns of the desert. But

he sees no means of release, no prospect of transfer, but from his narrow cell to a narrower one yet. Then he remembers that Holy Power, whose it is to enlarge as well as to narrow, and who giveth deliverance to the captive ; and at once the prison-walls vanish, the fetters drop from him, he is restored to the cheerful sunlight and the freedom of action and the society of his kind.

"We are next introduced to another kind of apartment, spacious it may well be and richly provided, but still, with ever so much splendor, only a different jail. There lies in it a pining invalid. His bonds are maladies,—that hold him fast though nothing but the loosest and lightest garments may be wrapped around him. While he is shut up there, from the light perhaps, from the open world certainly, he is on the rack, as well as in confinement. Pain is added to disability. There is a sick loathing of every usual recreation, and of the delicacies that are the farthest brought. He, too, is under sentence of death ;—not by an outward decree, but by an inward warning. He feels his vital powers decaying. His flesh fails, and his heart also. In spite of remedies he is growing worse. The help of men is exhausted. Nowhere else is the impotence of the most they can do more affectingly displayed. Their science can work nothing. Their learning can teach nothing. Their accounts of what the well and strong are doing interest him not at all. Their silver and gold can pay no ransom for him. Then he lifts up his eyes from that uneasy couch, and prays to Him, in whose hand is the breath of every creature, who smiteth and maketh whole, and can bring back the spirit from the very gates of the grave ;—and while he is yet speaking, the fever-flame goes down, the wasting distemper is arrested, the sore hurts receive balm, the sinking languor is strangely refreshed, and he shall rise and walk and return again to the pleasant places that were on the point of beholding him no more for ever.

"Once more the scene is shifted. There is a storm at sea. A ship is tossed upon the waves, 'mounting up to the heavens, and going down again to the depths.' The rudest spot upon the earth's firm surface would seem a blessed retreat from that vessel's pitching deck and the curl of the foaming waters. But no such spot is in sight, or it is in sight only as a new and chief peril, as she is driven to foundering upon it. We are near enough to see the mariner in this hour of terror. He reels with the staggering plank that bears him. He is bewildered with the dash of the ceaseless surges. He has no further resources to apply. There is no further counsel to give or take. He has abandoned all struggle with the tempest. Now come the thoughts of home upon his heart,—the home that he shall not see again,—where

the blast that is so merciless to him is only whirling a few leaves from the widowed trees, or moaning in the safe chimney, and where his friends are celebrating their Thanksgiving, perhaps, for the fruit of the innocent and sweet fields which was gathered in at its season. Upon this thought, connected with the best sympathies of his nature, and blessings of his life, rises his devotion; and he implores the aid of 'the Lord on high, mightier than the noise of many waters,' 'who bindeth the deep in a garment' and 'gathereth the wind in his fists,' and 'who alone treadeth upon the waves of the sea'; and instantly the wind changes or lulls, and the turbid skies brighten again with the sun, and the ocean falls back into repose. So is the storm a calm, and he who was beaten with it is brought in safety 'to his desired haven.' — pp. 332 — 336.

We have thus briefly noticed some of the principal and most characteristic features of the book before us, considered particularly in a literary point of view. It has other merits, which are naturally looked for in the sermon, and the absence of which would be fatal to its success, — such as must inspire its eloquence, or it will be powerless, and give life to its beauty, or it will be barren.

It is lustrous with the clear, bright, penetrating light of a pure and high Christian morality. It is pervaded by that pure, searching, solid tone of counsel and judgment which can be imparted to the speech of man only by a hearty love of God's law, by a calm and profound meditation upon his statutes, day and night, by a patient and venerating study of every virtue, by the dutiful experience of an upright life and a faithful and constant "exercise of one's self," like the noblest of preachers, "to keep a conscience void of offence towards God and towards man."

But notwithstanding the strictness and loftiness of its morality, there is not a breath of hardness or ungentleness towards man from the first sentence to the last. Sin is despised, but humanity pitied. Wickedness is spurned with the heel, but its victim helped by the hand. No quarter is given to vice, but all encouragement is given to him who would leave it. Sad and shocked at the evil that is in the world, the preacher is never blind to the intermingling good, or hopeless of its ultimate victory. The gentleness of the Good Shepherd suffuses the prophet's face even when he proclaims the holy law,

and the tenderness of the Redeemer lingers on his lips even while they are rebuking sin. For its humane, compassionate, encouraging tone we take this book to our heart. It is genial to us as the friendly voice of one who loves his fellow-men; it is sweet as the accents of mercy, and cheering as the whispers of hope. And better than all, it has to our ear the unmistakable sound of a soft echo of the heavenly music of the glorious Gospel of the blessed God and our Saviour Jesus Christ.

If any objection is brought against these Sermons, it will be for their apparent deficiency of evangelical fervor. A warmer glow of Christian emotion would give them a higher attractiveness and value to many hearts, — would undoubtedly add to their popularity and their power. Their influence is calm and sober, rather than awakening. They are less adapted to convert the ungodly, than to strengthen the virtues, and refine the taste, and cultivate the characters, of those who have already entered the school of Christ. They are instructive rather than arousing. They move the springs of action gently and steadily, not with sudden and passionate impulse. They are suited rather to make, by degrees, good and upright and pure men and women, than to change sinners suddenly into saints, or raise saints rapidly to the highest aspirations and ecstasies of the godly life.

But notwithstanding all this, the more we have studied these discourses, the more the conviction has been forced upon us, that there is a deep and powerful undercurrent of religious emotion and Christian life running through them all, that often gives to their instruction and appeals a most serious and peculiarly impressive tone. Beneath the calm and sober and beautiful exterior, we can sometimes *feel* the strong beats of a heart that glows with the love of God, and trembles with his fear. Through choice and scholarly words we discover at length that a fire of devotion is burning, and the conscience is stirred by the very sentence whose beauty the taste admires.

Such, we venture to predict, will be the discovery and ultimate judgment of most of those who will read this book. Having first introduced itself to them by its literary attractions, it will endear itself afterwards by its lofty moral sentiments and its deep, unostentatious piety.

While they will delight to recur to it for intellectual enjoyment, and the gratification and culture of a refined taste, they will turn to it also, with no less interest, to confirm their Christian faith and hope, and to find grateful and wholesome nutriment for their religious affections.

C. R.

ART. VII. — THE COUNTRY PASTOR.*

THE little narrative whose title we give below has attracted notice beyond the usual circle for which the publications of the Sunday School Union are intended. Selections from its pages have enlivened the religious, and we believe even the secular newspapers; in reading it, members of congregations have learned to understand better their pastor and his trials; and ministers and their families have been encouraged by the picture so vividly yet so simply drawn, of patient labor, dignified economy, and contented trust in Divine Providence. May the little volume teach these lessons to many more, while the works to which its authoress has been encouraged, probably, by the success of this, add their instruction, and give the hope of frequent mental refreshment and strength, to be derived in coming years, from the same graceful pen.

"The Sunny Side" is the history of a country minister and his family, told, not like that of Goldsmith's Dr. Primrose or Galt's Balwhidder, for the sake of the humor and pathos that may adorn it to the eye of the secular novelist, but for the instruction it may give to those who are looking forward, in hope blended with fear, in self-distrust relieved by Christian confidence, to the station of pastor, or of pastor's wife. Of the domestic

* 1. *The Sunny Side; or the Country Minister's Wife.* By the Author of "Little Kitty and her Bible Verses." Revised by the Committee of Publication. Philadelphia: American Sunday School Union. 1851. 24mo. pp. 142.

2. *The Preacher and Pastor,* by FENELON, HERBERT, BAXTER, CAMPBELL. Edited and accompanied with an Introductory Essay, by EDWARDS A. PARK, Bartlett Professor in Andover Theological Seminary. Andover and New York. 1845. 12mo. pp. 468.

group at the Rev. Mr. Edwards's fireside, the prominent figure is his consort. The minister himself is much in his study, and labors hard there. But into the methods and results of his labor we have no opportunity to look; nor from aught that we hear of him do we conjecture that much that is new or instructive would come to us if we had been admitted to that privilege. The good man's crown is the "virtuous woman" who has cast in her lot with his. Her character is beautifully drawn. The cheerer of her husband in despondency, the kind and wise guide of her children in the right way, with modesty prompting the wish to shrink from publicity, but high principle curbing the indulgence of that wish, she appears the true pastor's wife, ready when occasion calls to be the friend and counsellor of those around her, but finding her peculiar sphere of duty in her own home.

There lies before us another volume. It is that in which the labor of Professor Park has placed before us, with other useful works and an excellent Introduction from his own pen, Herbert's charming "Country Parson" and Baxter's "Reformed Pastor." Very different is the position of the country minister in our day from that of the divines described by the holy Churchman, Herbert, and the holy Dissenter, Baxter. He is no territorial magistrate, like the ideal of the former, nor is his spiritual authority as ample as that described by the latter. Yet has the country pastor of our time, and especially in our portion of the Church, duties that Herbert and Baxter knew not of; duties which, fitly discharged, add honor to his office, and whose neglect or unwise performance subject it to opposition and contempt. With these are other duties, limited to no peculiar age, but alike in all periods of the Church's history.

The country pastor must be the guardian of education. In the Sunday school, which can seldom flourish without his active interest and frequent supervision, the younger members of his flock are trained in the way of righteousness. Would that the training were more thorough! Would that the sentimentality of an over-refined liberalism had not gained such favor among our people, that the attendance of children at Sunday school is often regarded as merely voluntary, while the instruction there is alike without plan or preparation on the part of

the teacher, and without effort to understand and appropriate it on the part of the scholar. To this it is the duty of the pastor to look, assisted indeed by the superintendent, yet never relinquishing the oversight of this important means for the religious culture of the young.

But not their religious culture alone does it devolve on him to superintend. In most of our villages, the pastor is, and is expected to be, the most efficient member of the public school committee. The office possesses importance and responsibility. Wearisome it often is, to pass from school to school, listening to the reading of the same well-known pieces in the same familiar drone. Trying it is, to reject some young candidate for the teacher's office, whose qualifications are in the inverse ratio of the estimate formed of them by herself and her friends. But the duty must be done by some one; and whom has the town more fit for the service than the pastor? The office, too, may possess an indirect bearing on the success of the pastoral relation itself, by bringing him who holds it into more direct and frequent intercourse with the young, and blending the friendly regard for a familiar aspect with the reverence for one in whom their teachers recognize a superior.

Not only in these relations, but in his private intercourse and his pulpit ministrations, must the village pastor, in these our days, feel that he is training up the young for very different scenes from those now around them. So wandering are our New England people in their habits, that the ruddy boy, who comes like David from the sheep, may be ere long exposed to the temptations of a city life, or be among the wildest specimens of the Anglo-Saxon race gone back to barbarism, in the farthest regions of the land, where Lynch law is the safeguard of society. An enlarged education should the wandering youth of our country have, in times like these; enlarged, not with the trifles of classical anecdote or mathematical ingenuity, but with common sense, modesty, courage, presence of mind, virtuous principle, and Christian faith. It is the pastor's office to inculcate alike upon week-day and Sunday-school instructors, but most of all upon parents, the necessity of an education that shall impart these qualities. It is his part to labor himself for the same purpose, whenever he is called to

address the young, or is brought otherwise into intercourse with them. It is his part to set before them an example of these qualities in himself.

And if, in his intercourse with the youth of his flock, his eye should light on one of thoughtful mind and docile spirit, one alike eager to learn and pleased to be of use, whose eye can kindle with the emotions of his heart, whose voice is not untunable, nor his motions void of natural grace, — above all, one in whom the innocence of childhood seems, like some fair blossom, about to develop the still more precious fruit of manly piety and virtue, — to such a boy does the country pastor look, as one meet to be introduced at length as a laborer into the vineyard of the Lord. Such influence as circumstances may justify he exerts to the accomplishment of this end, first with the parents, and then, by their consent, with the youth himself. He removes difficulties, encourages exertion, displays the attractions of the hallowed office, in no false colors indeed, but with those traits that endear even its labors and privations to a generous spirit. For he depicts the ministry as the one vocation on earth whose direct purpose is to serve alike God and man. He points out, how all social good proceeds from piety, and how therefore he who promotes this advances in all things the public weal. He shows how far beyond all earthly good, beyond the temporal interest even of the greatest community, is the worth of the individual soul. He extols the privilege of laboring together with apostles, with Christ, and with God. And a happy day — almost a proud one — is that to him, when, after years of thorough preparation, the object of his care is placed a welcome ministrant by some altar like that which himself has served, and he lays his hand in benediction on the redundant locks that shade the manly brow.

The country pastor is a lover of good music; yet not such a lover that he will not graciously endure that by which God is worshipped, because it comes not up to the fancy of his own nice ear. He honors his choir for their office, and strives that they honor it themselves, feeling that they also are ministers at God's altar, uttering sacred words, and leading the devotions of the people. He encourages them by the commendation their

zeal deserves, guides their taste at times by a suggestion in private, but seldom directly interferes with them. On two points, however, he is decided; first, that the singing shall be religious, and again, that the deportment of the choir shall be reverent. Laughter, and the reading of romances in the gallery, during the sermon and the prayers, meet his prompt, and, if need be, his open rebuke.

The country pastor is the champion of Temperance; and no slight nor easy duty is involved in this. He cannot decline it; for, whatever be thought of existing or proposed methods of action, the duty of temperance is unquestionable, and the ravages of intoxication are too dreadful for any man of feeling to view without being excited to an effort to arrest the evil. But what shall the Christian preacher do? He joins with others in procuring lecturers, and finds himself occupying the position of a patronizing listener, while some "reformed inebriate" unblushingly parades the scenes of his past degradation, and mimics the maudlin speech and the staggering gait that formerly were his own. Or our pastor unites with an association to sustain the laws, and finds himself and his office involved in measures, which, however needful they may be, are scarce compatible with the precept, that "the servant of the Lord must not strive." He retreats, and probably it is the best that he can do, from these and similar means of action, to the pulpit, his proper place, "his joy and throne," as Herbert calls it; and here he strives to give the counsel of wisdom in the words of love.

The pastor is a philanthropist. One or another of the benevolent efforts of the age engages peculiarly his interest. Yet he gives not all his thoughts to this, but endeavors "rightly to divide the word of truth." He has his thoughts on peace and war, on capital punishment, on slavery. Let him speak his thoughts. If it be in the spirit of sincerity, but of meekness, the people will hear and respect him; or they prove themselves unworthy of him,—more unworthy than, we trust, many congregations among us can be found.

The idea that Christian ministers are to be debarred from speaking on themes of general interest, themes concerning the moral character and conduct of the na-

tion, and the requirements of God's law, because such topics may happen to be exciting, is not to be allowed for a moment. Nor do we believe that this idea would be gravely defended by many, even in those parishes which have unhappily been led to give it the apparent sanction of their conduct. Most persons, however disposed to conservatism, will declare that they would not object to have the "exciting topic" spoken of in a Christian spirit, and in due proportion with others of more general interest. But these terms are susceptible of a great variety of interpretation. It would need in every case a familiarity with all the facts, and a mind remarkably free from a partisan spirit, to decide whether people or pastor were more in fault, where difficulties have arisen between them for the cause which has been named. But in the retrospect, with the limited knowledge which the public possesses of individual cases, the pastor who has lost his place for speaking what he believed to be the truth occupies a position of more dignity than the society by whom he has been dismissed. Our country pastor, however, covets not the honor of such martyrdom. He would meet it manfully if it must come. But to him it is no slight thing to be separated from his charge. In the anticipation of such result he is not blind to the certain pecuniary loss, the interruption of all customary pursuits, the period of suspense and hope deferred, before another settlement be secured ; and more than these, the sundering of the ties of neighborhood and friendship, the relinquishment of an old home, and the trial of one unknown. But far beyond all these considerations, he is aware that the interruption of the pastoral relation involves the danger of spiritual loss to the people, while his own means of usefulness must also be diminished. Confidence is of slow growth. Years may pass before another can be to his present flock what he is now ; years may pass before he can exercise elsewhere such an influence for good as he now possesses. Not idly, therefore, in mere bravado, to show his independence, not thoughtlessly, uttering words whose import he has not weighed, but from a sense of duty from which he must not shrink, will he, when occasion calls, speak the truth that he knows to be unwelcome.

The country pastor is a voter. Let him exercise the

right, and perform the duty. In Scott's "Halidon Hill" the Templar Vipont, when upbraided by King Edward for drawing his consecrated sword against the English, replies : —

" I was a Scotsman ere I was a Templar,
Sworn to my country ere I knew mine order."

We know that there are some ministers, whose firmness to discharge all that they regard as duty none can question, who never exercise the right of suffrage. We respect their opinion, and admit that circumstances are conceivable which would commend their course to our own judgment. But such circumstances are uncommon. We would not recommend attendance on political meetings, or the taking of an active share in the stormy discussions of parties. But the simple and quiet suffrage is, in our view, a right of which manliness forbids the surrender, and a duty not to be neglected by one who should aim to set before his people a full and complete example.

The country pastor is the friend of improvement in his own village. The general diffusion of intelligence forbids him, indeed, the position of an Oberlin; and he should be cautious, if it seems right that he should lead, to fulfil that task modestly, and rather in reality than in appearance. Let him not be covetous of office. If the town needs a shady avenue, a tasteful cemetery, a lyceum, or a high school, let his influence in supplying the need be steadily, but not ostentatiously, exerted. Yet, if there be none else to commence action, and the time is ripe, let him not shrink from any undertaking for the common good, which gives a fair promise of success. Two cautions, however, let him keep in mind: not to undertake aught that he cannot carry through, and not to let this public activity interfere with the higher duties of the pulpit and the parochial walk.

The country minister is chief oracle on the occult sciences; and in these days the office is one of no small importance. Is a phrenological lecturer in the village, with his hundreds of crayon illustrations? Is a Mesmeric physician present, attended by his faithful "subject"? Is the biologist at hand, throwing people into trances, and making them see what is not to be seen?

Have they who turn tables upside down come hither also? Or those unlucky spirits that do such hard duty in the way of rapping, and, like the pythoiness of Philippi, "bring their masters much gain," — are they at work upon the floors and walls of the country parlors? Whatever the wonder, the minister will be earnestly questioned what he thinks of it. Let him answer discreetly, for much depends on his answer. Let him not in dull bigotry deny that there can be more learned than is now known with respect to any branch of scientific investigation. But let him, in regard to each phenomenon, incline to the more rational, rather than the more wonderful, explanation. Let him suggest to his friends the doubt whether they, or even himself, be well qualified to make discoveries, — whether they possess the learning, the leisure, the acute discrimination, which are necessary to distinguish between the false and the true. Let him point out to them the great amount of knowledge there is, which is established and ascertained; and advise them rather to advance in that than to take hold of some new science, under the guidance, perhaps, of an unknown itinerant.

Our country pastor is, perchance, a farmer. He is not wealthy, and the inadequacy of his means is more apparent, since he is, to use Herbert's phrase, "rather married than unmarried." By the earliest of human occupations, — that which disgraced not the royal hands of Adam himself, king of all the earth and the father of all kings, — the country pastor earns at once health and support. There are, indeed, those who tell us that an occupation like this, as it must be carried on in our day, if pursued by a clergyman, will contribute little to his means in comparison with the draught it makes upon his time, his thoughts, his energies. Our own acquaintance with the primitive art is too slight for us to decide the question. But our impression is, that, while it certainly should not be recommended indiscriminately, yet many a pastor, whose early years had habituated him to that honorable toil, might find in its pursuit alike comfort, health, and competence, without injury, and rather with increase, to his professional usefulness.

But perhaps, instead of this, our country pastor is a teacher of youth. If so, he occupies a position which

combines as much of pleasure and as much of pain as probably any other of the various avocations of men. O that circle of ingenuous, noble boys! and O that dismal task, of curbing petulance, of subduing stubbornness, of teaching the unteachable! But our pastor, if he is wise and keeps his mind chiefly where it ought to be kept, on his own great and peculiar work, will not encumber himself with many youthful pupils. He will resist the temptation which has been the ruin of many a good school, in the thought that he can take a few more with slight increase of trouble; and he will feel that they who are committed to him for instruction are not a charge altogether distinct from his chosen profession. They, too, are "souls," of whom he has the "cure." Not only the Latin Grammar, but the book of Inspired Wisdom and the book of Divine Providence are to be his manuals for their instruction. Exercising the strictest conscientiousness with regard to any interference with the doctrinal opinions in which they may have been brought up, he will yet cause them to feel that there are no realities on earth so great as truth and duty; and by all the influence of his words, his example, and the daily order and spirit of his household, will lead them at once to love and to revere their Maker.

And even if the country pastor should give a portion of his time to authorship, instead of the pursuits already named, he will feel that in his writings he is a pastor still. The vows of his God are upon him. Is he a poet? His lyre is consecrated. Does he write essays, or history? Even secular themes, in his hands, will serve to "vindicate the ways of God to men." He will desire to fill some place that is vacant in the literature of his own beloved profession, or, though not in his clerical attire, to be still "a preacher of righteousness." And if a subject of this world's interests needs to be discussed, at least in its discussion will he be true to lofty principle, and amid the meekness of the Christian

"Nurse one brave spark of noble fire;
Against injustice, fraud, or wrong,
His blood beat high, his hand wax strong."

Our minister will have his trials to bear. He must learn to endure criticism, advice, rebuke, with a due union of meekness and self-respect; not taking into view

on such occasions the prompting of his own feelings only, nor, on the other side, departing from a course which he knows to be right, because it does not meet the approval of all. The respect we should pay to the advice of our friends, the regard we should have, for our own sakes, even to the censure of our opponents, has its full course, when we have calmly reëxamined our position, with whatever new light such advice or criticism may have imparted. This deference our pastor gives; and if he sees cause therefrom to change his opinion or his conduct, no false shame, no fear of inconsistency, prevents him from so doing. The only consistency worth preserving is that which comes unsought from the steady influence of wisdom, honor, and the fear of God. But if, after examination, the course objected to by others still appear to himself the right, our minister calmly pursues it, explaining to his friends, if need be, that, though grateful for well-meant counsel, he must act on his own responsibility to conscience and to God.

The country minister is a Christian brother to him who preaches on the other side of the street. It is in his power, indeed, to be to him a jealous rival, exaggerating his errors, thwarting his plans of usefulness, tempting him by his own example, and by continual irritation, to lay aside the meekness of the Gospel for sectarian strife. But not such the conduct that beseems the servant of Christ. He may be a Unitarian; he may hold dear the opinions that name expresses, and love the name itself. Why not love it, when it was the name his father bore, the name borne by the revered of former days, — by Follen, the bold and the gentle, — by the elder Ware in his calm wisdom, and the younger in his meek activity, — by the benignant Kirkland, the venerable Freeman, the world-renowned Channing? A simply appropriate name, unassuming, and indicative of the distinguishing doctrine of those who bear it, it has won to itself respect from those who oppose the sentiments it expresses; and our pastor feels as little disposed to renounce it as to renounce the name of American, because, forsooth, there are some who ignorantly despise it. But he does not feel that, if he is a Unitarian, he is necessarily or properly the enemy of those who think otherwise. As he labors on his own portion of the walls of Zion, he looks from

his rising watch-tower on other laborers, and perceives that they, too, are raising the battlements, not of a hostile fortress, but of the same glorious Jerusalem. Nor does it matter much to him if some one, looking from a defective point of view, should mistake his tower for a bulwark of the foe. The mass of those around, he is certain, will judge more truly; and the Prince he serves will know his servant. While true, therefore, to his own faith, our country minister recognizes the good in others, and rejoices to join with them, where he can, on terms of Christian amity and coöperation. In the wide common ground of benevolent effort they act in concert; they meet sometimes in the house of mourning, and the distinctions of party are forgotten in the great work of comforting the bereaved and exhorting the thoughtless to repentance. Nor does the pastor fail, while aware of the errors of his brethren, to give praise where praise is due. He can appreciate the high devotedness of the missionary, and the liberality which pours its thousands forth for the diffusion of the Bible and the tract, or for enriching the Far West with colleges and schools. We have sometimes been disgusted with the manner in which some among us have allowed themselves to speak of "the Orthodox," as if that name had no application but to what is narrow, bigoted, and contentious. "The Orthodox!" who are they? They are, in the wider of those senses in which the term is usually applied, the great majority of Protestant believers throughout the land; in the more restricted sense, the great Congregational and Presbyterian organizations, the most powerful, through their numbers, wealth, intelligence, activity, and piety, of all the denominations in our country. In either of these meanings, the term comprises an immense aggregate of true Christian love and faith and zeal. Who are they that at home utter the freeman's protest against the usurpations of bishops and of popes? Who are they whose colporteurs and home missionaries penetrate every valley, and the feet of whose messengers are on every hill-top, bringing glad tidings of salvation, and publishing the peace of the Gospel to our contentious Western borderers? Who are they that, abroad, wander through every heathen or half-Christian land, from France to Japan; with the Gospel in their hands and

the courage of its early martyrs in their hearts? Who are they that, from the times of the Puritans to our own, have chiefly sustained the theological literature of our country? Who are they whose institutions of learning fill the land, diffusing secular and religious instruction in regions where the foot of a Unitarian minister has never trod? They are "the Orthodox." Shall we qualify their praise, and style them, as one of our poets has styled the father-land of the Pilgrims, —

"For all but *gentle charity* renowned"?

If it be so, and if it be our privilege to teach them that high lesson, let us feel that we cannot do it so effectively as by our example in showing all Christian courtesy toward themselves.

The country pastor is from his position, more than his brethren of the city, the intimate counsellor and friend of his people. Is there affliction? It is his to console. Is there rejoicing? It is his to suggest the thought of gratitude. Is there sickness? It is his to kneel in prayer by the bedside, and lead the spirit that resists or trembles to submission and to Christian trust. He waits not to be sent for to such scenes; but offers, though not intrusively urging, his presence and his aid. It is a mistake of many persons in sickness, and of their friends, to delay the admission of the pastor to too late an hour. If his visits are to be of use, he should come, not as the dark herald of certain death, but as the friendly visitor in the lighter forms and earlier stages of disease. Thus gradually, from one opportunity to another, can he excite and keep alive those emotions which, by the Divine blessing, may at the last be found powerful to sustain.

Conversation with the sick and dying is a duty of much delicacy, and often very difficult to discharge. Our pastor takes into view, in each case, the circumstances of the individual's character, whether religious or irreligious, — of his disease, whether malignant in its usual character and rapid in its course, or the reverse, — and the probable effect of mental excitement upon the debilitated frame. If there be a prospect of frequent opportunities of intercourse, and if the sufferer be as yet a stranger to religion, he strives first to excite an interest in the great subject rather by reading and by prayer than

by much of conversation. In every stage of his intercourse, he guards against the error of mistaking a mere compliance with what is unavoidable, or a mere weariness of life, for true Christian submission. Nor will he fail to point out to the dying the necessity of repentance, or to urge the weighty question, whether life granted anew would be spent better than the past. He points to the only true reliance, not the remembrance of past virtue, imperfect at the best, but the mercy of God, as revealed by Jesus Christ.

And when, calmed by his consolations, and purified by his prayers and counsels, the spirit has been released from earth, then does our country pastor endeavor to withstand the temptation to exaggerate the spiritual change, and to crown the departed with the honors of saintship. He loves not greatly eulogistic sermons, nor obituary notices. Sparingly used, where there is the justification of a character or experience really remarkable, he feels that they may be appropriate and useful. But the charm lies in their rare occurrence. To the bereaved family, he willingly commends the remembrance of every interesting trait and improving anecdote in the character of the departed; but he seldom invites to them the public gaze, preferring humble trust to an ostentatious decoration of the tomb.

The country pastor labors to increase the attendance on the supper of the Lord. And this for a twofold reason; first, because, this ordinance being the outward seal of an inward self-consecration, when he urges the people to the one, he urges them also to the other; and next, because he feels that there is scarcely any religious means which, worthily used, may be more important in keeping alive the religious spirit. Yet he would not have them merely observe it as a duty, but enjoy it as a privilege. Not a privilege of pride, as the cup was emblazoned on the arms of Bohemia, but a privilege of love and holy meditation. And even thus does he strive to win mothers to consecrate their children to Christ, leading them by the way in which mothers for centuries past have innocently trodden, and mindful of those mothers in Israel who brought their little ones to the Redeemer's visible embrace. O good old forms, why should ye pass away? Why must religion be stripped

of every thing that may win the imagination to its service?

But the country pastor is greatest in the pulpit. It is an humble greatness; there is no affectation of dignity or talent; but he is great, for he is there seen as speaking indeed the words of God. What he says in the sanctuary is said not hastily, nor for mere momentary effect. His thoughts have been well sought out and set in order. He kills not himself by condensing upon Saturday and the violated Sabbath the intellectual labors of the week, but gives to the preparation of his sermon the time its importance requires. And he preaches not himself, but Christ. Allowing to his discourses a wide range through the teachings of nature and of grace, God through Christ is still the central thought. The Redeemer's teachings, best illustrated by his example, are to his ministering servant themes inexhaustible. Reverence and love are blended in the honor paid to him; and the very views of his nature which forbid the pastor to regard him as the object of prayer, by bringing every trait in his glorious human character to nearer view, increase the interest, the admiration, the devoted affection, the earnest effort of his follower to attain his resemblance.

The country pastor's wife, — what shall we say of her? Why say any thing, when her picture has been so well drawn in "*The Sunny Side*"? Yet a few words are due to her, if only to modify the expectations which may be formed from that pleasing picture. She is not her husband's colleague, but his help-meet. That large round of visits which it is his duty to render to all, and to all repeatedly, her home employments, in most cases, forbid her to undertake. But she can, if possessing the usual amount of health, meet their people at the sewing-circle and other occasional gatherings; she can make to herself friends among the female youth, and fill towards them that place of religious guidance which her husband tries to occupy towards the young men of his congregation. Her home, too, may be a pattern to the village of neatness and of taste; her children, examples of gentle, yet godly training; her own walk, in meekness and in quietness, taking no part in gossip but to restrain, in strife but to reconcile. As she listens with others to

her husband's preaching, she may be to him the representative of the feelings of his hearers, encouraging him when words have been well and usefully spoken, and with gentle criticism aiding him in the removal of whatever defect in matter, style, or delivery may interfere with the success of his ministrations.

Thus have we sketched imperfectly the occupants of the country parsonage. The rude outline will be blest, if it cheers one ministering brother to bear hopefully the unavoidable trials of his lot, or engages one true-hearted Christian youth to seek the privilege of a laborer in the harvest of the world's regeneration.

S. G. B.

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Essays and Reviews, chiefly on Theology, Politics, and Socialism. By O. A. BROWNSON, LL. D. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co. 1852. 12mo. pp. 521.

DR. BROWNSON, in one of these Essays, having spoken of this journal as the channel through which he was "at one time accustomed to give circulation to his own crude speculations and pestilential heresies," we may be supposed to feel some slight embarrassment as to the manner in which it becomes us to deal with this volume from the pen of our former contributor. It is true that under the compass of that liberality which he still accords to us, — though he would not now esteem it a virtue, — he had the opportunity of expressing in this journal views and sentiments to which many of its readers applied at the time the very terms by which Dr. Brownson now describes them. If it now pleases him to attach such epithets to any of the productions of his pen, we certainly will not refuse him the liberty of so doing, though we should consider the epithets more emphatically appropriate to some of his later writings. We do indeed discover the same characteristics in all of his productions which we have read. Dr. Brownson is an admirable and a striking writer. He has a most vigorous and energetic command of the English language; his composition is always chaste, and never infringes upon the most rigid canons of good taste. He develops and

expresses clear thoughts, set forth in forcible sentences. Yet, without being what is commonly called a diffuse writer, Dr. Brownson is given to constant reiteration and repetition. A fifth part of his published pages would amply present the substance of all of them. He has also a perpetual tendency to dogmatism, under the guise of a logical method. Indeed, we do not know in the whole range of literature any compositions from which one who wished to expose the risks and mischief, and the utterly unsatisfying results, that may attend and follow from logical reasoning when applied to religious themes, could select examples more to his point than from these Essays. Dr. Brownson can prove any thing, — in fact he has proved all sorts of inconsistent and discordant things, — by his logic. And as he is laying down his propositions, and balancing them and drawing them out, he slowly, and sometimes slyly, changes the sense in which he uses important words involved in his argument, till you find yourself brought to a conclusion with a perfect consciousness that you have been trifled with and hoodwinked. We were impressed with this view of our author as a logician in the perusal of the first of his articles which we read, many years ago. We do not perceive that his skill of this sort increases, or works to any better results, as he turns it against what he once used it to advocate. When a juggler holds up from behind his table an empty hat, and, after shifting it from hand to hand and making a parade of shaking it and drumming upon it, proceeds in a few moments, during which our attention has been diverted, to draw from it all sorts of things, it matters not to us whether he takes out a rabbit, a dove, a cabbage, or a fried cake, or all of these articles. He can take out any one of them as well as any other of them, for his skill is not tested in getting either of them out of the hat, but in getting either of them in. When we are following any argument of Dr. Brownson's we have learned to be on our guard, and we always find ourselves at issue with him long before he has reached his result. We watch him as we do the juggler, to see when he *puts in* the rabbit or the cabbage.

Take, for example, the first Essay in the volume before us. It is a criticism upon an article on "The Church," in this journal, for January, 1845. Dr. Brownson's aim is to oppose to the view of the Church there presented his own view as a Romanist. He first attempts to define the meaning of the word *Church*. "By the Church," he says, "we understand, when taken in its widest sense, without any limitation of space or time, the whole of the Lord's family, the whole congregation of the faithful, united in the true worship of God under Christ the head. In this sense it comprehends the faithful of the Old Testament, — not only those belonging to the Synagogue, but also those out of

it, as Job, Melchisedech, &c." Now if the Church embraces so large and free a fellowship, it cannot be because of any connection which such ancient members of it had with Christ, of whom, so far as we know, they had never heard, but it must be because of their allegiance to principles which Christ announced in his day as the laws of God's kingdom. Very well. But on the next page, Mr. Brownson has worked his way to the following position. "When we contend for the Church as a visible, authoritative, infallible, and indefectible body or corporation, we take the word *Church* in a restricted sense, to mean simply the body of pastors and teachers, or, in other words, the bishops in communion with their chief." The rabbit and cabbage, and any thing else that the juggler pleases, may now be taken out of the hat, because they have been slyly slipped into it while we have been reading the page between the two sentences which we have quoted. What right has Dr. Brownson to assume that there is "a visible, authoritative, infallible, and indefectible body or corporation," to which he may apply in any sense the word *Church*, which he has just before made to embrace the good and pure of all ages? Again, on the next page we read, "To avoid the confusion the word *Church* is apt to generate in Protestant minds [we should think that the confusion was not confined to Protestants], we shall sometimes use it, merely premising that we use it to express only the body of pastors and teachers, by whom we understand exclusively the bishops in communion with their chief, the Pope." Indeed! We can understand nothing of the sort. Our author would hardly have amazed us more had he managed to introduce the Prince of the power of the air as one of the bishops of the Church *understood in this sense*. Then he asks, "Has our blessed Saviour established a body of teachers for his Church,—that is, for the congregation of the faithful? Has he given them authority to teach and govern? Has he given to this body the promise of infallibility and indefectibility? If so, which of the pretended Christian ministries now extant is this body?" If this question were fairly asked concerning the real Christian Church, the answer to it might be given in the words of St. Paul: "He gave some apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers; for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ." The old worthies to whom Dr. Brownson first referred are thus provided for by *prophets*, while our era is gladdened by apostles and ministered to by teachers and pastors of various gifts, including, doubtless, some of the Popes of Rome. The Saviour can put it into the hearts of faithful men of all ages to serve in his cause, and while he knows his own disciples and gives them the witness of his spirit, it mat-

ters little whether or not they are gathered into "a visible, authoritative body or corporation" in communion with a Pope at Rome. Quoting the words of the Apostle, that the name of Jesus is the only name "given under heaven among men whereby we must be saved," our author seems to overlook the pronoun *we*. *We* — Christians — know of salvation only through Christ. But *others*, who never heard that name, as Dr. Brownson has already admitted by implication, may be saved without it. Here is more of his logic. "No one who is not in the Church is a follower of Christ. If the Gospel of Christ be the only law of life, no one not a follower of Christ can be saved. Consequently, no one not a member of the Church of Christ can be saved." But if Job, and Melchisedech, and others of the ancients, were members of the *Church*, then they are saved. And if they are saved, it was not because they had literally *followed Christ*, but because they followed the principles announced afterwards by him. Consequently, all who follow those principles are actual members of the Church, and are saved. Again, Dr. Brownson asks, "If men can be saved, or be acceptable to their Maker, in one religion as well as in another, wherein is one preferable to another?" We answer, that there is only one religion that is acceptable to God, and that that religion has had disciples among the disciples of *all religions*. Again, asks our author, "If Jesus Christ taught that salvation is attainable in all religions, or in any religion but his own, why were the Apostles so enraptured with the Gospel, and why did they make such painful sacrifices for its promulgation?" We answer, that their rapture and their sacrifices both are to be attributed to their illumination by a religion that relieved their minds of the very delusion which Dr. Brownson would now commend to us. The Apostles had been believers in an exclusive mode of salvation through a ritual, formal, legal religion. They were rejoiced to be delivered from that thralldom. The glorious truth was first revealed to St. Peter, that "in every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted with him." It might well gladden and nerve the Apostles to be sent to proclaim that all revering and right-doing men are accepted of God. That is a foundation principle of the Christian religion, — of the Gospel of Christ. Why should Dr. Brownson attempt by his logic, which is hardly distinguishable from sophistry, to confound so glorious and clear a truth with the dismal superstitions and the arrogant assumptions of the Church of Rome? We might follow up his logic step by step. But what avails such discussion?

On a later page Dr. Brownson bases the need of an authoritative body called the *Church* in his sense, upon the vital importance of an authority to interpret the Scriptures. He says, "Be-

fore I should believe the word of God itself, I must believe the contents of the book in their *genuine sense*. I must have, then, some authority, extrinsic or intrinsic, competent to declare what is this genuine sense. . . . Faith in the supernatural requires, then, in addition to the witness that vouches for the fact that God has made the revelation, an interpreter competent to declare the true meaning of the revelation." But why does not Dr. Brownson need an authoritative guide to help him to select an authoritative interpreter, as well as to find the *genuine sense* of the Scriptures? Why does he not use his own understanding in authenticating the genuine sense of the Bible, as well as in authenticating the ecclesiastical interpreters who have a right to define that sense? By what principle does he use his own private judgment to select his teachers, if the exercise of private judgment by Protestants to find the true teaching of the Bible is the contemptible and unwarrantable and fatal thing which he describes it to be? We take it that a man who uses his private judgment in selecting a ship in which to cross the ocean, and a captain to whose skill he may commit himself, cannot with a good grace censure another voyager, who studies navigation, and purchases a sextant and chronometer and charts and maps, and uses them, and, if he be able, even purchases a ship. The point to be gained is to get safely across the ocean, in a tight vessel, well laden and well steered. The more judgment there is exercised, the better. Whether one must rely upon solar or upon lunar observations, or upon dead reckoning, depends upon the circumstances of his own case, but *the field of observation* is free to all, from the horizon to the zenith.

If Dr. Brownson would exercise his wonderful acuteness and vigor of mind on matters that demand and admit of close reasoning, there is a question which we would gladly propose to him. When we were standing once beneath the dome of St. Peter's at Rome, and witnessing the gorgeous display there made on Christmas day, the thought came into our mind that, if the Apostle to whom the temple is dedicated had descended into the assembly through the riven roof, he would not have known what form of faith or worship was there celebrated, or to what Deity the rites were offered. The unlikeness, the extreme, the amazing, the painful contrast between the Papal institution and the doctrine of Christ, is a fact which Dr. Brownson may explain if he can. A humble teacher appeared on the banks of the Jordan, and he announced the holy and everlasting truths of his religion in the Sermon on the Mount, and commissioned his Apostles to repeat *the same lessons* to the world at large, and to leave them to other generations of faithful teachers after them. To love God and to love man was his own summary of his doc-

trines. A righteous motive-power in the heart, working outwardly in the life, is the central principle of his religion. No ritual, no priesthood, no visible institution, was provided by him. And what a monstrous stratagem, what an ingenious and elaborate fraud, has been practised on the world in the attempt to identify the Papal institution with the religion of Jesus Christ! A comparison cannot be attempted at many points between the two, without resulting in a most distressing contrast. Where all was simple, unadorned, earnest, humble, meek, and holy, we have parade, artifice, gorgeous display, foul subterfuges, gross deceit, and the most arrogant wickedness. Where Jesus and his Apostles spoke some plain, intelligible moral precept directly to the heart, we have mummeries, and incantations in an unknown tongue, and a complicated code of discipline, and formulas of doctrine and processes of devotion more abstruse than the mechanism of the heavens. The Saviour instituted a rite in personal commemoration of himself; it was observed by him and his disciples *after* they had eaten a meal; friendly sympathy and converse in their own language accompanied it; and he expressly enjoined that *all* of his disciples should *drink of the cup*. What is that rite now in the Roman Church? It is a mysterious and awful scenic performance: the attendants upon it do not hear nor understand the words which accompany it: it must always be partaken of, so far as there is any partaking of it or in it at all, in the morning, instead of the evening, before eating, instead of after eating, and the cup of which *all* were to drink is the very element which is denied. In the perversion of that ordinance we have a type of the whole painful and amazing contrast between the Papal institution and that of Christ. The Saviour constantly rebuked the spirit and the policy which corrupted God's truth by *tradition*, and which ate out the life of a moral or a spiritual precept by some miserable artifice of logic or sophistry. And are we to believe that he committed the very essence and substance of his faith to the same *traditions*, as the Roman theory presumes to assert?

Let Dr. Brownson set himself to the task of identifying the religion and doctrine of Jesus Christ with the Papal institution. Let him show us the moment and the conditions when and by which power was transferred from the pure hands of the Saviour to the impure hands of a proud and unscrupulous hierarchy. Dr. Brownson may fill the pages of his Review for half a century with arguments and essays bearing upon the disputes between Romanists and Protestants. There is an unlimited and an inexhaustible mass of materials from which he may draw supplies. But there are two or three simple but vital questions, such as we have just referred to, which to our minds suspend the

whole issue. Suspend it, do we say? No! When either of those questions is put, there is no issue open: the conclusion is embraced in the question.

We have not entered into any exposition of the contents of the thick volume before us, nor remarked upon the political or the socialistic theories which are debated in it. The author is known to us only as one whom we first saw nearly twenty years ago, as he stood up in a public meeting to commend Unitarian views as having delivered him from infidelity, and whose writings we read, never with satisfaction, but always with a degree of interest, as through syllogistic processes, and scholastic arguments, and the mazes of philosophical theories, he appeared to be in search of truth which never was found in any of those paths. Our personal regard for him as an honest, laborious, persevering, and right-hearted man is still as great as it ever was. But his reasoning is suicidal. His logic, and the pranks which he has played with it, amaze and confound us.

A Memorial of the REV. JOHN SNELLING POPKIN, D. D., late Elliot Professor of Greek Literature in Harvard University. Edited by CORNELIUS C. FELTON, his Successor in Office. Cambridge: John Bartlett. 1852. 16mo. pp. lxxxviii. and 392.

THIS volume will have interest chiefly for those graduates of Harvard College who were under the instruction of Dr. Popkin. But few persons who were numbered among his parishioners either in Boston or in Newbury now survive, and doubtless many who knew him only in his later years were ignorant that he had ever been a parish minister. It seemed altogether fitting that Professor Felton should undertake the by no means exacting task of preparing a Memorial of his predecessor in office, and there will be but one opinion as to the way in which he has discharged himself of it. He has given us a most genial, interesting, and faithful sketch of a strongly marked and somewhat eccentric character. We think that if the wonderfully accurate portrait of the Doctor, which literally faces the title-page, could see through its eyes and spectacles, and read the Memoir which it introduces in behalf of its departed subject, and give judgment from him, the decision would be, that, without flattery or unfair depreciation, the biographer has been true to the dead and to the living. Its fidelity to truth in presenting a somewhat peculiar character will give it a claim upon the notice of those who had no knowledge of its subject. In the lack of any thing venerable or quaint in the College buildings, it was always agreeable to us to have the help of Dr. Popkin's bodily look and presence in investing the

University with fitting associations. He certainly looked like a relic of the past, an embodiment of antiquity. The cut and fashion of his garments, the circular glasses in his spectacles, the faded and worn aspect of those portions of his apparel which a man of the world always keeps most fresh, combined with a general tidiness and antique dignity of aspect, made us regard the Doctor as the most becoming and appropriate object in all Cambridge. If we met him in the spring-time, or even in midsummer, a sort of autumn feeling passed over us. If we spoke to him in English, we felt prepared to have him reply in Greek, or even in Hebrew. Whether we should have understood him or not is no concern of our readers. In the last call which we made upon him, some four or five years ago, we found him in his plain study standing before a high desk-table on which was opened a Hebrew Bible in folio. He said it was his daily practice to read two or three chapters of the Old Testament in Hebrew in the morning, and of the New Testament in Greek in the afternoon. Just as we entered, he had discovered, as he believed, an error in the rendering of a word in one of the Prophets, in the valuable Translation by Professor Noyes. Dr. Popkin was evidently quite delighted that his old eyes, after almost eighty years of faithful use, were still keen, and were kept in service by a mind vigorous enough to detect a fault even of a word in so famous a Hebraist as he acknowledged Dr. Noyes to be. Casting his eyes round upon some book-shelves which showed several of the historical, biographical, and poetical works of some of our late Boston and Cambridge literati, Dr. Popkin, with a look indicating no very flattering estimate of his own as to the value of those cloth-covered volumes, observed, "My old pupils and friends sometimes send me their works, — those gingham books there, — but I don't read them." In reference to the general opinion of him as a recluse, and the wonder that he did not mingle in some social intercourse with the scholars around him, he said, "There is much ignorant, not to say impertinent, speculation as to my property and income. I have but little. My income is about half a college salary. I don't like parties; if I go to them, I must have them. I am glad to see my old pupils, if any of them wish to see me."

Such as he was, Professor Felton has most justly and most agreeably drawn his character, and given to us the record of his quiet, his useful, and his blameless life. Beginning with his childhood, — for even Dr. Popkin was once a child, — and following him through his college pupilage, in which he was eminently distinguished, we find him next a college tutor and a student of divinity, and then pastor of a church in Boston, the successor of Dr. Belknap and the predecessor of Dr. Channing.

His own sensitiveness and conscientiousness, with no prompting from his people, induced him to resign his office. Then, as the pastor of the church in Newbury, he seems to have found a congenial sphere, and to have been eminently successful, honored, and beloved as a minister. He was one among the many of the divines of his day who would not take a side in the issue between the divided sections of the Congregationalist body. Not liking the extreme views of either party, he compromised the matter during the last few years of his life by attending an Episcopal place of worship. When he was called from Newbury to the Greek Professorship at Cambridge, his people were very reluctant to part with him; but his aptitude for the college office was sufficient to decide the question. He was conscientious, devoted, and highly useful in that office, and though, as his scholarly and bachelor eccentricities grew upon him, he was certainly an object of some youthful levity, he was never ridiculed and never insulted. He won respect by a natural and unassumed dignity.

The selection from his lectures and sermons which Professor Felton has given us will be highly acceptable. Though Dr. Popkin had not the graces of style, he wrote with an admirable terseness, good sense, force, and fulness of wisdom. Sometimes there is a ponderous and massive weight in his sentences.

We are to regard it as a peculiar privilege enjoyed by us of this generation, that, in all matters of interest relating to Harvard College for the last two generations, we may apply to one of its Alumni and life-long friends, who is ever able and willing to instruct and please us. The Hon. Daniel A. White, of Salem, contributes a long letter to this volume, as he did to the Memoir of Dr. Channing. With a remarkably tenacious memory, a very wise judgment, and a religious gratitude for all the good and honored sons of the College who have been numbered among his personal friends in life, he takes delight in renewing their memorials, and in retracing the past annals of the College. We hope that we shall have yet more of the same materials from his pen. He was a pupil of Dr. Popkin in College, and afterwards an attendant on his ministry at Newbury. Professor Felton was fortunate in being able to obtain just such incidental aid in his Memoir as completes without overlading the subject-matter of his volume. We thank him heartily for the labor of love which he has performed for a departed worthy, and for his surviving pupils. Let the pupils of the honored old Grecian divide among themselves this fitting legacy from his upright life and his pen.

The Blithedale Romance. By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, & Fields. 1852. 16mo. pp. 288.

THE preface to this captivating volume is by no means the least important part of it. And yet we would advise all readers who wish to peruse the work under an illusion which will add an intense interest to its pages, to postpone the preface till they have gone through the book. Certainly one has reason to believe that Mr. Hawthorne is presenting in these pages a story, which, however it may depend for its decorative and fanciful details upon his rich imagination, is essentially a delineation of life and character as presented at "Brook Farm." It is well known that he was a member of that community of amiable men and women, who undertook there to realize their ideas of a better system of social relations. He fixes there the scene of his story, with frequent reference to the localities around, keeping up a close connection with the neighboring city of Boston; and the volume owes very much of its lifelike fidelity of representation to the reader's supposition that the characters are as real as the theory and the institution in which they have their parts. Yet in the preface Mr. Hawthorne, with a charming frankness which neutralizes much of the charm of his story, repudiates altogether the matter-of-fact view so far as regards his associates at "Brook Farm," and pleads necessity as his reason for confounding fact and fiction.

We cannot but regard the license which Mr. Hawthorne allows himself in this respect as open to grave objection. Seeing that many readers obtain all their knowledge of historical facts from the incidental implications of history which are involved in a well-drawn romance, we maintain that a novelist has no right to tamper with actual verities. His obligation to adhere strictly to historic truth is all the more to be exacted whenever the character and good repute of any real person are involved. Now Mr. Hawthorne is a daring offender in this respect. It is the only drawback upon our high admiration of him. We trust he will take no offence at this our free expression of opinion, when, while offering to him a respectful and grateful homage for all the spiritual glow and all the human wisdom which we find on his pages, we venture to question his right to misrepresent the facts and characters of assured history. If he shaded and clouded his incidents somewhat more obscurely, if he removed them farther back or farther off from the region of our actual sight and knowledge, he would be safer in using the privileges of the romancer. But he gives us such distinct and sharp boundary lines, and deals so boldly with matters and persons, the truth of whose prose life repels the poetry of his fiction, that we are induced to confide in him as a chronicler, rather than to indulge him

as a romancer. Thus in his "Scarlet Letter" he assures us in his preface that he has historical papers which authenticate the story that follows. That story involves the gross and slanderous imputation that the colleague pastor of the First Church in Boston, who preached the Election Sermon the year after the death of Governor Winthrop, was a mean and hypocritical adulterer, and went from the pulpit to the pillory to confess to that character in presence of those who had just been hanging reverently upon his lips. How would this outrageous fiction, which is utterly without foundation, deceive a reader who had no exact knowledge of our history! We can pardon the anachronism, in the same work, by which the little children in Boston are represented as practising for the game of annoying Quakers half a score of years before such a thing as a Quaker had been heard of even in Old England. But we cannot admit the license of a novelist to go the length of a vile and infamous imputation upon a Boston minister of a spotless character. In his "Blithedale Romance," Mr. Hawthorne ventures upon a similar freedom, though by no means so gross a one, in confounding fact and fiction. So vividly does he present to us the scheme at Brook Farm, to which some of our acquaintance were parties, so sharply and accurately does he portray some of the incidents of life there, that we are irresistibly impelled to fix the real names of men and women to the characters of his book. We cannot help doing this. We pay a tribute to Mr. Hawthorne's power when we confess that we cannot believe that he is drawing upon his imagination. We ask, Whom does he mean to describe as Zenobia? Is it Mrs. —, or Miss —? Then, as we know that no one of the excellent women who formed the community at "Brook Farm" was driven to suicide by disappointed love, we find ourselves constructing the whole character from a combination of some half a dozen of the women whose talents or peculiarities have made them prominent in this neighborhood. We can gather up in this way all the elements of his Zenobia, except the comparatively unimportant one of queenly beauty which he ascribes to her. We leave to the help-meet of the author to settle with him the issue that may arise from his description of himself as a bachelor.

Having thus relieved our minds of the disagreeable part of a critic's duty, we are the more free to express our delight and gratitude, after the perusal of the book before us. Mr. Hawthorne is a writer of marvellous power, a most wise and genial philosopher, a true poet, and a skilful painter. We have gained instruction from his pages, of the most difficult kind to obtain, of the most valuable sort for use. The quiet humor, the good-tempered satire, which has no element of cynicism, the analysis of

character, with the tracing of the deeper motives which fashion its outer workings and its inner growth, the clear vision for truth, and, above all, the sagacity which distinguishes between the really spiritual in thought and life and the morbid phenomena which so often propose themselves as spiritualities, — these are the tokens of a master-mind in our author. We thank him most heartily for this book, and gratefully acknowledge that it has offered to us wise and good lessons which ought to make us strong for faith and duty.

The Eclipse of Faith ; or, a Visit to a Religious Sceptic. London : Longman, Brown, Green, & Longmans. 1852. 12mo. pp. 450. [In press, and about to be published, by Crosby, Nichols, & Co.]

WE have for some time been looking for the appearance of a volume whose subject-matter and aim should be precisely those of the work before us. Hennell, Fox, Newman, Foxton, Mackay, and Miss Martineau, in swift succession, have written books which in a popular form present the various aspects of unbelief. They have rather expressed than produced the general distrust, the unsettled and sceptical state of mind, which it is evident are of wide prevalence in all nominally Christian communities. We have thought it on the whole a cause of some satisfaction, that there have been so many writers ready to offer themselves as exponents of the existing alienation from a distinct and positive Christian belief. The perfect freedom of utterance which they enjoy, the wide range of discussion which they allow themselves, the variety of method which they pursue, and the incidental illustrations or confirmations of their doubts which they venture to draw from philosophy and from the sciences, — both the real and the fictitious, — all tend to make these writers so many independent authorities on their own side of negation. Whatever other means may be relied upon by those who shall undertake to answer their arguments, or to expose their fallacies, we apprehend that their own variances and their self-destructive theories will be turned to great account in the issues which are to be tried with them during the few years next to come. These writers certainly have most grievously “fallen out by the way.” The “intuitions” and the “inner consciousness” which they make the test of all truth, and the substitute for all revelations from external sources, are found to be sadly discordant in their own testimony. This fact has certainly facilitated the task of any acute opponent who shall aim to make himself the champion of an old-fashioned Christian faith as against its foes. But,

at the same time, the absurdities and inconsistencies into which these sceptical writers have driven each other furnish too ready and inviting materials for satirical and ludicrous representation; and the risk is, that, if the temptation is yielded to by their opponents, their discomfiture will not make directly for the vindication of the truth.

One by one have these deistical and atheistical publications been issued from the English press, and though they have been followed up by many able articles in most of the English magazines, there has been no book in our hands, until this moment, which addressed itself at length to the general issue that has thus been raised. Dr. Beard's volume, "*The Voices of the Church in Reply to Strauss*," was composed chiefly of German materials; while Dr. Vaughan's book, "*The Age and Christianity*," entered but slightly into the great strife, though the ability which it indicated made us regret that its aim was not wider, and its recognition of one of the most portentous contests of "the age" more complete.

We have said that we had been for some time awaiting the appearance of a book which should set itself to the task of examining and answering the several volumes to which we have referred. But our expectation partook more largely of anxiety than of impatience. We had rather wait many years to come, and indeed "die without the sight," than have a novice, or a bungler, or a satirist, or a dogmatist, or any other than a clear-headed, a liberal-minded, and a truly spiritual and considerate man, undertake that sacred task. It is no work for the bigoted believer, nor for the sentimental disciple of any one of the prevailing Christian creeds. While even the most skilful and best-furnished champion will find it very difficult to convert any one of those philosophical or critical sceptics, it is desirable that the attempt should be so judiciously made, that those who are watching, somewhat undecidedly, the present strife may be favorably impressed by the mode in which a calm and earnest Christian faith wages its own side of the contest.

In attributing so much importance to the tone and spirit and ability of the work which shall wisely undertake to refute our modern unbelievers, and in expressing our anxiety lest incompetent hands shall venture upon it, we would not be understood as implying that infidelity has assumed any more formidable shape, or found new weapons, or gained new skill in using its old weapons. Far otherwise. We have read and re-read with care the arguments and essays of Hume, Gibbon, Chubb, Collins, Tyndal, Paine, and Lord Herbert, and we have also read the sceptical works which have issued from the English press for the last dozen years. We have found no difficulty in the way of a belief

in Christianity in the later works which was not familiar to us, as stated as plainly, and sometimes more plausibly and more forcibly, in the earlier class. It is true that modern scientific discoveries and theories, with some philosophical speculations, some philological criticisms, combined with new tests of experience, have modified the method pursued by the sceptics and unbelievers of our time. But real novelty here, as in other things, is very rare. The new books, however, assume the complexion of the age; they speak to existing persons and to listening ears; they are cast in a popular form; they connect themselves with some intense passions and jarring strifes that are but incidental to their chief theme, and they fall upon a time very opportune alike for destructive and constructive theories. Not, then, so much on account of the ability or the novelty of these books, as because of their incidental relations, have we looked with anxiety to the work which should attempt to deal with them.

"The Eclipse of Faith," though issued anonymously, is ascribed to Mr. Henry Rogers, the writer of the article entitled "Reason and Faith" in the *Edinburgh Review*, which drew marked attention some two or three years ago. He is evidently well informed upon the whole relations and bearings of the contest on which he has entered, and realizes with full seriousness the issues which it suspends. He writes without bitterness or malignity. He is free, wholly free, from cant, from disingenuousness and artifice, and he seeks to represent an opponent fairly. He is an admirably plain writer, expressing himself with transparent simplicity and with force; using logic honestly, employing rhetoric to illustrate and not to mystify his meaning, and going no deeper into "the abysses" of which we have lately heard so much, than he can see the light or the darkness that is in them. Before we had read the book, we had seen in the London "*Leader*," a very able free-thinking journal, an unfavorable criticism founded upon this passage:—

"What may be expected in the genuine sceptic is a modest *hope* that he may be mistaken; a desire to be confuted; a retention of his convictions as if they were a guilty secret; or the promulgation of them only as the utterance of an agonized heart, unable to suppress the language of its misery; a dread of making proselytes,—even as men refrain from exposing their sores or plague-infected garments in the eyes of the world. The least we can expect from him is that mood of mind which Pascal so sublimely says becomes the Atheist. . . . 'Is this then a thing to be said with gayety? Is it not rather a thing to be said with tears, as the saddest thing in the world?'"

We thought at the time that the *Leader's* harsh criticism on this passage must be unjust. And so we find it. The author has been speaking of *frivolous* sceptics; of the thoughtlessness, the desire to get rid of unwelcome truths, the love of paradox,

and the desire to frighten sensitive friends, which are often connected with boastful scepticism. While we allow that the canting tones, the dirge-like lamentations, the arrogant assumptions, and the pity and the taunts with which sceptics are often addressed, are insulting and hardening, and therefore worse than useless, we see no impropriety in associating deep sadness, and even real horror, with scepticism. While the word implies that the subject of it is holding truth under *consideration*, it will do him no wrong to remind him that he cannot be too seriously or solemnly thoughtful, because of the tremendous issue which is for him at stake. Besides, sceptics generally have once had a faith; they have lost a faith, and with that they have lost some sweet memories, some precious feelings and hopes, — the lack of which, after they had once been enjoyed, cannot but infuse a melancholy gloom into the heart. We cannot think our author has erred in the sentiment of this passage. It is the only one in which he has uttered even a constructive discourtesy to the sceptics, who, it must be remembered, are very sensitive as to their own feelings, however free in dealing with those of others.

A slender story, barely sufficient as a thread by which to connect his arguments with the processes of living minds, is chosen by the author as his medium between himself and the sceptics, and between them and his readers. Our religious novels, so called, have repelled the judicious by their nauseating sentimentalities and their got-up artifices; but still our author need not have denied himself so severely all those legitimate helps which he might have found in connecting his abstractions and discussions with feeling and throbbing humanity. When a pleasant party of scholarly men debate their theories at a luxurious dinner-table, or after tea in a drawing-room, the range of thought and sentiment will be apt not to embrace some of those stern realities which are involved in religious faith or doubt for the open world of trial and of duty. The heart certainly may be questioned and listened to when the mind debates matters of belief. There is, however, a brief, but beautiful, appeal to the heart at the close of the volume.

The simple scheme of the book before us opens with a letter from a Christian believer, orthodox in his creed, but not rigid or narrow in his construction of it, — addressed to a brother who is a missionary in the Pacific. The writer, in a tone of sad solemnity, acquaints his brother that their nephew, the son of a deceased sister, much beloved, and viewed with fond hope as he is entering upon life, has lost his religious faith and yielded himself to scepticism. His scepticism is represented as not universal or fatalistic, but as leaving only so much of confidence in truth and in the value of reasoning as allowed the means of arguing with him under a hope of reclaiming him.

Under the form of a journal, the writer records what he says and what he hears during a visit of something more than a month to this sceptic. The aim of the book is to present the various aspects under which the alienation from the Christian faith, or a dissatisfaction with it, or the attempts to propose substitutes for it, now offer themselves to the notice of thinking and inquiring minds. It suits the author's purpose, therefore, to gather around his nephew some college friends who shall discuss their differences with him, and, on occasion, a larger party is assembled, at which we find an English Roman Catholic priest, and an Italian Roman Catholic. The writer's cue is to keep himself for the most part in the background, appearing chiefly as the reporter of the discussions, though occasionally he comes in most effectively to meet some marked issues which demand the advocacy of a plain Christian believer. It will be seen that his plan enables him to make a rare presentiment of the Babel confusion which characterizes the sceptical apostles of England. He means to use the champions of the respective theories of infidelity, and the pleaders for the religion of consciousness and intuition, to confute each other. And we must say that he is marvelously skilful in setting them by the ears, and in proving through them that the grounds on which the Christian faith is discredited are inconsistent and discordant, while the tests on which its insufficiency is declared, and the substitutes proposed for it, are open to grave objections.

It might seem as if there was an essential impossibility in the attempt of any one man, however able, to personify as does this writer so many different champions. Doubts may arise as to whether he would speak fairly and forcibly for each, and do justice to their respective positions. It is indeed difficult for any disputant, undertaking authorship in the form of dialogues, to maintain both sides of an argument. It seems like the attempt to serve two masters, — where one must be despised and the other loved. But our author endeavors honestly, and we think successfully, to avoid this obvious difficulty, by representing his various disputants as the disciples respectively of those who have published their perplexities and denials, so that in quoting fairly their views he in fact gives us independent voices in his dialogues, instead of mere feats of ventriloquism. To make their arguments confute each the other, to exhibit the wholly subjective, and therefore the eccentric and unsatisfactory, character of their tests of truth, to reduce their theories to absurdities, to involve them in dilemmas and paradoxes, to empty their inner repositories of every resource for the spirit, and to make them shiver in the nakedness of an unclothed orphanage in a desolate world and a hopeless life, — these are the processes by which

the writer reveals to us the awful difference between the boastful pretences and the poor performances of modern infidelity. We must confess that his task is all too easy, for the discomfiture which he effects is complete.

He describes to us, with admirable skill, a "Sceptic's Select Party." This is composed somewhat after the model of the dinner-parties ascribed by Addison to the whimsical nobleman, who on three several occasions invited twelve wooden-legged men, twelve that squinted, and twelve that stuttered. The clatter which the first party made in stumping into the room, the ludicrous cross-lights in which those of the second party saw each other, and the suspicions entertained by the stutterers that each was mocking another, furnish no inappropriate similes of the intercourse between the philosophers of unbelief and individualism. Our author lays out the full strength of his logic to refute the sceptic, who maintains with Mr. Newman that it is impossible that any revelation should be made to man from a source, or by an agency, external to his own inner consciousness. The very advocate of this notion is made to confess that Mr. Newman's book has in fact served that use of a book-revelation to him, as it has overcome the influence of his orthodox education, and awakened, if not suggested or created, internal convictions not felt before. The "consciousness," the "intuitions," and the "inner light," which are said to exist in all human beings, and to be a sufficient basis for all necessary and all possible faith, are shown to lie dormant, if they exist at all, in the breasts of millions, to take all sorts of erratic, morbid, and dangerous manifestations in others, and always to need precisely that development, guidance, and reinforcement which a revelation supplies. That inward oracle may be dumb, ignorant, or deceptive. There is no accordance in its utterances; the faith which it would encourage is variable, and in any two minds its teachings are discordant. The author is equally skilful in presenting the paradoxes which scepticism involves, and in exhibiting the greater perplexities which it offers, alike in its method of dealing with history and in its interpretation of the life and nature of man. He uses a keen frankness with his various opponents in exposing to them the pretences and the emptiness of their boasted "spiritualism," the moment it assumes to be independent of the Bible, and of the faith in which they were trained. He shows that, in the attempt to express the glow and fervor of their devotional feelings, their own language fails them, and that they plagiarize upon David, Isaiah, Paul, and John. Indeed, Mr. Newman says, in his book entitled "The Soul":—

"There is no book in all the world which I love and esteem so much as the New Testament, with the devotional parts of the Old.

There is none which I know so intimately, the very words of which dwell close to me *in my most sacred thoughts*, none for which I so thank God, none on which *my soul and heart have been to so great an extent moulded*. In my *early boyhood*, it was my private and daily companion; and to it I owe the best part of whatever wisdom there is in my manhood."

This is candid, certainly. But with what grace does it come from a writer who, in a *book* of his own, designed to serve as a *revelation* to the believing and unbelieving religious consciousness of others, maintains that God cannot use the agency of a book to address the spirits of his children? We must have *spiritualists* who have not been educated with all the best helps of the Gospel, and must have the expression of their devotional sentiments in language other than that of the Bible, before we can fairly estimate the originality or the value of the religion which they would recommend to us.

Our author treats the great theme of miracles discreetly and ably. He certainly invalidates the reasoning which would prove them to be either impossible to God, or incapable of being authenticated to man. The thesis that he establishes is, that "it is impossible to prove that miracles are impossible."

We have been forcibly impressed with the author's clear statement of the tests of historic evidence, as he triumphantly shows that we must necessarily, and do habitually, trust to testimony of this kind in spite of all the contingencies which we ourselves may suggest as liable to mislead us. We must yield in many matters to the wise counsel of Bishop Butler, founded upon his remark that "probability is the guide of life." Our author is all the more successful in that he does not attempt to do too much. After a survey of all the perplexing and inconclusive and distressing processes which every form of scepticism and unbelief involves, he does not claim that the Christian's alternative of faith in an historical revelation, attested by miracles and committed to a book as the medium of its influence upon men, is wholly divested of difficulties. On the contrary, he allows that the conditions with which such a faith is invested may come attended with insurmountable difficulties and unfathomable mysteries, while still, and *in spite* of them, there are conclusive reasons for accepting it. The difficulties of any other theory or alternative are greater. While the modern infidel maintains that the Christian and the Hottentot have the same religious nature and the same opportunities for cultivating it, we must assign to the Bible the agency which has produced the tremendous difference in their respective culture, sentiments, convictions, modes of worship, and views of the life to come.

On the whole, we have been highly gratified by the deliberate perusal of the work before us. It is a good opening of an under-

taking which we trust will be at once as well pursued. An unspeakably momentous issue now impends, not over the faith of Christendom, — for that in our opinion is not at risk, — but over the religious convictions and views of thousands of our own and the coming generation. The Gospel will furnish its own weapons for the conflict, and, what is of equal importance, it will teach in what spirit the conflict on its own side shall be pursued. The faith of the Redeemer is not at risk : —

“ Its sacred fane has stood the shock of ages,
And shall tower sublime above the waves and winds of time.”

We quote the concluding sentences of our author : —

“ If the discussions in the preceding pages shall in any instance convince the youthful reader of the precarious nature of those modern book-revelations which are somewhat inconsistently given us in books which tell us that all book-revelations of religious truth are superfluous or even impossible ; if they shall convince him how easily an *impartial* doubter can retort with interest the deistical arguments against Christianity, or how little merely insoluble objections can avail against any thing ; if they shall convince him that the differences with which the assailants of the Bible taunt its advocates are neither so numerous nor half so appalling as those which divide its enemies ; or, lastly, if they shall, *par avance*, in any degree protect those who, like Harrington D—— [his hero], are being made, or are in danger of being made, *sceptical* as to all religious truth, by the religious distractions of the present day, I shall be well content to bear the charge of having spoiled a fiction, or even of having mutilated a biography.”

Tracts concerning Christianity. By ANDREWS NORTON. Cambridge: John Bartlett. 1852. 12mo. pp. 392.

PROBABLY many readers, on seeing the above title as announcing a new publication, supposed, as we did, that we were to enjoy some more of the fruits of Mr. Norton's scholarship and leisure, in a new work. But as the volume is for the most part filled with reprints of Tracts already in our possession, we must overcome our disappointment at not being favored with something new, by a reappreciation of the old. The Tracts contained in this volume are by no means obsolete in their subject-matter or their interest. The first of these Tracts, entitled “ A Defence of Liberal Christianity,” was first published nearly forty years ago. It was one of those strong, clear, and thoroughly unanswerable essays which secured a moral triumph to our side in the great controversy of the last generation. In his introduction to the reprint of this article, Mr. Norton takes note of the disposition, which is so evident in some of the living advocates of Calvinism, to shrink from assenting to the literal statement of its

old doctrines, though they are still nominally received in a disguised and mitigated form, and still operate by their ill influence in "repelling the minds of men, by the view of Christianity which they present, from any desire to know what Christianity really is." The second paper in the volume is the admirable "Discourse on the Extent and Relations of Theology," which the author delivered at Cambridge, in 1819, on assuming the duties of Dexter Professor of Sacred Literature. This is followed by "Thoughts on True and False Religion," an essay whose value is independent of time. We know of no fifty pages in our religious literature which are filled by richer wisdom, more clearly expressed. The next tract, entitled "Views of Calvinism," was called out, on its first publication, thirty years ago, by a denial in an Orthodox periodical of the truth of the representation made in the previous tract of some of the doctrines of Calvinism. During the whole controversy which has been carried on in this neighborhood for half a century, the advocates of orthodoxy have sought more or less ingeniously or honestly to evade the force of the fair statement of the doctrines of Calvinism. They have denied, inch by inch, the ground on which the battle has been contested. So it has been necessary from time to time to quote from a chain of approved Calvinistic authorities the proofs that that system of divinity has from the first embraced those hideous and appalling tenets which under some aspects surpass in horror the monstrous conceptions of heathenism. The modern Calvinist shrinks from the recognition of these essential and vital elements of his doctrinal system. Professor Park and Dr. Bushnell have used their wonderful skill to soften the grim features of their creed. But when Mr. Norton held up to Calvinism its own full image, the fidelity of the portraiture was flatly denied. Mr. Norton therefore collected and printed the materials for putting the question to a fair test. These we have before us. The perusal of them is shocking, but the claims of holy truth require the exhibition of them. The North British Review asserted last year, "that Calvinism is the doctrine of the Established Churches of England and Scotland," and "that Calvinism is the highest philosophy and the truest religion." Is it honest or candid, then, for its advocates to complain, when its own authorities are quoted to exhibit it? He would be rash and ill-advised who should accuse Mr. Norton of misquotation or misrepresentation. Let this tract, then, be read and meditated.

Next follows "A Discourse on the Latest Form of Infidelity," which is doubtless well known to most of our readers. What were prophecies in this Discourse have been fulfilled, and our churches have had sad evidence of their truth. Mr. Norton has enlarged and enriched the Note which accompanied this Dis-

course, and has given us, under the title of "Remarks on the Modern German School of Infidelity," a most acute and transparent exposure of the systems and parts of systems which have used the veils of criticism and philosophy to mask unbelief. Another Note to the Discourse just mentioned closes this valuable volume. There is a satisfaction in perusing any work of Mr. Norton's, apart from all accordance with the views presented in it, which we experience in reading the writings of but very few persons. We know not that we enjoy the same over the pages of any other of our authors. It is the satisfaction of knowing that what stands before us in print has been well weighed, has been calmly and deliberately considered; that every word has been chosen for the purpose of expressing intelligibly a clear and distinct meaning; that the sentiments and views uttered have been conscientiously tested in the balance of truth, and that the author feels most profoundly the responsibility assumed by any one who undertakes to address the minds of others as a religious teacher and guide.

The Contest with Rome: a Charge to the Clergy of the Archdeaconry of Lewes, delivered at the Ordinary Visitation in 1851, with Notes especially in Answer to Dr. Newman's recent Lectures. By JULIUS CHARLES HARE, M. A. London: J. W. Parker & Son. 1852. 8vo. pp. 346.

If there is a man living in England who thoroughly understands the position of its Established Church in every point of view, that man is Archdeacon Hare. His own distinguished abilities, his scholarship and his discernment, and his intimacies with men of all parties, enable him to view with an intelligent and penetrating mind the actual state of things in which he finds himself a conspicuous actor. Of course he cannot be unconscious of the anomalies, the distractions, and the short-comings, which are prominent in every view of his Church, whether contemplated in the history of the past, or under the aspect of the present. Mr. Hare has had peculiar opportunities for estimating the amount and the force of the two antagonistic influences which have riven the communion of his Church. He is aware that his friend Sterling, whom he honored by his biographical and editorial service, was not the only child and minister of the Church whose secret mind rebelled at its formularies; and he is as well aware that his former associate, Archdeacon Manning, in going over to Rome, has but boldly tried a venture which many others have meditated. We therefore take up any work of Mr. Hare's with a lively expectation which we should attach to the writings of but very few of the living divines of his Church.

The "Charge" in the volume before us covers seventy pages, and is followed by nearly three hundred pages of Notes. Those who are familiar with the author's work on "The Mission of the Comforter," which is equally enriched and fortified by matter supplementary to the text, will look to his "Notes" for much curious scholarship and for specimens of acute dialectical skill. They will find such in this volume. The "Charge" begins with a lament over the dark gloom which shrouds the Church, and which had deepened during the eighteen months preceding the delivery of this pastoral. The "dismal delusions" under which so many of the members and ministers of the Church had been allowed "to give themselves up to the Romish schism," and to yield to "so withering, soul-deadening a spell," are forcibly drawn before us. With a most painful combination of eulogy and sad regret, the writer refers to the defection of his former associate, Archdeacon Manning, — the report of whose intended return to the English Church has recently been contradicted over his own signature. Mr. Hare says that one of the ablest and bitterest of the recent *perverts* ascribes the hostility of the English Church to that of Rome to traditionary alarms and fables. He refers to Dr. Newman, to whom he thus keenly replies: "To understand this extraordinary assertion, we must call to mind that this writer has employed a large portion of his time and of his ingenuity in the twofold process of transmuting fable into history, and history into fable, until he seems to have almost lost the perception that there is any real, abiding distinction between them, and to fancy that they become one or the other at the touch of a sophist's wand." Now, considering that one portion of this pointed thrust at Dr. Newman, both as he once was and as he now is, is a satire upon his rehearsal and attempted authentication of the lives and miracles of "English Saints," before he had left his first communion, it may be inferred that Archdeacon Hare has stored up no gratitude to him for his labors of that sort. Allowing, says Mr. Hare, that the English popular feeling against Rome may exaggerate many of the details on which it is founded, and does not imply a critical investigation of all the points involved in it by those who entertain it, "there unquestionably are certain huge facts, staring out from the surface of history, which the English mind, according to the measure of its cultivation, would point to in warrant of its prejudice." He instances the Marian persecutions, the fires in Smithfield, the Spanish Armada, the Gunpowder Plot, the ignominious reign of King John, the monstrous claim of a right to depose sovereigns, and to absolve subjects from their allegiance. These and other like recollections are the traditions mixed with the historical faith of the English people. Similar facts are

found in the history of other countries under the Roman Church ; " and we have not yet allowed the sophist's wand to transmute all these evils and crimes before our eyes into blessings and acts of virtue." There is substantial ground for the Protestant feeling against Rome, and herein popular feeling is right ; while it is wrong as exhibited in the notions entertained of Protestantism and Protestants in Roman Catholic countries, which " are mere fictions, derived from wilful, conscious, flagrant falsehoods."

But as nearly a hundred of the ministers of the English Church — two of them among her brightest ornaments — have within the last six years gone over to Rome, and many others have been known to doubt whether they also should not go, Mr. Hare thinks it worthy of serious inquiry how this fact is to be explained in view of the strong anti-Romish feeling which prevailed in England twenty-five years ago. " Tractarianism " wrought the process which has issued in such lamentable results, and the victims justify themselves by asserting that " they have only followed out their principles." The Archdeacon sets himself to expose the fallacy of this plea. There is a delusion, he says, lurking under the equivocal word *principle*. The plea covers a wrong-headed pursuit of one idea to the neglect of the balancings and harmonies of many *principles*. " Where would the order of the universe have been, if each particle of matter had surrendered itself to the absolute impulse of the centrifugal force ? or to that of the centripetal ? " The first advocates of Tractarianism, or Puseyism, did not offer themselves " as teachers of the great body of Christian truth, but as the asserters of a certain number of specific propositions, which they held to have fallen into undue neglect, and as the impugners of that system of Christian doctrines and practices which they deemed unduly predominant." They therefore forgot the limits of their own truth, and of the truth which they were impugning. They imbibed the spirit of Rome, and so fell into its system.

While the Archdeacon says that he was from the first willing to recognize the elements of truth which the Tractarians brought into notice, he professes to have as early noticed the tendency of the movement. He goes on to expose the fallacies and delusions which have attended it, and to make a very strong statement of the reasons for a resolute opposition to Rome. He has a harder work to do when he sets himself to parry the blows which are aimed against the Church of England for its inconsistencies and incongruities of teaching and discipline, as recently made prominent by the reference of the question of Baptismal Regeneration to a secular court, and by the threatened schism on the matter of the royal supremacy. He expresses an ardent desire for the convocation of a synod of the Church, alleging that there

is good ground for hoping for it soon, and avowing strongly his conviction that the laity should be members of it. Cautioning his clerical brethren against a dogmatic spirit, and commending to them the pure and faithful spirit of their religion, he closes his Charge.

The "Notes" are rich and lively in their miscellaneous embrace of controversial, historical, ethical, and doctrinal materials. The writer turns, with all the ardor and zeal of an impassioned foe of tyranny and friend of liberty, against Dr. Newman, and many a heavy blow, skilfully dealt, tells with wonderful effect. Referring to the silly little stories which Dr. Newman quotes to prove that the strong anti-Romish feeling of the English rests upon fables, Mr. Hare says, "It is like making a column stand on the cobwebs which are spun round its capital." There is formidable matter in these Notes for both Roman and Protestant controversialists.

The History of the United States of America from the Adoption of the Federal Constitution to the End of the Sixteenth Congress. By RICHARD HILDRETH. In Three Volumes. Vol. III. Madison and Monroe. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1852. 8vo. pp. 739.

THIS is the third volume of the second series of Mr. Hildreth's work, which embraces the national history of our republic, while his former series narrated its colonial history. He has now completed his original plan, and has been the first to do a work which invited able pens, though beset with various risks and liabilities. That Mr. Hildreth has done enough to secure for himself a distinguished place in his chosen department of literature, none will question. As to the general merits of his history, there are, as might be expected, extreme differences of opinion. We shall hope to examine and pronounce upon the work as impartially as our own settled convictions on some points, and our biases on others, will allow. One of our quarterly reviews has subjected some portions, and the pervading spirit of the work, to severe criticism; while another has highly lauded and approved it as a whole. Mr. Hildreth should have the benefit of a fair allowance on account of the inherent difficulties of his work where it involves reflections upon those who are idolized by one party and ridiculed by another. Whether he has been guided by a desire to serve the truth and to honor the true, is the test to which he and others must submit his labors.

A Step from the New World to the Old and back again : with Thoughts on the Good and Evil in both. By HENRY P. TAPPAN. New York : D. Appleton & Co. 1852. Two Volumes. 12mo. pp. 304, 304.

THERE may be as much difference in the writings of several travellers amid the same scenes, as there is in a number of sermons on the same text by several ministers. So we must not think that our very numerous reports and observations from tourists contain the same things. Mr. Tappan has his full share of novelty in method and in moralizing. He writes in a pleasant style, and, in his descriptions of the usual objects and places which engage the interest of an American traveller abroad, he aims not to startle, nor so much to inform his readers, as to connect with things that have become familiar some good lessons of life. His poetical quotations and illustrations are enlivening, and his work will hold its place among the multitude of kindred subject and design.

Outlines of English Literature. By THOMAS B. SHAW, B. A. *A New American Edition, with a Sketch of American Literature.* By HENRY T. TUCKERMAN. Philadelphia: Blanchard & Lea. 1852. 12mo. pp. 489.

THERE is a great deal that is valuable and useful in this volume. It contains an historical and critical view of some of the best works in English literature, sufficiently extended to satisfy those readers who rely upon a compend to help their own selection or judgment in reading, and offering no partisan features to render it objectionable. The author is Professor of English Literature in the Imperial Lyceum of St. Petersburg. A former edition of his work was well received. A second volume is to appear, composed of short selections from the writers here treated of. Mr. Tuckerman's supplement embraces a great deal of information presented in a good form, while his judgments, as occasionally expressed, will be regarded as impartial.

Lotus Eating : a Summer Book. By GEORGE W. CURTIS. Illustrated by Kensett. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1852. 12mo. pp. 206.

MR. CURTIS's two books, "Nile Notes" and "The Howadji in Syria," have been received with grateful approval by the Eng-

lish world of readers. He is a graceful and accomplished writer, with a rich vein of *surprise* in him, and a freshness of fancy which fixes the mind upon his periods as well as upon their sentiments. This little volume contains his letters originally published in the New York Tribune, descriptive of rambles, scenery, and incidents, on the Hudson, at Catskill, Trenton, Niagara, Saratoga, Lake George, Nahant, and Newport.

A Latin-English and English-Latin Dictionary, for the Use of Schools. Chiefly from the Lexicons of Freund, Georges, and Kaltschmidt. By CHARLES ANTHON, LL. D., Professor of the Greek and Latin Languages in Columbia College. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1852. 12mo. pp. 1260.

ANOTHER classical book from Dr. Anthon! This is mainly an abridgment of Mr. Riddle's translation of Freund's Lexicon. The science of Latin lexicography ought now to be perfect. We are continually making record of new efforts to realize the ideal of such perfection. Dr. Anthon has here aimed to prepare a work for the younger students of Latin, leaving out from the vocabulary no word that occurs in an author of good repute; not confining himself to follow Mr. Riddle at all points, and adding words, or remodelling articles upon them, wherever he could improve the work. He defines carefully the etymology of words, distinguishes their literal and their figurative significations, and shows their use in the authors.

Mysteries; or, Glimpses of the Supernatural, containing Accounts of the Salem Witchcraft, — The Cock-Lane Ghost, — The Rochester Rappings, — The Stratford Mysteries, — Oracles, — Astrology, — Dreams, — Demons, — Ghosts, — Spectres, &c., &c. By CHARLES WYLLYS ELLIOTT. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1852. 12mo. pp. 273.

HAVING copied the title-page of this book, and added that the writer brings common sense and a sensible religious faith to bear upon the superstitions, delusions, and marvels which he here sets forth, we leave the volume to those who may incline to read it. It will amuse and instruct them. The author writes with a curt and graphic style. He has been at pains to acquaint himself with past marvels and follies, and he has been particularly careful to present authentic accounts of the miserable trumpery, the gross and impudent charlatanry, which have been employed and

practised by that prince of humbugs, Andrew Jackson Davis, and others whose heads must bear a bump corresponding to a vacancy in the same spot of all who believe in them.

The History of the Restoration of Monarchy in France. By ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE. Volume II. New York : Harper & Brothers. 1852. 12mo. pp. 499.

WHILE Lamartine is very far from deserving the praise of impartiality, many of his judgments concerning the most crooked times and men are substantiated by the testimony of the calmest witnesses and critics. His pages are perused for their glow and brilliancy, for the fancy which glitters over them, and the gems — sometimes artificial — which are richly scattered over them. When we have the whole story, especially its later passages, we shall be better prepared to define the value of this engaging work. This volume concludes with the proceedings in Paris after the battle of Waterloo.

"Single Blessedness" : or, Single Ladies and Gentlemen, against the Slanders of the Pulpit, the Press, and the Lecture-Room. Addressed to those who are really Wise, and to those who fancy themselves so. New York : C. S. Francis & Co. 1852. 12mo. pp. 297.

As we have never joined in the slanders against "Single Blessedness," and as we cannot class ourselves under either category of those to whom this book is addressed, we have not felt bound to read it through. From the cursory perusal which we have given to parts of it, we conclude that it is intended to reply to some of the extravagant and evil-minded remarks which are often made against the unmarried. We have read sentences and paragraphs of it which seem to us to be full of wisdom, keen, pointed, and well directed. But we would suggest to the writer that it is as difficult to vindicate any whole class of persons, married or unmarried, triumphantly, as it is unjust to rail at any class indiscriminately. People's opinions of the unmarried will depend very much upon the specimens of such characters, male or female, with whom they happen to be acquainted : and some persons are apt to form their opinions of all classes in much the same way.

Lectures on the Works and Genius of Washington Allston. By WILLIAM WARE, Author of "Zenobia," "Aurelian," &c. Boston : Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1852. 16mo. pp. 150.

THE sheets of the larger portion of this posthumous book of the beloved and distinguished author were put into our hands just in season to receive notice here. Some readers, who knew Mr. Ware in other relations, may feel surprise at the facility and confidence of his language and opinions as a critic of art. He who could write what we have in these pages must have been himself an artist. The friends of the author were well aware that under his simple reserve and modesty of manner were hidden many rich endowments of which his chance acquaintance had no knowledge. Upon these the author has drawn in these Lectures. Apart from the judgment which he pronounces upon the genius and the productions of Allston, the incidental criticisms and allusions which occur on every page give proof of a talent possessed by but few for the interpretation alike of nature and art. Mr. Ware certainly owes nothing to the attractions of his own style of writing. Though for the most part he conveys his meaning very distinctly, he owes nothing to the graces, and very little to the rhetorician's art. Probably, too, there are many who will differ with him as to the relative merits of Allston as an artist, and as to his special judgment on particular paintings.

Mr. Ware aims first to give the foundations and reasons of Allston's eminence and success. These he defines to have been, his general cultivation in taste and knowledge ; his truthfulness and nobleness of mind ; his having painted upon a large scale, in the size of life, or colossal ; and his conscientious exactness in finishing. Then our author sets before us the characteristics of Allston, as follows : his coloring, in which Mr. Ware pronounces him unrivalled, even by Titian ; his power of expression ; his love of beauty ; and his feeling for the sublime. These qualities and characteristics are afterwards traced out in a criticism of his lesser and larger paintings. Mr. Ware certainly affects no distrust of his own judgment, as he pronounces it with a hearty positiveness, and with scarce a qualification of the praise which he accords to his subject. In reference to the neglect and disrepute into which Allston's painting of "Elijah in the Desert" — an unfortunate title, as our author affirms — has fallen in England, where it is stored away by the owner as a piece of rubbish, Mr. Ware says : "The English, in the matter of art, are governed by fashion solely, not by knowledge, or taste, or sincere relish for it." (p. 85.) He averts the charge of libel for this opinion, by alleging for it the authority of the London Art Journal.

The friends of Mr. Ware and of Mr. Allston will need no word from us to induce them to put the most favorable estimate upon this pleasant volume.

The Men of the Time, or Sketches of living Notables, Authors, Architects, Artists, Composers, Demagogues, Divines, Dramatists, Engineers, Journalists, Ministers, Monarchs, Novelists, Philanthropists, Poets, Politicians, Preachers, Savans, Statesmen, Travellers, Voyagers, Warriors. New York: Redfield. 1852. 12mo. pp. 564.

A VERY desirable, though necessarily an imperfect work. On turning over its pages one may either be astonished to find how many distinguished men there are now living in the world, or may be moved to say that there are four times as many more who have equal or superior claims to notice with many of those whose names are found in these pages. Without being designed, however, to serve as a biographical dictionary exhaustive of all the living fame and influence of our time, the book is highly useful. It embraces an impartial range. It does not aim to serve any party interest, nor does it enter into any criticisms as to the good or ill desert of men, the right or the wrong of their opinions, speculations, or influence. With the single exception of allowing admission to Queen Victoria, it confines itself to the male sex, thus provoking, especially at this crisis of the case of *Eve versus Adam*, another volume which shall give us the Female Notables of our time. If you know the names of the famous living men of the world, you may look in this book with the expectation of finding their age, birthplace, offices, occupations, and, if they be authors, the titles of their works. The convenience of such a manual must be obvious. A very great amount of editorial labor has been expended upon the book. Free use has been made of an English publication of the same title, though many of the articles in that have been rewritten, corrected, or enlarged. Many American names have been added. Some, who have shrunk from such publicity when applied to for particulars concerning themselves, have been omitted.

Lydia: a Woman's Book. By MRS. NEWTON CROSLAND, Author of "Partners for Life," &c. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, & Fields. 1852. 16mo. pp. 287.

THIS is a reprint of an English story by a lady better known under her maiden name of Camilla Toulmin. She is a deservedly

popular writer, because of her truthfulness to real life, and because she places the interest of her stories in natural feelings and in every-day incidents, instead of in fictitious plots. We will not spoil this story to our readers by stating even its moral. It is a charming and an instructive book, and none can peruse it without learning wholesome lessons as to the conditions of their own happiness, and the connection of that with the happiness of others, through duty faithfully performed.

The Master Builder ; or, Life at a Trade. By DAY KELLOGG LEE, Author of "Summerfield ; or, Life on a Farm." New York : Redfield. 1852. 12mo. pp. 322.

THIS is not an architectural treatise, as its title might imply, unless Life be regarded under the figure of an edifice, and the right building of it up be presented as the Trade which we are all to learn. The book contains an interesting moral and religious story, well wrought out, with a high tone, though a familiar method. It deserves success more than many of our popular stories.

The Philosophical Tendencies of the American Mind. An Address delivered before the Union Philosophical Society of Dickinson College, July 7, 1852. By GEORGE W. BURNAP. Baltimore : John D. Toy. 1852.

AMONG the faculties which make the greatest difference between men are the intuitive and the logical, and the predominance of one class or the other gives origin to the most important characteristics both of individuals and of states. Dr. Burnap portrays these two types of mind as they manifest themselves in theoretical, in practical, and in social life. The intuitional element he finds predominating in ancient Greece and in modern Germany ; the logical, in Rome and in England ; while in the history of our own country he sees the evidence of a more equal balance of the faculties. From this has resulted that philosophy of common sense, which he regards as the proper philosophy of the American mind, and the best security for the progressive welfare of society. These views are developed with that vigor and precision of thought, and that muscular force of style, which we are accustomed to expect in Dr. Burnap's writings.

The Address has an additional interest arising from the circumstances under which it was delivered. Dickinson College is

a Methodist institution. But though under the control of a sect, the appointment of a Unitarian so well known in theology as Dr. Burnap shows that its sectarian views are held in a spirit of Christian liberality. An act of literary hospitality and courtesy like this speaks well for the generous tone of thought and the liberal culture which prevail in the institution, and is an illustration of what we believe to be the growing feeling of fraternity between different bodies of Christians.

INTELLIGENCE.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The New Quarterly Review, and Digest of Current Literature.—The best reading which is now to be had, apart from the solid volumes of true value, is to be found in the English quarterly reviews. Elaborate articles, which almost exhaust the modern interest or bearings of a subject, are found in them, and when a book is used to introduce an article, we often get the cream of the volume, while we are cautioned against any bias or partisan spirit that it may contain, and have, besides, much additional information on its theme. A new competitor has arisen, which, however, is not intended to shine so much in original radiance as through its brief criticisms of books. Its title we have given above. Three numbers of it have appeared. It is a perfect price-current of literature, not, indeed, by giving the money cost of new publications, but by offering a *résumé* of all the works of the quarter, with an impartial estimate of each. It excludes criticisms connected with religious controversy. We have found its pages to be spirited, and its judgments in the main intelligent and fair. In the July number we find a reference to President Sparks's Reply to the Strictures of Lord Mahon; from which reference in the Review we quote the following:—

“Lord Mahon's ungenerous treatment of the founders of a nation whose future greatness imagination is not large enough to measure, has excited some stir on the other side of the water, and if his Lordship should read all the exposures of his blunders, as they appear in the Yankee literary papers, he has probably done fair penance for his sins. Dr. Sparks, in this pamphlet, gives to the charge made against him a direct and flat contradiction. If the Americans knew how little we in this country think of Lord Mahon or his book, and how totally the latter is unread, except within a little Tory clique, we think they would give themselves less trouble about the matter.”

The Christian Repository.—We have received two numbers of a new monthly publication bearing this title, to be regularly issued from Meadville, Pa., under the auspices of the Professors of the Theological School in that place. Its editors are President Stebbins, Professor

Folsom, and Elder J. E. Church, and it is to enlist the pens and the zeal of the Liberal Christians of the West. We hail the enterprise with great hopes of the aid which it will contribute to a holy cause in a wide region that awaits good seed. The numbers before us contain a variety of articles, with Criticisms and Intelligence.

Messrs. Little, Brown, & Co., of Boston, have published a new Edition, in the original octavo form, but at a greatly reduced price, of Sparks's *Life of Washington*. Though two or three attempts have been made to displace this noble biography, by offering or promising others to the public, it is not likely that we shall ever have another, with the same high theme, that shall be better than this, or even so good. How it is now afforded at one dollar and a half a copy we do not know, but we are glad that in so handsome a form, and with its valuable illustrations, it is put within the means of the majority of the families in our republic. Its moral, as well as its historical value, gives it a claim to a universal circulation among us.

Meyer's Universum. — Under this title there is in course of publication in New York a beautiful work, which has already been very much approved and commended abroad. It is published in half-monthly parts, each at a quarter of a dollar, containing four rich engravings of the most interesting scenes and objects in the world, followed by letter-press descriptions. As a work of art and of use, it is eminently worthy of patronage. Four parts have thus far been issued.

G. P. Putnam, of New York, has published a revised edition of Kennedy's popular American story of "*Horse-Shoe Robinson; a Tale of the Tory Ascendancy*," in two volumes. Like the author's "*Swallow Barn*," it contains the best descriptions and pictures which we have of life in the Old Dominion in the olden time. We have been invited to its reperusal by the remembrance of the pleasure which we derived from it some fifteen years ago.

Mr. Hudson's edition of Shakspeare, now in course of publication by James Munroe & Co., has reached to the fifth volume. It continues to deserve the good opinion which we expressed of it on the appearance of the first volume. Its compact form, and its elaborate illustration by Introductions and Notes to the plays, will make it abundantly satisfactory to the majority of the readers of the monarch of all dramatists.

"Questions on the Gospels," is the simple title of still another Sunday-school manual published by Crosby, Nichols, & Co. From the date given in the Preface as Portsmouth, N. H., we infer that the book was prepared by the Rev. A. P. Peabody, D. D., chiefly with a view to its use in his own school. Certainly no one is better qualified to do such a work well. We commend the book to the attention of teachers and ministers.

Redfield, of New York, has published a new book by Henry William Herbert, a writer of much genius and power, entitled "*The Knights of England, France, and Scotland*." It contains legends of the Norman Conquerors, of the Crusades, of the feudal times of Europe, and of Scotland.

The Messrs. Harper of New York issue some more new works from the prolific pen of the Rev. J. S. C. Abbot. Four pleasant little volumes for the young bear the title of Marco Polo, because they record journeys and travels. "The Mother at Home" and "The Child at Home" are two more of a domestic and instructive character, written in a spirit of love and wisdom.

The Blank Bible. — There is a sprightly episode in a book which we have noticed at length on a previous page, — "The Eclipse of Faith," — which we deem worthy of presenting in substance to our readers. After a day of earnest discussions with a sceptic's party which embraced all the varieties of unbelieving critics and philosophers, as well as two Roman Catholics, and with a brain wearied by a review of all the questions relating to the Bible that are opened by Protestants, Romanists, and doubters, the writer has a dream. As he takes up his Greek Testament to read a chapter, he is amazed to find that the old familiar book presents to him a total blank. A large quarto Bible, and another in Hebrew, are found to present the same startling substitution. A servant comes in in dismay and affirms that thieves must have entered the house, for that, though nothing else is missing, her large Bible has been taken from the kitchen table, and another book of the same size, but filled with white paper, has been left in its place. On going into the street the dreamer meets a friend who alleges that the same strange calamity has happened to his Bible, and presently it is found that the same marvel has erased the contents of every copy of the sacred volume throughout the world.

The effects of this calamity on the varied characters of men are traced. A keen speculator runs to the depository of the Bible Society, with an offer to purchase all their copies at a high premium, but they are all *blank paper*. Some, to whom their Bibles had always been *blank*, as for any use which they had made of them, were loudest in their complaints. One old gentleman, who had never seen its contents, complained that it was "confounded hard to be deprived of his *religion* in his old age." An old sinner was alarmed for the *morals* of mankind, and expressed his fears that the loss would have "a *curse* bad effect on the public virtue of the country." One resolute old sceptic, who was bedridden, refused to believe the story. Impudence, connivance, fraud, were the explanations which he suggested of the alleged miracle. An excellent female, an invalid, gazed in dismay upon the vacant pages of her Bible, from which she had once taken so much comfort in her life of sorrow. But she had not lost her faith, and while this heavy judgment was visited upon the land, she would trust to her well-stored memory of sacred and precious lessons. Another venerable dame, whose Bible had contained between its leaves notes for a hundred pounds sterling, considered the "promise to pay" of far more account than the *promises* of the Book, and was inconsolable. While to the remark of a sympathizing friend, who suggested that "their memories would retain enough of the Bible to carry them to heaven," she gave a hypocritical assent, she suggested that "a little in that case would go a great way."

Then the dreamer gives us a sketch of the intense activity and the ingenious devices to which recourse was had to repair the great loss to the world. It was suggested that the whole Bible had been quoted by piecemeal, and had impressed and transferred its contents in and to the whole

literature of eighteen centuries in all languages. But it was found that every text and phrase of the Bible had been erased from every book. Then it was discovered how much literature of every sort and kind had been indebted to the Bible. The vast mass of human writers had become worthless, riddled and scarred through and through, with scarce any ten consecutive pages of any book left unmutated. Sweet passages of Shakspeare and Milton and Scott, as well as the most beautiful of Bacon's "Aphorisms," were reduced to enigmatical nonsense. Ruin stared all book-dealers in the face, and the enormous amount of blank paper and books in the market paralyzed the industry of stationers and manufacturers. Utilitarianism turned the pages once filled with the poetry of Isaiah and the parables of Christ into records of the sales of silk and muslin, of cheese and bacon. Those who were disposed to make the first venture in attempting to restore from their memories passages of the sacred text, feared that the characters, if written, would at once fade away; but on trial, they found that the letters remained. So people concluded that God had left them free to reconstruct the Bible from their several remembrances. Strange consequences followed on this joyful discovery. Some of the most obscure and neglected individuals came into high regard as public benefactors, because they could restore important Scripture texts. A synod of learned divines of all denominations came together to collate the passages thus restored. Their labors were impeded and their meetings wellnigh brought to a premature close by their disputes upon trifles which they magnified into supreme importance, as whether there were *twelve* baskets of fragments from *five* loaves after *five* thousand had eaten, or *seven* baskets from *seven* loaves after *four* thousand. Vanity, obstinacy, pertinacity, and prejudice had a wide field in the synod. A Quaker insisted that the words instituting the Lord's Supper were, "And Jesus said *to the twelve*, Do this in remembrance of me," so strongly was the Quaker convinced that the rite was for *the twelve* only. Unitarians and Trinitarians differed as to the reading which Griesbach had approved in certain passages. An Episcopalian and a Presbyterian and an Independent contended as to whether the words *bishop* and *presbyter* were used synonymously, as the latter maintained, and whether Timothy and Titus were once called *bishops*. The memory of a Calvinist was very tenacious as respects the ninth chapter of Romans, but sadly treacherous concerning some verses of St. James's Epistle. Tradition, when only a month old, was found to play some sad tricks even with honest people. New sects, more numerous and bitter than the old, came into being, the chief of which were the "Long Memories" and the "Short Memories."

An old miser contributed a Scripture text on prudence, which had remained in his memory through force of his having always abused it through life. People remembered what especially related to the duties and infirmities of their respective neighbors and companions. Husbands remembered what was due from wives; wives, what was due from husbands. The unpleasant remarks about "better to dwell on the housetop," and the "perpetual dropping on a rainy day," were handed in from thousands. Solomon's "time for every thing" was picked up in fragments; the undertaker said, "There is a time to mourn"; the comedian, "a time to laugh"; many young ladies, "a time to love"; people of all kinds, "a time to hate"; every body knew there was "a time to speak," and a worthy Quaker put in, "a time to keep silence."

Some very dry parts of the law of Moses were recovered from jurists, and genealogical and chronological matters from antiquarians, who respectively knew nothing of other contents of the Bible. Some profane wags suggested that *not* should be left out of the Commandments, and be inserted in the Creed. But they were curtly reminded, that people would not sin with half the relish, if they were commanded to sin, nor find pleasure in infidelity if it were a duty. The time consumed in settling controversies, and the bulk of the documents produced, alarmed many lest either the end of the world should come before the work were done, or lest "the world itself would not contain all the books."

Finally, there were speculations concerning the *object* and *design* of the miracle which had obliterated the sacred text. Many thought the labor of the synod to restore what God had taken from them was a profane and atheistical attempt to frustrate his will. Some, who were glad to be released from so troublesome a book, bitterly exclaimed, in affected piety, against this rash design to counteract the decrees of Heaven. The Papists were sure that the miracle was designed to convince a rabid Protestantism of the necessity of submitting to the Church and to an infallible Pontiff. But on being reminded that much of the lore of the Fathers was also mutilated by the erasure of Scripture passages which they had quoted and perverted, the Jesuits boldly affirmed that the erasures were rather an improvement, for that the works of the Fathers were as intelligible and as edifying as before. Many Protestants assented to this latter opinion. Infidels, on the other hand, explained the miracle by alleging that God, not in indignation, but in compassion, had taken away the Bible, because men had regarded it with an admiration and idolatry which exalted it above that clear, internal oracle that he had placed in every breast.

The impudence of this last suggestion so excited the laughter of the dreamer that he awoke. The vividness of his dream had almost persuaded him of its reality. He grasped the open Bible before him, on which a ray of the morning sun was shining, to test his dream. His eye fell upon the words, "The gifts of God are *without repentance*."

The Dublin Review and Kitto's Journal. — The "Dublin Review" and "Kitto's Journal of Sacred Literature" for July are as usual full of rich and suggestive material, and supply evidence of much activity amongst the theologians of Great Britain, Catholic and Protestant. They are indeed expending much of their strength in controversy with each other; and yet this is not all loss, sorely as their energies are needed against a common foe, since these ever-renewed conflicts afford occasions for bringing out into sharp outlines the peculiar elements of systems apparently opposite. We never follow the discussion of an intelligent Roman Catholic without gaining a fresh impression of the amount and quality of instruction which the *soi-disant* Evangelical has yet to receive from the ancient Church. The Dublin Reviewer in the course of an examination of "Letters to a Seceder from the Church of England to the Communion of Rome," suggests many considerations which the man of creeds should ponder. Mr. Scudamore, author of the "Letters," is willing to accept the authority of the Church for from three to four centuries; farther he cannot go. But, urges his Catholic Reviewer, just where you stop, you find the creeds of Nice and Constantinople; if you pause there, you will find the Unitarians unmanage-

able, and the like. And why, asks the Reviewer, is not the Church of this age as reliable as the Church of any past time? why, if the Holy Spirit has not forsaken it? And the question is significant. It points to a principle which lies at the foundation of true Christian progress, a principle which allows us to value the creeds that are written to-day as highly as the ancient creeds, indeed to hold them at a higher rate. Since the days of Christ and of his Apostles we are all learners in the great school of the Church, and the longer we live and the older the Christian Church grows, the more we should know. "We are the fathers," they who have preceded us were the children. The Council of Nice or of Constantinople cannot be final for us. What is the Christian experience of to-day? In this sense the doctrine of development is a valuable truth.

Making all due allowance for sectarian biases, the Dublin Reviewer has good reason for magnifying the missionary labors of the Jesuits in India far above those of the Protestants in the same region. The Romanist must bear away the palm in the contests of self-denial, with his missionaries sustained at a shilling sterling a day, whilst the English Protestant, in the same sphere of service, costs his society ten shillings and more a day. Fifteen hundred dollars a year seems to be the average salary of Anglican missionaries, whilst the "prizes," as Sydney Smith would say, range from three thousand to four thousand two hundred dollars *per annum*. The strange fancy of some Protestants, that a heathen man has only to read the Bible to become a convert is thus satirized: "The Protestant idea of converting an idolater seems to be flinging a Bible at his head." On the other hand, we may question whether *Padre de' Nobile* did not rather caricature than imitate St. Paul, who became a Hebrew to the Hebrews, when he assumed the dress of the Brahmins, and seemed by his conformity to their ways to allow a significance to their childish ceremonies, and almost outdid the most ceremonial of the Indian formalists in his ritualism. You cannot tell, it is usually urged in such cases, how much is gained by this course, as, for example, one hundred thousand idolaters converted; but it is fair to ask, on the other hand, how much is lost by it, — what a miserable and disastrous confounding of truth with falsehood is the result. Has it not been too much the aim of the Romish Church to show how much of the spirit of Christianity may be manifested through heathenish forms? Has it not ever been trying to put the new wine into old bottles? Yet with an over-readiness to meet superstition half way, and to dilute the truth for the world's palate, the Catholic displays more of the true wisdom of the serpent in dealing with human nature than the Protestant.

"The Howadji in Syria," in common with other travellers to the East, found less Christianity in Jerusalem than anywhere else in Christendom, within the circuit of his journeyings, which perhaps may account for the fact that the Protestant mission under charge of Dr. Gobat reports only two converts and five or six inquirers for the year 1850, after an outlay of four thousand five hundred pounds for that year. Be this as it may, James Laird Patterson has been made a Romanist by a pilgrimage to the Holy Land; yet perhaps we shall regard the pilgrimage rather as the occasion than as the cause of the conversion, when we are told that Mr. Patterson and his friend, being persuaded "that they were respectively a deacon and priest of the Anglican branch of the Catholic

Church, took abroad with them a portable altar-stone duly consecrated by episcopal hands," and that "at Vienna they purchased the necessary Catholic vestments for offering the Holy Sacrifice." What solid arguments led Mr. Patterson to go back to the Romish Church we are unable to gather from the Reviewer's notice of his tour. He was asked, it seems, to celebrate mass, inasmuch as he had the needful equipment, and feeling that he had no right to do so without being in full communion with Rome, he decided that he ought to be in full communion with Rome. This and the base argument from numbers seem to have carried the day.

Anglican convents appear to be in bad odor. Protestant superiors turn out tyrants, and lady mothers any thing but motherly. 'You must have my religious orders or none,' says the Romanist; 'yours will surely be failures.' But Romish monasteries, if Gilbert Burnet and his authorities are in any measure reliable, have often been sad failures. Are there not evils inseparable from the conventual system? We must agree with one of the victims of a Bristol "Home," that "one may be good to the poor, and yet live in a respectable and clean house." The Romanists, according to the Reviewer of Miss Sellon and her sisterhood, have surrounded conventual establishments with such guards, that the unwilling are not likely to be enticed into or forcibly detained in them. — A Rev. Mr. Meyrick, Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, undertakes to discourse of the practical working of the Church in Spain, and is entertained with not a very cheering picture of the practical working of the Church in Oxford, and the moral is, that, if we study any institution from the outside and with a prejudice, we shall not be likely to do justice to its workings.

A writer upon Hitchcock's "Religion and Geology," in Kitto, clearly and strikingly exposes the error of basing the argument of "design" altogether on the geological fact "that new species have been introduced at distinct periods in the past history of the world." "The great error in combating the materialist's arguments consists in regarding the matter in question as one of *time* instead of pure *causation*. The time-element wonderfully complicates the matter, and there is no escape from the subtleties about infinities whenever the play of this element is allowed." — Inefficient preaching and the remedy for it are topics of discussion in England as well as in our country, at least in the Establishment. Can there ever be efficient preaching in an Establishment? Is there not likely to be in such circumstances a preponderance of the conservative element? — An article upon Luther bears witness to a renewed interest in the great Reformer, without adding any thing to what we have long known of him. The extracts from Montgomery's poem upon this theme are not of a very exhilarating character. — We are glad to notice the appearance of the fourth and last volume of the Life of Dr. Chalmers, a work which has well sustained the interest of the earlier portions. We have only regretted thus far, as we have read the volumes, that the great preacher could not have remained from beginning to end in the active and direct exercise of the sacred profession. Not that he withdrew his heart or his efforts in any degree from holy things, but we need more than all else now examples of strictly ministerial fidelity and success, success in presenting *concrete, usable* truth to the common mind, to congregations and households. Chalmers began nobly, when he did really begin. Nothing can be more interesting than

his escape from the elegant Sadduceeism of his early years, and he went on nobly to the last ; but we still crave the *preacher and pastor*, not only one who can give us the science of preaching, and we always regret it when circumstances compel a gifted, earnest, and successful clergyman to leave his post in the active ministry. We shall hope to be able soon to give our readers an account of the contents of these volumes of Memoirs. — There is to be a Bishop of Sierra Leone. Dr. O. E. Vidal, incumbent of Upper Dicker, Hersebridge, Sussex, was consecrated to the office on Whitsunday last, in Lambeth Palace Chapel. It seems that some of the converts in the colony have nobly sustained a persecution. The Archbishop, it seems, is satisfied of the capacity of the negro for moral elevation. One of three persons of color ordained by him prepared a paper on the Christian Evidences, of a very creditable character. It is to be hoped that this experience of the Primate of England will be of service to Judge Jay in his unwearied, but at the last accounts unsuccessful, efforts to secure a recognition of the colored clergy of the Episcopal sect amongst us as members of their Convention.

Commencement at Harvard College. — This annual literary festival was observed at Cambridge, on Wednesday, July 21. Notwithstanding the intense heat, the church was filled during the exercises by a crowded and apparently interested assembly. The friends of the College attend from year to year, and for the most part acquiesce in the uniformity of the observances, and suggest no change in the established course of things at Commencement. But a few, whether from that uneasy and inspiring conviction so prevalent in various interests, that things must either change or be changed, to meet the necessities of all human affairs, or because they really can conceive of some better method, think that the exercises at Commencement might be made more lively, more exciting, more improving, giving scope for vigorous and free minds among the young, and recognizing some of the nobler strifes of the world around. However common or well-grounded this view is, it is certain that no one has yet suggested any way of realizing it at Cambridge. True, there might be dialogues or disputations, as of old, between parties speaking from opposite sides of the gallery. There might even be an element of the dramatic introduced, as we have seen it at Commencement at Amherst College. But while young men would dislike any mere puerilities on that occasion, they cannot be expected to prove themselves to be statesmen or philosophers. As nearly forty members of the graduating class took part in the exercises, they were necessarily restricted to but a few minutes for each, and even then it was something of an effort to keep the attention fixed for so long a time. Judging by a reasonable standard, the performances were good, and some of them distinguished for composition or delivery, or for both. Eighty-one gentlemen received the degree of Bachelor of Arts in course. Besides those who received in course, the degrees of Master of Arts, Bachelor of Laws, and Doctor of Medicine, Mr. Francis Holyoke received the degree of Bachelor in Science. The following gentlemen received honorary degrees : —

Rev. Andrew P. Peabody, of Portsmouth, N. H. ; Rev. John Mason Peck, of Illinois ; Rev. Frederic H. Hedge, of Providence, R. I. ; Rev. Horace Bushnell, of Hartford, Ct. ; Rev. Samuel K. Lothrop, of Boston, — the degree of Doctor in Divinity.

Rev. Francis Wayland, D. D., President of Brown University; Hon. Thomas Bell Munroe, of Kentucky; Isaac Lea, Esq., of Philadelphia; Hon. Caleb Cushing, of Newburyport; Hon. Benjamin R. Curtis, of Boston; Francis Guizot, and Alexis de Tocqueville, of France, — the degree of Doctor of Laws.

Rev. William Morse, of Tyngsborough; Rev. William R. Alger, of Roxbury; Ivers James Austin, Esq., of Boston; Henry Greenough, Esq., of Cambridge; Edward Gilchrist, M. D., U. S. N.; Augustus F. Gardner, M. D., and Freeman Hunt, Esq., of New York, — the degree of Master of Arts.

Meeting of the Alumni of Harvard College. — After an interval of several years, the effort to engage the graduates of Harvard in a festival was again tried this year, and was successful in its results. The Phi Beta Kappa Society yielded the day which had long been kept for its own uses, and there is reason to believe that henceforward the two societies will alternate in their celebrations. The graduates assembled at a business meeting in Harvard Hall, at 10 o'clock, on Thursday, July 22; the Hon. Edward Everett, President of the Association, in the chair. The officers were reelected. A plan was presented by a committee, which, with slight modifications, was adopted, — its object being to suggest and secure the establishment and direction of scholarships in the College. The sum of two thousand dollars given by any class, or by any member or members of a class, may endow a scholarship, bearing the name of that class, and its income shall be available to any student whom the class shall designate, with the allowance of the government of the College. The plan is an excellent one, and we have reason to believe that before the close of another academic year more than one scholarship will have been founded.

A procession of graduates was formed at Gore Hall at noon, which marched to the First Church, where, after a prayer by Rev. Dr. Frothingham, an eloquent, scholarly, and classical oration, fully suited to the occasion and to its spirit, was delivered by the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, which has now been published by Bartlett, of Cambridge.

After the exercises in the church, the graduates marched again to the Library, and from thence to the spacious tent where they dined. Mr. Everett presided at the dinner in his most felicitous manner, and several excellent speeches followed the repast.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Annual Meeting of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association. — Ever since it was our privilege to be present at a meeting of this representative of Liberal Christianity in Great Britain, we have found matter of interest in perusing the record of its anniversaries. The twenty-seventh annual meeting was held this year in London, on June 2. If names and titles and a few local terms and references were omitted, the reports of the discussions at the meetings of our own Association might be interchanged with those of our brethren in London, and it would be difficult for many persons to detect the substitution. So almost identical are the conditions, relations, prospects, and difficulties of

English and American Unitarians respectively. In either country, those who come together as members of a Unitarian Association are aware that they constitute but a very small portion of the unassociated men and women that really hold the same religious views. This fact not only makes our meetings but partial exponents of our real fellowship, but it also has a dispiriting and cramping influence upon the debates and doings of those meetings. Some whose sectarian zeal or interest leads them to unite in party action, and to lay stress upon the good results that can be effected by it, attribute the very meagre fruits which have thus far been realized from it to the indifference of those who, they think, ought to coöperate with them. It is hard to believe that the friends out of the camp, and those who find entertainment in other camps, are not to be counted as actual foes. The inherent difficulty of sustaining a religious association without a creed is not the only, nor perhaps the chief, reason of the disproportion between our real strength in numbers, and the show which one of our meetings makes. Indeed, we suppose that any strict definition of our belief in the form of a declaration of doctrinal opinions, however close or free its terms, would drive off more than it would win to us in either country. The risks of being implicated in sectarian action, of being involved in ecclesiastical proceedings, or of being committed to principles or enterprises that will impair individual freedom, are rather bugbears, than real liabilities, though many are wont to urge them. Probably a conviction that absolute individualism will best serve a Christian faith and purpose in these times, at any rate that it is worthy of a trial, and the fact that there really is so much of individualism as to make it a prominent, if not a controlling, agency in our day, may operate more effectively than mere blank indifference in thinning our ranks as they set themselves in visible array. The unbelief in Christianity as a revelation, which in both countries has sheltered itself under an ostensible profession of Unitarianism, has given a shock to the sectarian zeal of many. That all that has been said on this account against our body, here and abroad, has never driven us into any demonstrative measures that could be called persecution, is a fact in which we may take pride. But the freedom which Fellows of Oxford and Cambridge have exercised in advocating infidel opinions has done something towards dividing fairly the responsibility for such views.

Doubtless worldly influences operate more strongly against the profession of Unitarian views in England than in this country. We find that the chairman of the London meeting, W. P. Price, Esq., was complimented at the collation afterwards for his "moral courage," as "a gentleman aspiring to public office appearing at a meeting of Unitarians." But if, as the Westminster Review for July asserts, infidelity is more prevalent among the upper and the lowest classes in England than in any other part of Christendom, there is less temptation to conceal any earnest convictions. Unitarians in towns and villages where they find it difficult to maintain their own worship may suffer much from the lack of that sympathy and pecuniary aid which the indifferent or the calculating might and ought to afford them.

The receipts and the expenditures of the Association for the last year were both short of six thousand dollars; though in Great Britain, as here, the amount given by Unitarians for sectarian purposes through other channels far exceeds the amount that passes through the Associa-

tion. Besides various other stocks belonging to the Association, there is a fund, exceeding twenty-five hundred dollars, set apart for the publication of an improved version of the Scriptures. That such a version is needed, and would be highly valuable for men and women in all classes of society, we should all admit. But what an undertaking it will prove now, or at any time!

It is not uncommon to hear in our own meetings expressions of qualified praise and of implied censure attached to the names, opinions, and influence of some of the early English Unitarians. Something of the kind was heard and replied to in the London meeting. The Rev. S. Bache observed in the course of his remarks: — "I often hear it said, and I sometimes read it, with considerable pain and dislike, that these men [Lindsey, Priestley, Belsham, &c.], at a time of controversy, very properly devoted themselves to questions of mere theology, and answered the want then felt for a critical study of the Scriptures; but that, great as they were as theologians, they had very little spirituality. And so, then, it comes to this, — that Priestley was not a spiritually-minded man! Priestley, of whom, be it observed, that, of all the spiritual discourses in our language, there is not one which deserves, or will receive, a longer continuance of attention and regard than that on 'Habitual Devotion.' (Hear.) Nor is that all; let me here mention a fact which should shame any one hereafter for speaking of Priestley in the manner to which I have alluded. It was immediately after hearing that discourse, and in consequence of having heard it, that a lady, talented, spiritually-minded, and highly poetical, — I mean Mrs. Barbauld, — wrote one of the most beautiful and devotional productions in the language; owning at the same time, with delight, that she was inspired thereto by the genius of Priestley's sermon. (Hear.) No, Sir, it will not do to tax these great ones of the past with want of spirituality. I should like to know who would say that Lindsey was not spiritually-minded! — of whom it is recorded that he was found to be remembered in the homes of the general people, not for his doctrines, but for his practical Christianity. Let us never hear any thing more of this most unnatural and untrue allegation."

Two years ago a plan was proposed by an honored Unitarian layman, Mr. Russell, for the formation of a Minister's Benevolent Society. He was moved to this object by several excellent motives. Many of the English Unitarian ministers, especially those over the smaller rural and provincial societies, have but very slender means of support; salaries as low even as two hundred dollars are not unknown. Hence there is much suffering and apprehension of suffering in individual cases, the anxiety of the minister is turned toward his own support and the destitution in which his death would leave his family, while the resources through teaching and other employments to which he may look impair his usefulness. Some congregations are niggardly, and others lack generosity in this matter. Thus many young men are deterred from devoting themselves to a profession which their hearts choose and their minds would ably serve, and our cause is made to languish. Mr. Russell proposed a coöperative, not an exclusively charitable society. Ministers themselves were to contribute a small annual sum during their time of health, and it was hoped that, by gifts from laymen, legacies, and assessments on ministers whose circumstances would relieve them from a future application to the fund, a sum would be obtained suffi-

cient to secure considerable annuities to the necessitous. Among us a Society for the Relief of Aged and Indigent Ministers was formed as soon as the need of it had been forcibly presented. It is to be considered, however, that necessitous widows and children of Congregational ministers were already provided for, and that in our Society no assessment is made upon those who may be candidates for its benefits.

A meeting was held in London, June 3, in the Essex Street Chapel, of those who had been called together to consider Mr. Russell's project, he having died without the opportunity of bringing it to an issue. The project was warmly advocated, and as warmly opposed. The objections to it were principally these: that those who would most need to depend upon the fund would be unable to pay the annual assessment which would entitle them to it; that there was something offensive in establishing a class charity in a profession which ought to sustain its members in a legitimate way; and that it would encourage societies in their laxity or injustice in a matter of pecuniary obligation, when they ought to be reasonable, if not liberal. For the present the subject is intrusted to a committee.

Theological School at Meadville, Pa. — The anniversary exercises of this Western School of Divinity, took place on Thursday, July 1. The annual sermon had been preached on the previous evening by Elder Goff, of Camptown, N. J., which is reported by hearers of it to have been eminently devout, earnest, and fervent in inculcating the duties of the Christian ministry. An unusually small class graduated from the institution this year, a circumstance not likely, we trust and hope, to happen again. The dissertations, with their authors, were as follows, — after the proper devotional exercises: — 1. *Sympathy as a Power in a Minister*, by Edward H. Chesney. 2. *Constantine the Great*, by Courtland Y. D. Normandie. 3. *The Filial Spirit*, by B. S. Fanton. 4. *The Doctrine of Christian Perfection*, by D. H. Johnston. 5. *The Prophetic Messiah*, by David E. Millard.

It was intended that the corner-stone of the new edifice for the uses of the School should have been laid on this anniversary, but a severe storm of rain compelled a postponement. The edifice is to be of brick, according to a plan both commodious and tasteful. It is intended that its cost shall not exceed fifteen thousand dollars. Four acres of land for its site have been given by Mr. Huidekoper. The generous endowment of the institution by its friends, in the West and in the East, has been well bestowed, and we may look for fair fruits from the undertaking.

Theological School at Cambridge. — The Annual Discourse before the members of the class graduating from the Theological School at Cambridge was delivered on Sunday evening, July 18, by Rev. Dr. Stebbins, President of the Meadville School. His theme was, *The Bible, as the Final and Supreme Rule of Faith and Practice*. He maintained in a vigorous and earnest course of argument that the Scriptures, viewed *historically, rationally, and ethically*, are sufficient to warrant the faith, to instruct the mind, and to sanctify the life of man. The Annual Visitation of the School took place on Tuesday, July 20, when, with prayers from the Professors and appropriate singing, dissertations were read as follows: — 1. *Character of the Conversion of St. Paul*, by Thomas W.

Brown. 2. The Influence of the Practice of Confession in the Church, by Rushton D. Burr. 3. Active Scepticism and Formal Indifference, by Sylvan S. Hunting. 4. Logic and Intuition in Relation to Faith, by James Jennison. 5. The Mission of the Comforter, by James R. McFarland. 6. The Doctrine of the Quietists respecting the Love of God, by Henry L. Myrick. 7. The alleged Opposition between Judaism and Christianity as Religions of Love and of Mercy, by James Pierce. 8. The Doctrine of Regeneration in Relation to Philosophy and the Scriptures, by Francis Tiffany. 9. Importance of the Church in Relation to Christian Faith and the Christian Life, by Edward Tuckerman. 10. The alleged Increase of Romanism at the Present Day, by Joseph B. Tufts. 11. Christ's Conception of his Kingdom, by Augustus W. Whipple.

The hearing of these dissertations gave great satisfaction to the friends of the School who were present. They indicated a faithful improvement of the rich opportunities which had been enjoyed for a thorough study of the Bible under able and conscientious teachers, and, while they drew out the usual variety of native gifts in the speakers, were all imbued with an earnest and reverential spirit. So sincere and deep was the gratification which these exercises afforded, that the Alumni in the afternoon passed a resolution expressive of their pleasure and of their confidence and good wishes as regards the institution. This expression of satisfaction was deserved by the Professors, to whom the spontaneous offering must be acceptable and cheering; it was also due to the School, which ventures, in spite of reproach from one quarter and coldness from another, to allow such entire freedom of religious investigation. Many comments have been made in Trinitarian papers on the fact, that one member of the class has recently adopted Calvinistic opinions, and has received the approbation of a Trinitarian Association of Ministers. Amid much boasting and triumph on this account, one religious journal has gone into some personal particulars concerning this matter which propriety forbids our criticizing. The main fact is, as represented, that a member of the School in the last year of his course has passed from the most extreme Rationalism in opinion to old-fashioned and unmitigated Calvinism. In his dissertation, he visited the force of his zeal and earnestness upon the moderate or diluted Calvinism of our day, and held all who depart from the most rigid principles of the Genevan Reformer as enemies to the faith. Though the theme is a tempting one, we forego all remark upon the fact, except as it illustrates the liberal and catholic character of the Theological School at Cambridge. Whatever a pupil, under the exercise of his mind and heart, his conscience and his spirit, applied to the search, finds to be the truth of God as revealed in the Bible, in life, in history, and in consciousness, constitutes the theology of that School. Pupils who desire it are not only permitted, but paid, to give themselves to the study of that truth. No pains or penalties wait on any issue from it. No signing of bonds or covenants, no withholding of certificates, no reclaiming of beneficiary funds, impairs the perfect freedom of the process, or embitters its result. We glory in that distinction of our School. We regard it as the very price and condition of Protestantism. We would rather raze the School to its foundations, and alienate its funds, than have that proud distinction qualified. We are confident that it is the only platform on which we can stand, and we know that no oth-

er method and condition of a theological education will leave the integrity and the healthfulness of a human mind secure. The founders of the School looked to precisely such results as it has realized. While they had their own convictions concerning Christian truth, which they were free to speak and able to vindicate, they were ready to give their funds to endow an institution where God's truth and the human mind should be brought into unfettered communion. Thirty years ago a case similar to that which has just occurred was the theme of much remark, and the pupils of the elder Professor Ware love to relate with what a beautiful candor he met an issue which was presented to him. A few years ago one graduate of the School entered the ministry among the Episcopalians, and another became a Swedenborgian minister, and both of them continue to discharge their duties with acceptance. Experience warrants our confidence in the School, and in its free principles and its generous endowments. Enough cases have occurred to show that Unitarian opinions are not necessarily adopted there, and that they are never required; while the instances in which students have rested in other views as the result of their inquiries are so rare, that the interests of Liberal Christianity have suffered but little, if at all, from the weapons which she has enabled her opponents to use against her. Even in this year's class it happens that Calvinism and Episcopacy had each had respectively the rigid previous training of at least one of its members. We do not know but that is true of others of the class who are now candidates for the ministry in our churches.

The measure referred and recommended to the Corporation by the Overseers of the College, for seeking through the chancery agency of the Supreme Court to effect a separation between the Theological School and the University, is in good hands, and is working towards a proper adjudication. It would have been desirable that a decision upon it should have been reached this summer, so that the question might not have been left in suspense at the opening of another academic year. The necessary documents have been prepared, and counsel has been engaged, and the intention was to have submitted the case to the court during its session last June; but the shortness of its session and the amount of its business caused a necessary delay.

The Annual Meeting of the Alumni of the Theological School took place in the afternoon, the Rev. Dr. Parkman in the chair. The officers of the last year were reëlected. In the absence of Dr. Putnam, the Discourse was delivered by the Rev. W. P. Lunt, D. D. It will appear in our next number. Dr. Putnam was again chosen as first preacher for the next year, and the Rev. Oliver Stearns of Hingham as second preacher.

Installations. — The Rev. J. J. PUTNAM was installed as Pastor of the Unitarian Church in PETERSHAM, on Sunday, July 11th. Introductory Prayer, by the Rev. Luther Willson; Selections from Scripture, by the Rev. Mr. Harding of New Salem; Sermon, by the Rev. Dr. Hill of Worcester; Prayer of Installation, by the Rev. Mr. Harding; Welcome and Fellowship, by the Rev. Mr. Willson.

The Rev. E. B. WILLSON, late of Grafton, was installed as Pastor of the Unitarian Church in SPRING STREET, WEST ROXBURY, on Sunday, July 18. Sermon, by the Rev. E. E. Hale of Worcester; Prayer of Installation, by Professor Noyes of Cambridge.

The Rev. WILLIAM MOUNTFORD, recently of England, was installed as Pastor of the First Church in GLOUCESTER, on Tuesday, Aug. 3d. Introductory Prayer, by the Rev. D. Clapp of Salem; Sermon, by the Rev. F. D. Huntington of Boston; Ordaining Prayer, by the Rev. Dr. Burnap of Baltimore; Charge, by the Rev. C. T. Thayer of Beverly; Address to the Society, by the Rev. C. A. Bartol of Boston; Fellowship of the Churches, by the Rev. T. S. King of Boston.

The Rev. GEORGE F. CLARK, recently of Warwick, was installed as Pastor of the First Congregational Society in NORTON, on Wednesday, Aug. 11th. Introductory Prayer and Selections from Scripture, by the Rev. Mr. Whitwell of Easton; Sermon, by the Rev. Mr. Clark of Athol; Prayer of Installation, by the Rev. Dr. Leonard of Dublin, N. H.; Charge, by the Rev. W. P. Tilden of Walpole, N. H.; Fellowship of the Churches, by the Rev. Mr. Stephens of Mansfield; Address to the People and Concluding Prayer, by the Rev. Mr. Brigham of Taunton.

Ordinations. — Mr. JAMES F. HICKS, a graduate of the Theological School at Meadville, Pa., was ordained as Pastor of the First Church in NEEDHAM, on Wednesday, July 14. Introductory Prayer, by the Rev. Ralph Sanger of Dover; Selections from the Scriptures, by the Rev. Mr. Sewall of Medfield; Sermon, by the Rev. Dr. Lamson of Dedham; Fellowship of the Churches, by the Rev. Thomas Hill of Waltham; Prayer of Ordination and Charge, by the Rev. Calvin Lincoln; Address to the People, by the Rev. Dr. Gannett.

Mr. CHARLES LOWE, of the Theological School at Cambridge, was ordained as Associate Pastor of the First Congregational Church in NEW BEDFORD, on Wednesday, July 28. Introductory Prayer, by the Rev. M. G. Thomas of New Bedford; Selections from the Scriptures, by the Rev. J. G. Forman of Nantucket; Prayer of Ordination, by the Rev. C. H. Brigham of Taunton; Fellowship of the Churches, by the Rev. T. S. King of Boston; Charge, by the Rev. Dr. Walker of Harvard College; Address to the Society, by the Rev. Dr. Peabody of Boston; Concluding Prayer, by the Rev. O. B. Frothingham of Salem.

OBITUARY.

DIED in Belfast, Me., June 24th, Rev. WILLIAM FROTHINGHAM, for nearly twenty-seven years pastor of the First Congregational Church in that place. Mr. Frothingham was born, March 14th, 1777, in Cambridge, Mass., received his education in the University of his native town, and was graduated in 1799. He was ordained in 1804, at Saugus, in which place he struggled with the difficulties of an incompetent support for about twelve years, when his pastoral connection was dissolved. His installation at Belfast occurred on the 21st of July, 1819, and he continued to exercise a peaceful and successful ministry in that town, till the state of his health, which had been some time declining, obliged him, in the spring of 1846, entirely to relinquish the duties of his office. Although in the remaining years of his life he suffered much from dis-

ease and infirmity, the faculties of his mind remained unimpaired, and he was able to take constant pleasure in his favorite occupation of reading. The enjoyment he derived from this source, together with his Christian equanimity, fortitude, and patience, gave serenity and tranquillity to the retirement of his last days.

The turn of his mind was historical and literary, rather than philosophical. He loved to talk of facts and of books, more than to discuss principles, and preferred to select from his extensive reading such opinions as seemed to him most rational and well founded, rather than to pursue profound independent inquiries. The size of his library, compared with the extent of his means, was a proof of his love of books. The carefulness with which the selection was made showed his judgment and good taste. His conversation, though in his latter years obstructed by his infirmities, and always perhaps, to some extent, by his natural diffidence, gave indications of the fidelity with which he had read, and the faithfulness with which his memory had retained the results of his reading. In his days of activity he was a man of great industry, method, and conscientious application. The diffidence that has been alluded to did not check occasional sallies of a genial humor, or prevent the formation of a solid attachment to him on the part of the people of his charge.

Mr. Frothingham entered the ministry at the time when the lines that divide Unitarians from other denominations of Christians were beginning to be distinctly drawn, and he took a decided stand on the Unitarian side. Yet it was his nature to follow after the things which make for peace, and things wherewith one may edify another. He was little disposed to controversy. He chose rather to dwell on the great truths that underlie all forms of Christian belief, and constitute the common Christianity of contending sects. His preaching was practical and useful. His sermons, though not set forth with imposing oratory, attracted and rewarded attention. They were characterized by great variety both in the selection of subjects and the manner in which they were illustrated and enforced.

He did not confine his labors to the limits of his own parish and to the immediate duties of his ministerial office. He was ever ready to do good in the community in which he dwelt. At the period when ministers in that region were few and wide apart, he cheerfully answered the calls frequently made upon him, to go to a distance from home to render ministerial services. He was prompt to encourage and assist all efforts for promoting the moral, social, and intellectual improvement of the town. And he bequeathed to the community the legacy of his example, — the influence of a long, consistent, and unimpeachable life. He saw almost the whole of the flourishing village in which he lived grow up around him; he went in and out before a whole generation of the people; and the breath of censure never touched his character. One uniform testimony is borne to the purity and excellence of his life. His memory will be universally cherished with respect and love. They who best know him are his witnesses how holily and justly and unblamably he behaved himself among them.